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MEMOIRS
OF · THE · CITY ·
OF · LONDON ·
AND · ITS
CELEBRITIES



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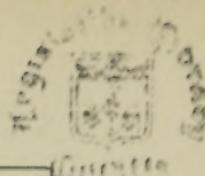


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Memoirs of the City of London

and Its Celebrities

By
John Heneage Jesse

In Three Volumes

Volume I.



Boston
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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

TOWER HILL, ALLHALLOWS BARKING, CRUTCHED FRIARS,
EAST SMITHFIELD, WAPPING.

	PAGE
Illustrious Personages Executed on Tower Hill — Melancholy Death of Otway — Anecdote of Rochester — Peter the Great — Church of Allhallows Barking — Seething Lane — The Minories — Miserable Death of Lord Cobham — Goodman's Fields Theatre — St. Katherine's Church — Ratcliffe Highway — Murders of the Marrs and Williamsons — Execution Dock — Judge Jeffreys — Stepney	II

CHAPTER II.

BILLINGSGATE, COLE HARBOUR, STEEL-YARD, THE VINTRY.

Etymology of Billingsgate — Principal Ports of London — Fishmongers' Company — Sir William Walworth — Seminary for Pickpockets — Great Fire of London — Hubert's Confession — Remarkable Edifices in and near Thames Street	35
---	----

CHAPTER III.

QUEENHITHE, BAYNARD'S CASTLE, HOUSES OF THE NOBILITY,
BLACKFRIARS, ETC.

Derivation of the Name of Queenhithe — Celebrated Residents in Baynard's Castle — Mansions near Paul's Wharf	▼
--	---

	PAGE
— Monastery of the Black Friars — Repudiation of Queen Catherine — Queen Elizabeth at Cobham House — The Fatal Vespers — Blackfriar's Bridge — Fleet Ditch — Strongholds of Thieves — Palace of Bridewell — Alsatia — Execution of Lord Sanquhar	60

CHAPTER IV.

LONDON BRIDGE.

Antiquity of Old London Bridge — Legend of the Erection of the First Bridge — Canute's Expedition — The First Stone Bridge — Its Appearance — Traitors' Heads Affixed Thereon — Tenants and Accidents on It — Suicides under It — Pageants across, and Fights on It — Edward the Black Prince — Wat Tyler — Lords Welles and Lindsey — Richard II. — Henry V. — Sigismund — Henry VI. — Jack Cade — Bastard of Falconbridge — Wolsey — Osborne — Wyatt — Charles II. — Decapitated Persons .	102
--	-----

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRE OF LONDON.

Where the Fire Originated — Charles II.'s Noble Conduct — Pepys's Account of the Fire — Evelyn's "Diary" — Farryner's Account of the Origin of the Fire — Attributed to the Roman Catholics — The Monument — Original Inscription — Damage Caused by the Fire — Description of the Monument	132
---	-----

CHAPTER VI.

FISH STREET HILL, EASTCHEAP, GRACECHURCH STREET,
ST. OLAVE'S, HART STREET.

King's Head Tavern — St. Magnus the Martyr — Pudding Lane — Boar's Head Tavern — Sir John Falstaff — Lombard Merchants — Earl of Suffolk — Fenchurch Street — Queen Elizabeth — St. Olave's Church — Sir John

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CONTENTS.

vii

PAGE

Mennis — Monument to Pepys's Wife — Doctor Mills — Whittington's Residence — Lady Fanshawe	156
--	-----

CHAPTER VII.

ALDGATE, ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, LEADENHALL STREET, ST. CATHERINE CREE, ETC.

Derivation of the name Aldgate — Stow the Antiquary — His Labours Ill Requited — Cruel Execution of the Bailiff of Romford — His Speech — Church of St. Botolph — Monuments in the Church — Defoe's Account of the Burial-pits in the Churchyard during the Plague — Whitechapel — Duke's Place — Priory of the Holy Trinity — Leadenhall Street — Church of St. Catherine Cree — Persons Buried There — Consecration of the Church by Archbishop Laud — Church of St. Andrew Undershaft — Monuments — St. Mary Axe — Lime Street	178
---	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

CORNHILL, ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, ROYAL EXCHANGE, ETC.

Cornhill Frequented by Old Clothes Sellers — "Pope's Head" — First London Coffee-house — Tea-drinking — St. Michael's Church — The Standard in Cornhill — The Royal Exchange — The Pawn — Royal Exchange Bazaar — Change Alley — Threadneedle Street — Gordon Riots — Merchant Taylors' Company — Southsea House — Drapers' Company — Plague in Lothbury	202
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

OLD JEWRY, ST. LAWRENCE CHURCH, MANSION HOUSE, LONDON STONE, ETC.

Old Jewry, the Original Burial-place of the Jews — Expulsion of the Jews — Doctor Lambe and the Duke of Buckingham — St. Olave's Church — St. Lawrence Jewry — St. Thomas of Acon — Gilbert à Becket — Mercers' Company — The Poultry — Mansion House —	
---	--

	PAGE
Stocks Market — Sir John Cutler — Bucklersbury — Indian Houses — St. Stephen's Walbrook — London Stone — Prior of Tortington's "Inne"	227

CHAPTER X.

BISHOPSGATE STREET, CROSBY HALL.

Derivation of the Word Bishopsgate — Crosby Place — Its Present Condition — When Built — Character of its Founder — Its Tenants: Richard the Third, Read, Emperor Maximilian, Rest, Sir Thomas More, Bond, Spencer, First Earl of Northampton, Countess of Pembroke, Duc de Sully, Second Earl of Northampton — Sir Stephen Langham — Gresham House — Sir Paul Pindar . . .	252
---	-----

CHAPTER XI.

CHURCH OF ST. HELEN'S THE GREAT.

Antiquity of St. Helen's Church — Priory of Benedictine Nuns Founded There — Exterior and Interior of the Church — Its Striking Monuments: Sir Julius Cæsar's, Martin Bond's, Sir John Crosby's, Sir William Pickering's, Sir Thomas Gresham's, Francis Bancroft's — Houndsditch — Hand Alley — Devonshire Court — St. Botolph's Church — Persian's Tomb — Curtain Theatre — Shoreditch — Hoxton — Spitalfields — Bethnal Green — Old Artillery Ground	276
--	-----

CHAPTER XII.

LONDON WALL, AUSTIN FRIARS, ETC.

Original Extent of London Wall — Its Gates — The City Ditch — Broad Street — Austin Friars — Monuments There — Winchester House — Finsbury and Moorfields — Bedlam — Moorgate Street — New Artillery Ground — Milton — Bunhill Row — Bunhill Fields' Burial-ground — Celebrated Persons Buried There — Grub Street — Hoole and Doctor Johnson	299
---	-----

CONTENTS.

ix

CHAPTER XIII.

PAGE

ST. GILES'S CRIPPLEGATE, BARBERS' HALL, FORTUNE THEATRE.

Antiquity of St. Giles's Cripplegate Church — Celebrated Men Buried There: Speed, John Fox, Robert Glover, Sir Martin Frobisher, William Bulleyn, Milton, Margaret Lucy, Thomas Busby — Monkwell Street — Barber-Surgeons' Hall — Silver Street — Sion College — Wood Street — St. Mary, Aldermanbury — Judge Jeffreys — Thomas Farnaby — Jewin Street — Aldersgate Street — Shaftesbury, Petre, and Lonsdale Houses — Milton — Barbican — Fortune Theatre 318

CHAPTER XIV.

SMITHFIELD.

Smithfield Cattle-market in Former Times the Place for Tournaments, Trials by Battle, Executions, and *Autos-da-Fé* — Tournaments before Edward the Third and Richard the Second — Trials by Duel between Catour and Davy, and the Bastard of Burgundy and Lord Scales — Remarkable Executions — Persons Who Suffered Martyrdom in the Flames at Smithfield — Interview There between Wat Tyler and Richard the Second — Sir William Walworth 347

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
" ESCORTED IN GREAT STATE " (see page 123)	
	<i>Frontispiece</i>
BRIDEWELL	88
LONDON BRIDGE	102
SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN	154
ANCIENT VIEW OF CORNHILL	202
SULLY	265

LONDON AND ITS CELEBRITIES.

CHAPTER I.

TOWER HILL, ALLHALLOWS BARKING, CRUTCHED FRIARS, EAST SMITHFIELD, WAPPING.

Illustrious Personages Executed on Tower Hill — Melancholy Death of Otway — Anecdote of Rochester — Peter the Great — Church of Allhallows Barking — Seething Lane — The Minories — Miserable Death of Lord Cobham — Goodman's Fields Theatre — St. Katherine's Church — Ratcliffe Highway — Murders of the Marrs and Williamsons — Execution Dock — Judge Jeffreys — Stepney.

Who is there whose heart is so dead to every generous impulse as to have stood without feelings of deep emotion upon that famous hill, where so many of the gallant and the powerful have perished by a bloody and untimely death? Here fell the wise and witty Sir Thomas More; the great Protector Duke of Somerset; and the young and accomplished Earl of Surrey! Here died the lofty Strafford and the venerable Laud; the unbending patriot, Algernon Sidney, and the gay and graceful

Duke of Monmouth ! Who is there who has not sought to fix in his mind's eye the identical spot where they fell, — the exact site of the fatal stage and of its terrible paraphernalia ? Who is there who has not endeavoured to identify the old edifice¹ from which the gallant Derwentwater and the virtuous Kenmure were led through avenues of soldiers to the block ? or who has not sought for the house " adjoining the scaffold " where the gentle Kilmarnock breathed his last sigh, and where the intrepid Balmerino grasped affectionately, and for the last time, the hand of the friend who had so often dashed with him through the ranks of the foe on the field of battle ?

Among a host of scarcely less illustrious personages who perished by the hand of the executioner on Tower Hill, may be mentioned Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, son of the false and perjured Clarence ; the handsome and accomplished adventurer, Perkin Warbeck ; the gallant Sir William Stanley, who placed the crown on the head of Henry the Seventh on the field of Bosworth ; the powerful Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham ; Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the successor of Wolsey in the favour of Henry the Eighth ; George, Lord Rochford, brother of Anne Boleyn ; Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, mother of Cardinal Pole ; the ambitious Lord Seymour of Sudeley, uncle to Edward the Sixth, and brother

¹ The old Transport Office.

to the Protector Somerset ; the turbulent John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland ; Sir Thomas Wyatt ; Lord Guildford Dudley, the husband of Lady Jane Grey ; her father, Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk ; Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, the ambitious lover of Mary, Queen of Scots ; the crafty visionary, Sir Henry Vane ; William Howard, Earl of Stafford, condemned on the false evidence of Titus Oates ; Sir John Fenwick ; the gallant Charles Radcliffe, brother of the Earl of Derwentwater ; and lastly, the infamous Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat.

But it is not entirely from the illustrious blood with which it has been drenched that Tower Hill derives its interest. Here, at a cutler's stall, the assassin Felton purchased the knife which cut short the life of the mighty Buckingham ; and here, at the sign of "the Bull," died, in extreme poverty, the unfortunate dramatic poet, Thomas Otway ! Dennis tells us that his death took place at an "alehouse ;" but, according to Oldys, in his MS. notes to Langbaine, it was in a sponging-house. "He died," says Doctor Johnson, "in a manner which I am unwilling to mention. Having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts, and hunted, as is supposed, by the terriers of the law, he retired to a public-house on Tower Hill, where he is said to have died of want ; or, as it is related by one of his biographers, by swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity

had supplied. He went out, as is reported, almost naked, in the rage of hunger, and finding a gentleman in a neighbouring coffee-house, asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea; and Otway, going away, bought a roll, and was choked with the first mouthful." Such, at the age of thirty-three, is said to have been the fate of "poor Tom Otway," to whose imaginative genius we owe "The Orphan" and "Venice Preserved."

Tower Hill is associated with a name scarcely less celebrated than that of Otway, that of a man of widely different character and fortunes. We allude to William Penn, the founder and legislator of Pennsylvania, who was born here on the 14th of October, 1644.

During a part of the time her husband was a prisoner in the Tower, we find Lady Raleigh fixing her residence on Tower Hill.

To the northwest of Tower Hill is Great Tower Street, where the witty and profligate Earl of Rochester practised on a raised stage his memorable pranks as an Italian physician and fortuneteller. His lodgings were at a goldsmith's, next door to the "Black Swan;" and here he was to be seen and consulted between the hours of three o'clock in the afternoon and eight at night. Burnet informs us that his disguise was admirable, and that he practised physic "not without success," for some weeks. His fame, which at first was

merely local, at last reached the ears of the court. Rochester was of course equally well acquainted with the scandal of the day as with the persons and characters of those who figured in it ; and accordingly, having recognised the female attendants of some of the ladies of the court, he sent them back to Whitehall sufficiently amazed at his supernatural powers to excite the curiosity of their mistresses. In a masquerading, and still more in a superstitious age, it was not unnatural that many a fair lady, under the convenient guise of the then fashionable mask, should have sought to dive into futurity by means of the Italian fortune-teller, or that she should have been startled by the disagreeable truths which he communicated to her.¹

On the south side of Great Tower Street may be seen the Czar's Head public-house, so named from a tavern which was the frequent resort of Peter the Great ; who, after his favourite boating expeditions on the river, used to pass his evenings here, imbibing almost incredible draughts of brandy and beer.² His prowess in drinking appears to have been a matter of astonishment to all who approached him ; indeed, we are assured that at their social meetings the usual drink of the

¹ Rochester's address to the public, in which he signs himself "Alexander Bendo," and professes to cure all disorders, to restore beauty, and a hundred other absurdities, will be found in the different editions of his works.

² The house has been rebuilt since the time of Peter the Great.

Czar and of his cicerone, the Marquis of Carmarthen, was “hot pepper and brandy.” On one particular day he is said to have drunk no less than a pint of brandy, a bottle of sherry, and eight bottles of sack, and yet he was able to attend the theatre in the evening.

In Little Tower Street, Thomson was residing in 1726; and here he composed his “Summer,” published in 1728.

West of Tower Hill is the ancient and interesting church of Allhallows Barking. Hither were conveyed the headless remains of more than one illustrious person after their decapitation on the neighbouring hill. Here rested the body of the Earl of Surrey till its removal, in 1614, to Framlingham, in Suffolk; and here also rested the remains of the pious and ill-fated John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, till they were transferred to the Tower Chapel, to mingle with the dust of his illustrious friend, Sir Thomas More. In the chancel was interred Archbishop Laud, who was beheaded in 1645, and whose remains continued here till the month of July, 1663, when they were removed to St. John’s College, Oxford, of which society he had been president. In the same grave which had been tenanted by Laud, was afterward buried the learned and pious Dr. John Kettlewell, who, as his monument at the east end of the church informs us, “*Animam Deo reddidit; Ap. 12, 1695.*
Ætat. 42.

The church of Allhallows Barking derives its name from "all Hallows," or all Saints, and from the manor of Barking, in Essex, the vicarage having originally belonged to the abbess and convent of that place. The date of its foundation is not known. We learn, however, from Stow, that a chapel was originally founded on the spot by Richard Cœur de Lion ; and it has been said that the heart of that chivalrous monarch was long preserved within its walls, though, according to other accounts, he himself bequeathed his heart to the citizens of Rouen, in gratitude for their loyalty and attachment. But, whatever may have been the motive, there can be no doubt that our early sovereigns took an especial interest in the prosperity of this religious foundation, and that it was munificently endowed by successive princes. At this spot the warlike Edward the First frequently came to offer up his devotions. When he was Prince of Wales, it is said that he had been assured by a vision that he should be victorious over all nations, and more especially over Scotland and Wales, on condition that he should erect an image to the Holy Virgin, in King Richard's Chapel, and should pay his adorations to her there five times in each year. Edward religiously followed the injunctions of the vision, and when, subsequently, one military success followed another, "our Lady of Barking" grew into such repute, that pilgrims flowed to her shrine with rich presents from all

parts of England. King Edward the Fourth subsequently endowed the chapel with a brotherhood, consisting of a master and brethren, under the name of the King's Chapel, or *Capella Beatæ Mariæ de Barking*; and lastly, King Richard the Third rebuilt the chapel and founded there a college, consisting of a dean and six canons. This college was suppressed in 1548. Stow informs us that in the successive reigns of Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, the ground on which it stood was used as a garden. There is no doubt, however, that a considerable part of the ancient structure was allowed to remain, and that it is incorporated with the present church. The general aspect, indeed, is of the Tudor age, but the pillars on each side of the nave, toward the western extremity, are evidently Norman, and these, as well as its ancient monuments and funeral brasses, — the latter among the best in the metropolis, — prove that its construction is of no recent period. We learn from Pepys that the church had a very narrow escape during the great fire, in 1666, the dial and porch having been both burnt.

At the west end of the church is Seething Lane, anciently called Sidon Lane. Here formerly stood a spacious mansion, the residence of Sir John Allen, who was a Privy Councillor and Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Henry the Eighth. It was afterward inhabited by the celebrated courtier and statesman, Sir Francis Walsingham, who died here

on the 6th of April, 1590, and from him descended to his grandson, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary general during the civil troubles. Pepys was for many years a resident in Seething Lane.

Seething Lane leads us into Crutched Friars, so called from the Crossed Friars, or *Fratres Sanctæ Crucis*, who had a house here, founded by two citizens of London, Ralph Hosier and William Sabernes, about the year 1298. The brothers of this Order originally carried an iron cross in their hands, and wore a garment distinguished by a red cross; but the former was afterward exchanged for one of silver, and the colour of the cross on the garment altered to blue. At the dissolution of the monasteries, the house of the Crossed Friars was granted by Henry the Eighth to the graceful poet, Sir Thomas Wyatt; and at a subsequent period came into the possession of John de Lumley, fifth Baron Lumley, a distinguished warrior in the sixteenth century. In 1557, we find the Friars Hall converted into an establishment for manufacturing drinking-glasses, the first of the kind known in England. In Crutched Friars resided, at the close of his life, William Turner, the eminent naturalist of the sixteenth century. He probably died here, for his remains were interred in the chancel of the neighbouring church of St. Olave's, Hart Street.

The old navy office, of which we find so many

interesting notices in Pepys's Diary, stood on the site of the old chapel and college attached to Allhallows Church, Barking. There was one entrance into Seething Lane ; but the "chief gate for entrance" was in Crutched Friars. Here it was, as we learn from Anthony Wood, that the well-known admiral and poet, Sir John Mennes, breathed his last.

When the Kings of England held their court in the Tower, it was natural that the presence of royalty should attract many of the nobility to reside in the then fashionable vicinity of the royal fortress. Accordingly, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, we find Henry, Earl of Arundel, residing in Mark Lane, in a magnificent house formerly belonging to Sir William Sharrington ; while, close to the Crutched Friars, stood the mansion of the Percys, Earls of Northumberland. Here resided Henry, the second earl, who fought in the battle of Agincourt and at Chevy Chase, and who afterward fell at the battle of St. Albans ; and here also lived his son Henry, the third earl, who was killed leading the vanguard at the battle of Towton.

" . . . Northumberland ; a braver man
Ne'er spurred his courser to the trumpet's sound."
— *Shakespeare.*

Stow informs us that, on being deserted by the Percys, the garden was converted into bowling-

alleys, and other parts into dicing-houses. In Mark, or Mart Lane, as it was anciently called, Milton's friend, Cyriac Skinner, carried on the occupation of a merchant.

“ Cyriac, whose grandsire on the royal bench
Of British Themis with no mean applause
Pronounced, and in his volumes taught our laws.”

To the east of Mark Lane and Crutched Friars is the street called the Minories, which takes its name from the Minoresses, or nuns of the Order of St. Clair, for whose maintenance Edmond, Earl of Lancaster, founded a convent here in 1293. In 1539 it was surrendered to Henry the Eighth by Dame Elizabeth Savage, its last abbess. Some time after its suppression it became the residence of the Bishops of Bath and Wells, and was afterward granted by Edward the Sixth to Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, who was beheaded on Tower Hill, in 1554, for his attempt to raise his daughter, Lady Jane Grey, to the throne. On the attainder of the duke it reverted to the Crown, and shortly after the Restoration was granted by Charles the Second to Colonel William Legge, so celebrated for his loyalty and gallantry during the civil wars. At the battle of Worcester he was wounded and taken prisoner, and would have been executed had not his wife enabled him to effect his escape from Coventry gaol in her own clothes. He died here in 1672, and was followed to the grave in the

adjoining Trinity Church, Minories, by Prince Rupert, the Dukes of Buckingham, Richmond, Monmouth, Newcastle, and Ormond, and many others of the principal nobility. Since that time his descendants, the Earls of Dartmouth, have continued to make Trinity Church their family burial-place. Among these may be mentioned George, first Baron Dartmouth, whose name figures so conspicuously in the annals of the Revolution of 1688, and who died of apoplexy in the Tower in 1691. Before the high altar of the old church in the Minories was buried the priest who married Edward the Fourth to Elizabeth Woodville. The present church was rebuilt in 1706.

Stow informs us that on a portion of the property, formerly belonging to the nuns, arose “divers fair and large storehouses for armour and habiments of war, with divers workhouses serving to the same purpose.” In the time of Dryden the Minories was still colonised by gunsmiths; and Congreve writes :

“The Mulcibers, who in the Minories sweat,
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,
Deformed themselves, yet forge those stays of steel
Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.”

It was in a wretched hovel in the Minories that Henry Brooke, Lord Cobham, — once the possessor of a princely fortune, and the last descendant of an illustrious race, — closed his life in poverty and

filth. Having been sentenced to death with Lord Grey of Wilton, for their participation in the alleged conspiracy of Sir Walter Raleigh, they were led to the scaffold without any apparent prospect of a reprieve. Almost at the moment, however, when they were about to lay their heads upon the block, it was intimated to them that their lives had been spared ; when such was the effect produced on their nervous system, that, according to Sir Dudley Carleton, "they looked strange on one another, like men beheaded and met again in the other world." Lord Grey died in prison ; but after a time Lord Cobham obtained his release, to perish in the miserable manner we have mentioned. His wife, Lady Cobham, though living herself in affluence, is said to have refused him the means of procuring a crust of bread and a clean shirt. Osborne informs us, on the authority of William, Earl of Pembroke, that Lord Cobham died, "rather of hunger than any more natural disease," in a room ascended by a ladder, at the house of a poor woman in the Minories, who had formerly been his laundress.

Passing to the eastward from the Minories through Haydon Square, we find ourselves in Goodman's Fields, — the site of a Roman burial-place, — which derives its name from one Goodman, who had a farm here in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Stow, who was born as late as 1525, remembered this now densely populated district

while it was still open country, and when some of the principal nobility had villas in the neighbourhood. Speaking of the nunnery in the Minories, he says : “ On the south side thereof was sometime a farm belonging to the said nunnery, at the which farm I myself, in my youth, have fetched many a halfpennyworth of milk, and never had less than three ale-pints for a halfpenny in the summer, nor less than one ale-quart for a halfpenny in the winter ; always hot from the kine as the same was milked and strained. One Trolop, and afterward Goodman, were the farmers there, and had thirty or forty kine to the pail.”

To the lovers of the stage, Goodman’s Fields will always be interesting as having been the site of the celebrated Goodman’s Fields Theatre. It was founded in 1729, by one Thomas Odell, in spite of declamations from the pulpit and the opposition of many grave and respectable citizens, who dreaded that their daughters and servants might be contaminated by its close vicinity. Neither would they seem to have been very wrong in their apprehensions, inasmuch as Sir John Hawkins informs us that the new theatre was soon surrounded by a “ halo of brothels.” The clamour of the citizens for a time closed the theatre in Goodman’s Fields, but on the 20th of October, 1732, it was reopened by one Henry Giffard, an actor. It was here, on the 19th of October, 1741, that the great actor, David Garrick, — having been

previously slighted by the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden,—made his first appearance on the stage in the character of Richard the Third. Such was his success, and with such rapidity did his fame spread, that, notwithstanding the distance of Goodman's Fields from the fashionable part of London, the long space between Temple Bar and Goodman's Fields is said to have been nightly blocked up by the carriages of the “nobility and gentry.” “All the run,” writes Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, on the 26th of May, 1742, “is now after Garrick, a wine-merchant, who is turned player, at Goodman's Fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you, who will not say it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it; but it is heresy to say so: the Duke of Argyll says he is superior to Betterton.” Gray, the poet, at the dawn of Garrick's memorable career, entertained the same disparaging opinion of his genius. In a letter to Shute he writes: “Did I tell you about Mr. Garrick, that the town are horn-mad after; there are a dozen dukes of a night at Goodman's Fields sometimes; and yet I am stiff in the opposition.” Garrick remained at Goodman's Fields but one season, when he removed to Drury Lane, of which theatre he became joint patentee with Lacy in 1747. The theatre in Goodman's Fields appears to have been pulled down shortly after Garrick quitted it. Another theatre subsequently rose

on its site, which was destroyed by fire in June, 1802.

In Rosemary Lane, now Royal Mint Street, close to Goodman's Fields, died Richard Brandon, the public executioner, who is said to have beheaded Charles the First. The following entry appears in the burial register of St. Mary's, Whitechapel : " 1649, June 21st. Rich. Brandon, a man out of Rosemary Lane." To which is added, " This R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles the First." Elsewhere we find : " He (Brandon) likewise confessed that he had thirty pounds for his pains, all paid him in half-crowns, within an hour after the blow was given ; and that he had an orange stuck full of cloves, and a han-kercher, out of the king's pocket, so soon as he was carried off from the scaffold, for which orange he was proffered twenty shillings by a gentleman in Whitehall, but refused the same, and afterward sold it for ten shillings in Rosemary Lane."¹

Crossing Rosemary Lane, we pass into East Smithfield. Here it was that Edmund Spenser, the poet, first saw the light. Toward the east formerly stood a Cistercian Abbey, founded by Edward the Third, called the Abbey of the Graces, subject to the monastery of Beaulieu. To the south

¹ The unenviable distinction of having beheaded King Charles has been attributed to more than one individual, but from such evidence as we have been able to collect, we have little doubt that Brandon was the person.

stood, till within a few years, the famous hospital and collegiate church of St. Katherine, founded in 1148, by Matilda of Boulogne, wife of King Stephen, for the repose of the soul of her son Baldwin and her daughter Matilda. It was afterward refounded by Eleanor of Castile, widow of Edward the First, with the establishment of a master, three brethren, three sisters, ten poor women, and six poor clerks. Queen Philippa, wife of Edward the Third, was another benefactress of the hospital of St. Katherine's; and it is remarkable that, notwithstanding the many revolutions which have taken place in religion and politics, the patronage for more than seven hundred years has continued to be vested in the Queens of England. The late Queen Adelaide, by whom the appointment of master was last conferred, was the thirty-first patroness.

In the old church of St. Katherine were some ancient and interesting monuments. Under a stately tomb rested John Holland, Duke of Exeter, so distinguished for his gallantry in the French wars in the reigns of Henry the Fifth and Sixth. He died on the 5th of August, 1447. By his side lay buried his two wives, Anne, daughter of Edmund, fifth Earl of Stafford, and Lady Anne Montacute, daughter of John, Earl of Salisbury. Here also lay buried Lady Constance, the duke's sister, who married, first, Thomas, Lord Mowbray, — beheaded at York, in 1405, for conspiring against

Henry the Fourth, — and secondly, Sir John Grey (eldest son of Lord Grey de Ruthyn), who was a Knight of the Garter, and fought on the field of Agincourt. The old church of St. Katherine, together with no fewer than twelve hundred and fifty houses, was taken down in 1826, in order to make room for the present St. Katherine's docks. The hospital and master's residence have been rebuilt in the Regent's Park, to the chapel of which has been transferred the stately monument of the Duke of Exeter, together with an elaborately carved old pulpit.

From East Smithfield we pass into the ancient village of Ratcliffe Highway, described by Camden in his day as being “a little town wherein lived many sailors,” and deriving its name from a *red cliff* which was formerly visible here. “Frym hence,” says Pennant, “the gallant Sir Hugh Willoughby took his departure, in 1553, on his fatal voyage for discovering the northeast passage to China. He sailed with great pomp by Greenwich, where the court then lay. Mutual honours were paid on both sides. The council and courtiers appeared at the windows, and the people covered the shores. The young king, Edward the Sixth, alone lost the noble and novel sight, for he then lay on his death-bed, so that the principal object of the parade was disappointed.” Pennant omits to mention that the gallant adventurer was frozen to death in the northern seas.

In Ratcliffe Highway occurred, in 1811, those fearful massacres of the Marr and Williamson families, which, at the time, spread a consternation throughout the metropolis, never surpassed perhaps by any similar atrocities. Terror was written on every face. Every householder provided himself with a blunderbuss ; and one shopkeeper alone is said to have sold no fewer than three hundred watchmen's rattles in ten hours. The first of these tragedies took place on the 7th of December, 1811, at No. 29 Ratcliffe Highway, a house occupied by an opulent laceman of the name of Marr. His family consisted of Marr himself, his wife, their infant child, a shop-boy, and a female servant. About twelve o'clock at night, the latter was sent out to purchase some supper, and on her return, in a quarter of an hour, repeatedly rang the bell, but to no purpose, for admittance. Subsequently the house was broken open, when, to the horror of those who entered it, they discovered that the whole of the inmates, including even the infant in its cradle, had been barbarously murdered. The second tragedy took place twelve days afterward, on the 19th of December, about the same hour of the night, at the King's Arms public-house in Old Gravel Lane, Ratcliffe Highway. The victims on this occasion were the landlord Williamson, his wife, and a female servant. The perpetrator, or perpetrators, of these horrors, were never discovered. Suspicion attached itself to one Williams,

and the world anxiously anticipated the result of his trial. He found means, however, to hang himself in prison, and his secret, if he had any to divulge, died with him.

Ratcliffe Highway, now St. George Street, which Stow describes as, in his memory, a large highway "with fair elms on both the sides," leads us into what was once the hamlet of Shadwell, extending to the banks of the Thames. It is said to have derived its name from a fine spring (probably called *shady well*), near the south wall of the churchyard. In the time of Charles the Second this now populous district was still open country, and was consequently fixed upon as one of the principal burial-places for the victims of the great plague in 1665. The frightful plague-pit was situated where the modern church of St. Paul's, Shadwell, now stands.

Wapping, also formerly a hamlet, stretches along the river's side from Lower Shadwell to St. Katherine's. As late as the year 1629, we find King Charles the First, who had been hunting at Wanstead, in Essex, killing a stag in Nightingale Lane, Wapping. The name and site are still preserved in Nightingale Lane, being the street which divides the London docks from St. Katherine's docks. The spot where the church of St. John, Wapping, now stands, was another of the principal burial-places in the great plague. Here was the famous Execution Dock, where pirates, and others, con-

demned for offences on the high seas, were formerly executed. They were hanged on a temporary gibbet at low water mark, the body being allowed to remain there till it had been three times overflowed by the tide. Maitland mentions a remarkable anecdote of one of these piratical criminals having been rescued from death at the eleventh hour. This was one James Buchanan, who was condemned to death in December, 1738, for the murder of the fourth mate of the *Royal Guardian* Indiaman, in the Canton River. He was brought from Newgate to Execution Dock, in pursuance of his sentence, and had actually been suspended five minutes, when he was cut down by a gang of sailors, who conveyed him to their vessel, and carried him in triumph down the river. He afterward, it is said, succeeded in escaping in safety to France.

It was in a mean public-house in Wapping, called the Red Cow, in Anchor and Hope Alley, that the inhuman Judge Jeffreys was discovered looking out of a window in a sailor's dress. It was not without difficulty that the crowd which soon assembled was prevented from tearing him to pieces. He was conducted to the Tower, where, shortly afterward, he died, partly from the effect produced on his constitution by strong liquors, and partly from the injuries which he had received from the infuriated mob.

To the northeast of Wapping is the crowded

district of Stepney, which derives its name from the Saxon manor of Stebenhythe, or Stebunhethe. Stepney was a village, and had its church, as far back as the days of the Saxons, and in the time of Elizabeth was the most eastern part of London. In the reign of William the Conqueror, and even previous to that period, Stepney church was known as *Ecclesia omnium Sanctorum*, or All Saints, but was subsequently dedicated to St. Dunstan, whose name it at present bears. The church itself possesses but little interest. Here, however, were buried Sir Thomas Spert, founder of the Trinity House and comptroller of the navy in the reign of Henry the Eighth; ¹ the learned Richard Pace, the friend of Erasmus, who died Vicar of Stepney in 1532; the father of John Strype, the historian; and the father of John Entick, the lexicographer, who kept a school in the neighbourhood. Here also is to be traced the curious epitaph to which the *Spectator* has given celebrity :

“ Here Thomas Sapper lyes interred. Ah, why?
Born in New England, did in London dye;
Was the third son of eight, begot upon
His mother Martha by his father John.
Much favour’d by his Prince he ’gan to be,
But nipt by Death at th’ age of Twenty-three.
Fatal to him was that we small-pox name,
By which his mother and two brethren came

¹ He died on the 8th September, 1541, and the monument to his memory was erected by the master and elder brethren of the Trinity House in 1622, eighty-one years after his death.

Also to breathe their last nine years before,
And now have left their father to deplore
The loss of all his children, with his wife,
Who was the joy and comfort of his life.

Deceased, June 18, 1687."

Other monumental inscriptions may be found in St. Dunstan's Church, scarcely less curious than the foregoing.

In modern maps of London may still be traced a small site designated as "King John's Palace." According to tradition, King John had a palace here, and as there is no doubt that Edward the First held a Parliament at Stepney in 1292, it is not impossible that his predecessors may have erected a suburban palace in this vicinity. Here also stood Worcester House, which, in the reigns of Charles the First and Second, was successively the residence of Henry and Edward, first and second Marquises of Worcester, alike distinguished for their chivalrous attachment to Charles the First. Worcester House, it may be remarked, formed but a small part of what had been formerly distinguished as "the great place," namely, the princely palace of Sir Henry Colet, Lord Mayor of London.

The inhabitants of the parish of Stepney appear to have suffered frightfully during the raging of the great plague in 1665. "Stepney parish," says Defoe, "had a piece of ground taken in to bury their dead, close to the churchyard, and which, for

that very reason, was left open, and is since, I suppose, taken into the same churchyard." We learn from the same authority, that within one year Stepney had no fewer than one hundred and sixteen sextons, grave-diggers, and their assistants ; the latter consisting of bearers, bellmen, and the drivers of the carts which were employed in removing the dead.

CHAPTER II.

BILLINGSGATE, COLE HARBOUR, STEEL - YARD, THE VINTRY.

Etymology of Billingsgate — Principal Ports of London — Fish-mongers' Company — Sir William Walworth — Seminary for Pickpockets — Great Fire of London — Hubert's Confession — Remarkable Edifices in and near Thames Street.

LET us return to Tower Hill, and, skirting Thames Street from Billingsgate to Blackfriars Bridge, point out in our route the principal objects worthy of notice.

Billingsgate, one of the ancient water-gates, or ports, of the city of London, is situated close to the custom-house, between the Tower and London Bridge. Antiquaries have ingeniously derived its name from Belin, King of the Britons, who reigned about four hundred and sixty years before the Christian era, and whose bones, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, having been burned to ashes, were placed in a vessel of brass, and set on a high pinnacle over the gate. Stow, however, considers that it took its name from one Beling or Billing, "as Somer's Key, Smart's Key, Frost

Wharf, and others thereby, took their names of their owners."

At all events, Billingsgate was unquestionably the principal port or landing-place in London as early as the time of Ethelred the Second, whose reign commenced in the tenth century. At a council held at Wantage, in Berkshire, in this reign, the toll, or custom, to be levied on merchant vessels discharging their goods at Billingsgate, was fixed at proportionate rates. It was ordered that every small boat should pay a halfpenny; a large boat with sails, one penny; ships, four pennies; vessels laden with wood, one piece of timber; and vessels laden with fish, one halfpenny or one penny, according to their size. The two other principal ports of London, in the days of our Norman sovereigns, were Down-gate, the present Dowgate, and the Queen's Hythe, still known as Queenhithe. As late as the fifteenth century we find an enactment, that if one vessel only should come up the river to London, it should discharge its cargo at the Queen's Hythe; if two should come up at the same time, that one should discharge at Billingsgate; if three, two were to proceed to the Queen's Hythe, or harbour, and the third to Billingsgate: but "always the more" to Queenhithe. The reason for the preference is evident; the customs, or tolls, received at Queenhithe having been the perquisites of the Queen of England.

Billingsgate continued to be a flourishing port long after Dowgate had ceased to be a landing-place for merchandise, and also after the harbour dues of Queenhithe had so fallen off that they realised no more than fifteen pounds a year. In the days of Stow it stood alone, for size, convenience, and superiority of every kind. "It is at this present," writes the old antiquary, "a large water-gate, port, or harbour, for ships and boats, commonly arriving there with fish, both fresh and salt, shell-fishes, salt, onions, oranges, and other fruits and roots, wheat, rye, and grain of diverse sorts, for the service of the city and the parts of this realm adjoining." The great advantage possessed by Billingsgate consisted in its being on the east, or near, side of the bridge; thus precluding the necessity and risk of vessels passing under it; the fall of water between the arches having been, as late as our own time, an obstacle to traffic, as well as dangerous to smaller vessels.

Although, singularly enough, Billingsgate was not constituted "a free market for the sale of fish" till the reign of William the Third, it was unquestionably the great landing-place for fish from the earliest times; indeed, the very preamble to the Act of Parliament speaks of it as having been, "time out of mind, a free market in all manner of floating and salt fish, as also for all manner of floating and shell-fish." The very names of the streets in the vicinity of Billingsgate show how

closely associated was the trade of this locality with the fish-market of Billingsgate. Fish Street Hill, Fish Yard, near Eastcheap, and Fishmongers' Hall are all in this immediate neighbourhood, reminding us of the olden time, when "no number of knights or strangers could enter the city at any hour of the day or night" without being able to supply themselves with the choicest fish in season. Stow, speaking of a row of houses in Old Fish Street, observes: "These houses, now possessed by fishmongers, were at the first but movable boards, or stalls, set out on market-days, to show their fish there to be sold; but, procuring license to set up sheds, they grew to shops, and by little and little to tall houses, of three or four stories in height, and now are called Fish Street. Walter Tuck, fishmonger and mayor, 1349, had two shops in Old Fish Street, over against St. Nicholas Church, the one rented five shillings the year, the other four shillings." According to Stow, Friday Street derives its name from its having been inhabited by fishmongers, who attended Friday's market; Friday, in Roman Catholic times, having been the great day for the sale of fish.

Anciently the fishmongers were divided into two companies, — the Salt-fishmongers, incorporated in 1433, and the Stock-fishmongers, in 1509, — nor was it till 1536 that the two companies were united by Henry the Eighth. Till within

the last few years the Hall of the Fishmongers, built by Sir Christopher Wren, was situated in Thames Street; but the company now occupy a fine modern building, erected in 1831, close to the north approach of London Bridge. The famous Lord Mayor of London, Sir William Walworth, who killed Wat Tyler at Smithfield, was a member of this company, his statue being still a conspicuous object in Fishmongers' Hall. He is represented in the act of striking the insolent rebel with a real dagger, which is affirmed to be the identical weapon used by him on the memorable occasion. On the pedestal is the following inscription :

“Brave Walworth, knight, Lord Mayor, yt slew
Rebellious Tyler in his alarmes;
The King, therefor, did give in lieu
The dagger to the city's armes;
In the 4th year of Richard II., Anno Domini 1381.”

Unfortunately for the veracity of this inscription, the dagger formed the first quarter of the city arms long before the days of Sir William Walworth. It was, indeed, intended to represent the sword of St. Peter, the patron saint of the corporation.

Adjoining Billingsgate, on the east side, stood Smart's Quay, or wharf, which we find noticed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth as containing an ingenious seminary for the instruction of young

thieves. The following extract of a letter, addressed to Lord Burghleigh, in July, 1585, by Fleetwood, the Recorder of London, evinces that the “art and mystery” of picking pockets was brought to considerable perfection in the sixteenth century :

“ Amongst our travels this one matter tumbled out by the way. One Wotton, a gentleman born, and sometime a merchant of good credit, having fallen by time into decay, kept an ale-house at Smart’s Key, near Billingsgate ; and after, for some misdemeanour, being put down, he reared up a new trade of life, and in the same house he procured all the cut-purses about this city to repair to his said house. There was a school-house set up to learn young boys to cut purses ; there were hung up two devices : the one was a pocket, the other was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawk’s bells, and over the top did hang a little scaring-bell ; and he that could take out a counter without any noise was allowed to be a ‘public hoyster ;’ and he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without the noise of any of the bells, he was adjudged a ‘judicial nipper.’ N. B. — That a ‘hoyster’ is a pickpocket, and a ‘nipper’ is termed a pick-purse, or a cut-purse.”

Opposite to Billingsgate, on the north side of Thames Street, is St. Mary-at-Hill, on the west side of which is a church, dedicated to the Virgin

Mary. Of the date of its foundation nothing certain is known, except that Rose de Wyrtell founded a chauncry on the spot about the year 1336. It suffered severely from the fire of London, in consequence of which the interior and the east end were rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren between the years 1672 and 1677. Since Wren's time considerable portions of the building have been taken down and rebuilt, the old portions, namely, the tower and the west end, having been restored with brick. Little, indeed, of Wren's work now remains, nor does that little add much to his reputation as an architect. In this church, on the 27th of May, 1731, Doctor Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," was married to Lady Elizabeth Lee, widow of Colonel Lee, and daughter of Edward, first Earl of Litchfield. The chancel contains the remains of the Rev. John Brand, the antiquary, who was for many years rector of the parish. He died at his apartments in Somerset House in 1806.

Running parallel with St. Mary-at-Hill are Botolph Lane and Pudding Lane, the former containing the parochial church, dedicated to St. George and St. Botolph. This is another of Wren's churches, erected after the fire of London, and boasts neither historical interest nor architectural merit. In Botolph Lane stood the residence of that ancient and illustrious race, the Fitzalans, Earls of Arundel. Henry, the eighteenth and

last earl in the male line, who is known to have aspired to the hand of Queen Elizabeth, was residing here at the time of his death, in 1579.

Pudding Lane is famous as the spot where the great fire first broke out, on the 2d of September, 1666. In the middle of the last century the following inscription was to be seen on the site of the house where it commenced ; but in consequence of the inconvenience caused by the number of passers-by, who stopped to read it, it was removed :

“ Here, by the permission of Heaven, Hell broke loose upon this Protestant city, from the malicious hearts of barbarous Papists, by the hand of their agent, Hubert, who confessed, and on the ruins of this place declared the fact, for which he was hanged, viz. — That here began that dreadful fire which is described, and perpetuated on, by the neighbouring pillar, erected anno 1680, in the Mayoralty of Sir Patience Ward, Knight.”

Hubert, the person here referred to, was hanged on his own confession that his hand had lighted the flame which laid London in ashes. His statement was that he had placed a fireball at the end of a poll, and, after having lighted it, had thrust it into the window of the house in which the fire subsequently broke out. There can be little doubt, however, that Hubert was a mere monomaniac, in whose mind the awful conflagration had raised the delusion that he was the author of the calamity ; indeed, the captain of the vessel which

brought him to England—a perfectly disinterested person—swore positively that he did not land till two days after the fire. All, indeed, that is known of the origin of the conflagration may be summed up in the concise words of Lord Clarendon. “There was never any probable evidence that there was any other cause of that woful fire than the displeasure of God Almighty.” No. 25, Pudding Lane, is said to be the site of the house in which the fire broke out. It was then occupied by one Farryner, baker to Charles the Second.

Still proceeding westward, along Thames Street, on the right is St. Michael’s, or Miles Lane, leading to what remains of Crooked Lane, in which stood the church of St. Michael, another of Wren’s churches, erected after the destruction of the ancient edifice by the fire of London. It was pulled down, together with a portion of Crooked Lane, in 1831, to make room for the approaches to New London Bridge. A church existed on this spot at least as early as the end of the thirteenth century, at which period John de Borham is mentioned as rector. In 1366 it was rebuilt by John de Louken, “stock-fishmonger,” and four times Lord Mayor of London, to whom the celebrated Sir William Walworth was at one time apprentice. Both master and man were buried in this church. De Louken is said to have been interred under “a fair marble tomb,” which was probably destroyed in the great fire, as was that of the stalwart Sir

William Walworth, on whose tomb, as Weever informs us, were inscribed the following lines :

“ Here under lieth a man of fame,
William Walworth called by name;
Fishmonger he was in lifetime here,
And twice Lord Mayor, as in book appear;
Who, with courage stout and manly might,
Slew Wat Tyler in King Richard’s sight;
For which act done, and true intent,
The king made him knight incontinent;
And gave him arms, as here you see,
To declare hisfeat and chivalry;
He left his life, the year of our Lord
Thirteen hundred fourscore three and odd.”

Sir William resided in a house adjoining St. Michael’s Church. This house he bequeathed, together with other property, for the purpose of founding a college, consisting of a master and nine priests, who were attached to the church.

The following brief and quaint epitaph was copied by Weever from a monument in the old church :

“ Here lyeth, wrapt in clay,
The body of William Wray;
I have no more to say.”

A little beyond Miles Lane, on the south side of Thames Street, is Old Swan Lane, leading to the Old Swan Stairs, close to London Bridge, at which spot the river-steamers embark their passengers. As far back as the reign of Henry the

Sixth, these stairs bore their present appellation of the Old Swan Stairs ; indeed, the greater number of the stairs and landing-places on the banks of the river still retain the same names by which they were distinguished in the days of the Tudors and Plantagenets. Boswell mentions his landing with Doctor Johnson at the Old Swan Stairs, whence they walked to Billingsgate, where they "took oars" for Greenwich. Their object in adopting this short, circuitous route, which was a common practice at the period, was evidently to avoid the danger of "shooting" Old London Bridge.

To the west of the Old Swan Stairs was Cold Harborough, or Cold Inn, corrupted into Cole Harbour. Here, in the reign of Edward the Third, stood Poultney Inn, the magnificent mansion of Sir John Poultney, four times Lord Mayor of London. At the close of the fourteenth century it was the residence of the ill-fated John Holland, Duke of Exeter, third son of Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, by the celebrated heiress, Joan Plantagenet, "the Fair Maid of Kent." He was half-brother of King Richard the Second, whom he entertained here on one occasion with great magnificence. He was succeeded in the occupation of Poultney Inn by Edmund of Langley, Earl of Cambridge, fifth son of Edward the Third ; and subsequently by Henry Holland, second Duke of Exeter, the gallant and devoted adherent of the unfortunate Henry the Sixth.

In 1485 Poultney Inn was granted by Richard the Third for the use of the heralds, who, however, could have occupied it but a short time, when it became the residence of the celebrated Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry the Seventh. Here, in 1497, we find her giving a splendid entertainment to the nobles and prelates who accompanied Catherine of Aragon from Spain previously to her marriage with Arthur, Prince of Wales. Not long after this time it was conferred by Henry on George Talbot, fourth Earl of Shrewsbury, one of his ablest and bravest subjects. In the following reign we find it the temporary palace of Tunstal, Bishop of Durham. Edward the Sixth granted it to Francis, fifth Earl of Shrewsbury, from which time it took the name of Shrewsbury House. It was subsequently pulled down by George, the sixth earl, who erected several small tenements on its site. Not many years afterward, we find Cole Harbour referred to by Ben Jonson, Bishop Hall, and by other writers of the Elizabethan age, as among the most squalid and indifferent localities in London. The site is now principally occupied by Calvert's brewery.

Close to Cole Harbour was the Steel-yard, the origin of the name of which has occasioned some discussion among antiquaries. Whether it derives its appellation from the German word *Staal-hoff*, signifying a place of trade, from the quantity of

steel which is said to have been anciently sold there, or from the king's "Steel-yard," or beam, which was used for ascertaining the amount of tonnage of imported goods, will probably ever remain a disputed question. Here, before the Norman conquest, is said to have been situated the quay where the Hanse merchants, by whom the English were first taught the arts of commerce, landed their merchandise, as well as wheat, rye, and other grain. For centuries they continued to be the principal importers into the kingdom, in consequence of which they were allowed extraordinary privileges, having a guild-hall and an alderman of their own. In return for these favours they were required to keep one of the city gates, Bishop's-gate, in perfect repair, and to assist with money and men in defending it in time of need. Consequently, in 1479 we find it entirely rebuilt at their expense. The company fell gradually into decay, and in 1597-98 was finally dissolved by proclamation, the merchants being commanded to quit the kingdom by the 28th of February in that year.

On the south side of Thames Street, close to where the Steel-yard formerly stood, is the church of Allhallows the Great, anciently called Allhallows the More, and sometimes Allhallows in the Ropery, from its being situated in the district chiefly inhabited by rope-makers. It was founded in 1361, by the Despencer family, from whom

the presentation passed by marriage to the Beau-champs, Earls of Warwick, and subsequently to the Crown. The present uninteresting church was built by Sir Christopher Wren, shortly after the destruction of the old edifice by fire, in 1666. Stow informs us that there was a statue of Queen Elizabeth in the old church, to which the following verses were attached :

“ If royal virtue ever crowned a crown ;
If ever mildness shined in majesty ;
If ever honour honoured true renown ;
If ever courage dwelt with clemency ;

“ If ever Princess put all Princes down,
For temperance, prowess, prudence, equity ;
This, this was she, that in despite of death
Lives still admired, — adored Elizabeth ! ”

The only object of any interest in the interior of the church is a handsome oak screen, — said to have been manufactured in Hamburg, — which was presented to the church by the Hanse merchants, in grateful memory of their connection with the parish.

On the south side of Thames Street, between the Steel-yard and Dowgate, stood that magnificent mansion of the olden time, the Erber, — so intimately associated with the stirring times of chivalry, and with more than one illustrious name. It was granted by Edward the Third to the gallant and learned Sir Geoffrey Le Scrope. Its next

illustrious occupant was John, Lord Neville of Raby, the heroic companion in arms of Edward the Third, from whom it descended to his son, Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland. This was that powerful lord who was so instrumental in raising Henry, Duke of Lancaster, to the throne as Henry the Fourth, and who afterward so distinguished himself in that Border warfare, and in those successful operations against the Percies which led to the battle of Shrewsbury, and to the untimely end of the impetuous Harry Hotspur.

From the Earl of Westmoreland the Erber passed into the possession of another branch of the Nevilles, the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick. But the principal interest attached to the spot is from its having been occupied by the residence of the great "kingmaker," Richard, Earl of Warwick. Some idea may be formed of his princely hospitality, from the fact that, at his house in London, no fewer than six oxen were daily consumed by his retainers at breakfast; any person, moreover, who happened to have access to his establishment, being permitted to take away with him "as much sodden and roast meat as he might carry upon a long dagger." After the death of the earl, the ragged staff and white cross disappeared from over the portals of the Erber; and not long afterward we find it occupied by the ill-fated George, Duke of Clarence, "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," who obtained a grant of

it from Parliament in right of his wife, Isabel, daughter of the kingmaker. After the death of Clarence, the Erber became the residence of his younger brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, on whose usurpation, as Richard the Third, we find it styled the King's Palace, and undergoing considerable repairs. During the brief reign of Richard it was occupied for him by one Ralph Darnel, a yeoman of the Crown; but on the death of the usurper, was restored to Edward, son of the Duke of Clarence, in whose possession it remained till his attainder in August, 1500. It was rebuilt in 1584, by Sir Thomas Pullison, Lord Mayor of London, and not long afterward became, according to Stow, the residence of the great navigator and hero, Sir Francis Drake.

Pursuing our route in a westerly direction along Thames Street, on the right hand is the street called Dowgate Hill, and immediately opposite it, on the left, is a small passage leading to the Thames. This passage leads us to the site of the ancient wharf, or port, of the Saxons, called Dowgate, to which we have already referred. But the ground is rendered still more interesting, from its being the site of the *trajectus*, or ferry,—the identical spot on the banks of the Thames whence the ferry-boats of the Romans passed over to the opposite side of the river, in connection with the great military way to Dover. Here also centred, and branched off, the Roman military roads,

which led to their different stations throughout England.

Ben Jonson speaks —

“Of Dowgate torrents falling into Thames;” —

and Strype, alluding to the descent from Dowgate Hill, informs us that, in his time, “in great and sudden rains, the water comes down from other streets with that swiftness, that it ofttimes causeth a flood in the lower part.”

Close to Dowgate ran, and as a filthy sewer continued to run till within a few years, the once clear and rapid river of Walbrook. How changed from the days when it rippled and flowed from its source in the Moorfields, and when it was crossed by several bridges, which were kept in repair by different religious houses, who were only too grateful for the advantages which they derived from its pure and refreshing waters! On the occasion of the new buildings being erected at the Bank in 1803, Walbrook might be still seen among the foundations, pursuing its trickling course toward the Thames.

A little beyond Dowgate is Three Cranes Lane, leading to the ancient Three Cranes Wharf, so called from the cranes used in landing wine and heavy articles of merchandise. It was principally used by the vintners, or wine-merchants, who abounded in this locality, and who obtained for it the title of the Vintry.

In Ben Jonson's comedy, "The Devil is an Ass" (Act i. sc. 1), we find :

" Nay, boy, I will bring thee to the bawds and the roysterers,
At Billingsgate feasting with claret-wine and oysters;
From thence shoot the bridge, child, to the cranes in the
Vintry,
And see there the gimblets, how they make their entry."

Close by, on the south side of Thames Street, is the hall of the Vintners' Company, which stands on the site of a large mansion once occupied by Sir John Stodie, Lord Mayor of London, in 1357. This company was first incorporated in 1340, under the name of Wine-tunners. In the court-rooms are portraits of Charles the Second, James the Second, Mary d'Este, and Prince George of Denmark.

In the Vintry stood, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the magnificent mansion of Sir John Gisors, Lord Mayor of London, and constable of the Tower. Later in that century we find it the residence of Sir Henry Picard, vintner and lord mayor, who entertained here, with great splendour, no less distinguished personages than his sovereign, Edward the Third, John, King of France, the King of Cyprus, David, King of Scotland, Edward the Black Prince, and a large assemblage of the nobility. "And after," says Stow, "the said Henry Picard kept his hall against all comers whosoever that were willing to

play at dice and hazard. In like manner the Lady Margaret, his wife, did also keep her chamber to the same effect." We are told that on this occasion, "the King of Cyprus, playing with Sir Henry Picard in his hall, did win of him fifty marks ; but Picard, being very skilful in that art, altering his hand, did after win of the same king the same fifty marks, and fifty marks more ; which when the same king began to take an ill part, although he dissembled the same, Sir Henry said unto him, 'My lord and king, be not aggrieved ; I court not your gold, but your play, for I have not bid you hither that you might grieve ;' and giving him his money again, plentifully bestowed of his own amongst the retinue. Besides, he gave many rich gifts to the king, and other nobles and knights which dined with him, to the great glory of the citizens of London in those days."

Worcester Place, on the west side of Vintners' Hall, points out the site of Worcester Inn, the residence of the learned and accomplished John de Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, Chancellor and Lord Deputy of Ireland in the reign of Edward the Fourth. This remarkable man is said to have visited Rome for the express purpose of examining the library in the Vatican, on which occasion he addressed so eloquent an oration to Pope Pius the Second, as to draw tears from his Holiness. Being a stanch adherent of the house of York, the temporary restoration of Henry the Sixth, in 1470,

placed his life in great danger. Perceiving that his powerful enemy, the Earl of Warwick, was determined on bringing him to the block, he sought for safety in flight, but having been found concealed in the upper branches of a tree, he was conveyed to London, and shortly afterward perished by the hands of the executioner on Tower Hill.

On the north side of Thames Street, opposite to Three Cranes Lane, is College Hill, so called from a college dedicated to St. Spirit and St. Mary, founded by the celebrated Sir Richard Whittington, three times Lord Mayor of London.

In a pasquinade, preserved in the state poems, entitled the "D. of B.'s [Duke of Buckingham's] Litany," occur the following lines :

“ From borrowing our own house to feast scholars ill,
And then be un-chancellored against our will,
Nought left of a college but College Hill,
Libera nos,” etc.

These verses allude to the circumstance of the witty and fantastic George Villiers, Duke of Buck-

¹ Alluding to George Street, Duke Street, Villiers Street, Buckingham Street, etc., erected by the Duke of Buckingham on the site of his former residence in the Strand.

ingham, having purchased a "large and graceful" mansion on College Hill, probably for the purpose of extending his influence, and spreading sedition among the citizens of London, at the time when he was plotting against his too easy and confiding master, Charles the Second. Lord Clarendon, indeed, informs us that the duke "had many lodgings in several quarters of the city; and though his Majesty had frequent intelligence where he was, yet when the sergeant-at-arms, and others employed for his apprehension, came where he was known to have been but an hour before, he was gone from thence, or so concealed that he could not be found."

St. Michael's Paternoster Royal, which church stands on the east side of College Hill, was rebuilt by the executors of Whittington, who was buried beneath its roof under a sumptuous tomb, which probably shared the fate of the church in the great fire of 1666. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, a sacrilegious rector, one Thomas Mountain, caused the tomb to be broken open, being under the impression that it contained articles of considerable value. In the reign of Queen Mary the body was again disturbed for the purpose of being rewrapped in a leaden sheet, of which it had been despoiled in the preceding reign.

In St. Michael's Church also lies buried the cavalier, soldier, and poet, John Cleveland, of whom Echard observes that he was "the first

poetic champion" for Charles the First. The poets of the day, indeed, allied themselves, almost without an exception, to the broken fortunes of their unfortunate sovereign. Having been expelled by the ruling powers from his fellowship at St. John's College, Cambridge, for malignancy, Cleveland joined the king's camp at Oxford, and afterward served in garrison at Newark-upon-Trent. He subsequently fell into the hands of Cromwell, and was thrown into prison, where he remained for a few months. On his release he took up his abode in Gray's Inn, where Butler, the author of "Hudibras," was his neighbour and chosen companion, and where they established a nightly club. Cleveland was also the friend of Bishop Pierson, who preached a funeral sermon over his remains in St. Michael's Church.¹

The body of the present plain and substantial edifice was completed in 1694, after designs by Sir Christopher Wren. In this church is Hilton's much-admired picture of Mary Magdalen anointing the feet of Christ; but, with this exception, and some tolerable oak carving on the altar-piece beneath the picture, St. Michael's contains but little to render it worthy of a visit.

St. Michael's derives its appellation of Royal from a palatial fortress called the Tower Royal, which anciently stood nearly on the site of the

¹ Aubrey states that Cleveland was buried in St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. This is a mistake.

small street which still bears the name of Tower Royal. Here, according to Stow, resided more than one of our kings, among whom were King Stephen and Richard the Second. In the latter reign it obtained the name of the Queen's Wardrobe, probably from having been the residence of the king's mother, who for some time kept her court here. It was apparently of considerable strength; at least, if we may judge from the fact of that princess preferring it to the Tower as a place of security, and consequently taking refuge here from the violence of Wat Tyler and his lawless followers. "King Richard," says Stow, "having in Smithfield overcome and dispersed his rebels, he, his lords, and all his company, entered the city of London with great joy, and went to the lady princess, his mother, who was then lodged in the Tower Royal, called the Queen's Wardrobe, where she had remained three days and two nights, right sore abashed; but when she saw the king, her son, she was greatly rejoiced, and said, 'Ah, son, what great sorrow have I suffered for you this day!' The king answered and said, 'Certainly, madam, I know it well; but now rejoice, and thank God, for I have this day recovered mine heritage, and the realm of England, which I had near hand lost.'" Shortly afterward we find the Tower Royal set apart by King Richard as the residence of Leon the Third, King of Armenia, when he sought an asylum in England, after having been

expelled from his kingdom by the Turks. The last notice which we discover of the Tower Royal is in the reign of Richard the Third, when it was granted to John, first Duke of Norfolk, who made it his residence till the period of his death on the memorable field of Bosworth, in August, 1485.

Within a short distance from the Tower Royal is Garlick Hill, on the east side of which stands the parish church of St. James's Garlick Hythe, so called from its vicinity to a garlic-market, which was anciently held in the neighbourhood. This is another of Sir Christopher Wren's edifices, and is entirely devoid of architectural merit. The date of the foundation of the old edifice is lost in antiquity. We only know that it was rebuilt by Richard Rothing, Sheriff of London, in 1326; that it was destroyed by fire in 1666, and again rebuilt between the years 1676 and 1682. Anciently this church appears to have been often selected for the burial of the lord mayors of London. Here were interred John of Oxenford, vintner and lord mayor in 1341; Sir John Wrotch, lord mayor in 1360; William Venour, in 1389; William More, in 1395; Robert Chichley, in 1421; and Sir James Spencer, in 1527. Among other persons who were interred in the old church, and whose monuments were destroyed by the fire of London, was Richard Lions, a wine-merchant and lapidary, who was beheaded by Wat Tyler and the rebels in Cheapside in the reign of Richard the Second.

Here too were monuments to more than one of the great family of the Stanleys, whose residence, Derby House, afterward converted into Herald's College, stood in the immediate neighbourhood.

In the *Spectator* (No. 147) there is an interesting notice of St. James's Garlick Hythe. Addison, speaking of the beautiful service of the Church of England, remarks, "Until Sunday was se'n-night, I never discovered, to so great a degree, the excellency of the Common Prayer. Being at St. James's Garlick Hill Church, I heard the service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be unattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to my prayers. . . . The Confession was read with such a resigned humility; the Absolution with such a comfortable authority; the Thanksgivings with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner I never did before." The rector of the parish at this period was the Rev. Philip Stubbs, afterward Archdeacon of St. Albans, whose fine voice and impressive delivery are said to have been long remembered by his old parishioners.

CHAPTER III.

QUEENHITHE, BAYNARD'S CASTLE, HOUSES OF THE NOBILITY, BLACKFRIARS, ETC.

Derivation of the Name of Queenhithe — Celebrated Residents in Baynard's Castle — Mansions near Paul's Wharf — Monastery of the Black Friars — Repudiation of Queen Catherine — Queen Elizabeth at Cobham House — The Fatal Vespers — Blackfriar's Bridge — Fleet Ditch — Strongholds of Thieves — Palace of Bridewell — Alsatia — Execution of Lord Sanquhar.

CONTINUING our route along Thames Street, we shall point out, as we pass along, the particular sites on the banks of the river which are associated either with the history, the manners, or the romance of past times. We have hitherto strolled from Billingsgate as far as Queenhithe; we will now continue from Queenhithe to the Temple Garden.

Queenhithe, Queenhive, or Queen's Harbour, — on the west side of Southwark Bridge, — was anciently called Edred's Hythe; and, as far back as the days of the Saxons, was one of the principal harbours or quays where foreign vessels discharged their cargoes. According to Stow, it derived its more ancient name of Edred's Hythe from one

Edred, who had been a proprietor of the wharf. We have evidence that it was royal property in the reign of King Stephen; that monarch having bestowed it upon William de Ypres, who, in his turn, conferred it on the Convent of the Holy Trinity within Aldgate. In the reign of Henry the Third it again came into the possession of the Crown. In consequence of the harbour-dues being the perquisite of the Queen of England, it obtained particular favour; foreign ships, and especially vessels which brought corn from the Cinque Ports, being compelled to land their cargoes here. From its connection also with the Queen of England it obtained its name of *Ripa Reginæ*, or Queen's Hythe. For centuries it maintained a successful rivalry with Billingsgate. From Fabian, however, who wrote at the end of the fifteenth century, we learn that in his time the harbour-dues of Queenhithe had so fallen off as to be worth only £15 a year. A century afterward, Stow speaks of it as being almost forsaken.

Opposite to Queenhithe, on the north side of Thames Street, is situated the parish church of St. Michael, Queenhithe, an edifice erected by Sir Christopher Wren on the site of a very ancient church destroyed by the fire of London. In 1181 we find it denominated St. Michael de Cornhithe, Queenhithe being probably occasionally styled Cornhithe from the quantity of corn which was landed there from the Cinque Ports.

The church contains no monuments of any interest ; nor, with the exception of its small but elegant spire, and some fine carved fruit and flowers on the doorway next to the pulpit, has it much artistic merit.

A little beyond Queenhithe is Paul's Wharf, which derives its name from its vicinity to the great cathedral of St. Paul's.

Close to this spot stood the mansion occupied by Cicely, youngest daughter of the haughty and powerful baron, Ralph de Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, in whose ambition originated the devastating wars between the White and Red Roses. She was the mother of a numerous family, of whom seven survived to figure prominently in the stirring times in which they lived. When this lady — the granddaughter of John of Gaunt — sat in her domestic circle, watching complacently the childish sports, and listening to the joyous laughter of her young progeny, how little could she have anticipated the strange fate which awaited them ! Her husband perished on the bloody field of Wakefield ; her first-born, afterward Edward the Fourth, followed in the ambitious footsteps of his father, and waded through bloodshed to a throne ; her second son, Edmund, Earl of Rutland, perished at the battle of Wakefield ; the third son, "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," died in the dungeons of the Tower ; and

her youngest son, Richard, succeeded to a throne and a bloody death. The career of her daughters was also remarkable. Anne, her eldest daughter, married Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter, whose splendid fortunes and mysterious fate are so well known. Elizabeth, the second daughter, became the wife of John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, and lived to see her son, the second duke, decapitated on Tower Hill for his attachment to the house of York. Lastly, her third daughter, Margaret, married Charles, Duke of Burgundy. This lady's persevering hostility to Henry the Seventh, and open support of the claims of Perkin Warbeck, believing him to be the last male heir of the house of Plantagenet, have rendered her name conspicuous in history.

Between Paul's Wharf and Puddle Dock, under the shadow of the great cathedral of St. Paul's, stood anciently, on the banks of the Thames, Baynard's Castle, endeared to us by the magic genius of Shakespeare, and associated with some of the most stirring scenes in the history of our country. Baynard's Castle derives its name from its founder, one of the Norman barons who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and by one of whose descendants, William Baynard, it was forfeited in 1111. Henry the First bestowed it on Robert Fitzwalter, fifth son of Richard, Earl of Clare, in whose family the office of castellan and standard-bearer to the city of London became

hereditary. His immediate descendant was Robert Fitzwalter, whose daughter, the beautiful Matilda, King John attempted to corrupt. Fitzwalter, to avenge the affront offered to his race, subsequently acted a conspicuous part in the wars waged against the king by his barons. "The primary occasion of these discontents," writes Dugdale, "is by some thus reported: that this Robert Fitzwalter, having a very beautiful daughter, called Maude, residing at Dunmow, the king frequently solicited her chastity, but, never prevailing, grew so enraged that he caused her to be privately poisoned; and that she was buried at the south side of the choir at Dunmow [in Essex], between two pillars there." To punish the rebellion of Fitzwalter, the king caused "his house, called Baynard's Castle, in the city of London," to be razed to the ground. Fitzwalter, however, is said to have subsequently made his peace with King John, by the extraordinary valour which he displayed at a tournament in the presence of the King of France. King John, struck with admiration at his prowess, is said to have exclaimed, "By God's tooth, he deserves to be a king who hath such a soldier in his train." Ascertaining the name of the chivalrous knight,—for his features were concealed by his closed vizor,—the king immediately sent for him, restored him to his barony, and subsequently gave him permission to repair his castle of Baynard.

Baynard's Castle was almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1428, shortly after which period it was rebuilt by Humphrey Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, on whose attainder it again reverted to the Crown. The next occupant was Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, who maintained no fewer than four hundred followers within its walls, and who carried on here his ambitious projects against the government of Henry the Sixth. After his death at the battle of Wakefield, Baynard's Castle descended by inheritance to his gallant son, the Earl of March, afterward Edward the Fourth. When, in 1640, the young prince entered London with the kingmaker, Warwick, we find him taking up his abode in his paternal mansion, and it was within its princely hall that he assumed the title of king, and summoned the bishops, peers, and magistrates in and about London to attend him in council.

In the garden of Baynard's Castle, Shakespeare places the secret interview between the Duke of York and the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, in which the two latter acknowledged him as their rightful sovereign, and came to the determination to appeal to arms to enforce his claims :

*“ York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England’s crown.*

• • • • •

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And in this private plot be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown."

— *King Henry VI.* Part II., Act ii. Sc. 2.

Shortly after his accession to the throne, Edward the Fourth appears to have conferred Baynard's Castle upon his widowed mother, Cicely Neville, Duchess of York. Hither, for security, he brought his wife and children from their prison-sanctuary at Westminster in April, 1471. Here he slept that night, and the next day kept Good Friday with proper solemnity. Two days afterward, on Easter Sunday, he defeated Warwick at the battle of Barnet. Here, under his mother's roof, Richard, Duke of Gloucester held his councils in the interval between his brother's death and his own usurpation of the supreme authority, and here he was waited upon by his creature, the Duke of Buckingham, and the citizens, who vociferously called upon him to assume the crown. Shakespeare has again thrown an undying interest over the site of Baynard's Castle. Richard, with great apparent reluctance, presents himself at a gallery above, supported by a bishop on each side of him:

Glou. Alas! why would you heap this care on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty;
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, — as in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates, —
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you. —
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Citizens.*]

Catesby. Call them again, sweet prince; accept their
suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.
Glou. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again. I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties. [Exit Catesby.
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

[*Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.*]

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear the burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
And if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from that desire.

Mayor. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glou. In saying so you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—

Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!"

—*King Richard III.*, Act iii. Sc. 7.

It was in the “high chamber next the chapel, in the dwelling of Cicely, Duchess of York, called Baynard's Castle, Thames Street,” that, on the day of Richard's coronation, the Great Seal was surrendered into his hands.

Henry the Seventh frequently resided in Baynard's Castle after his accession to the throne; indeed, he would seem to have been extremely partial to the spot, inasmuch as we find him, in 1501, almost entirely rebuilding it; “not embattled, nor so strongly fortified, castle-like, but far more beautiful and commodious, for the entertainment of any prince or great estate.” Here he received the ambassadors from the King of the Romans, and here he lodged Philip of Austria during his visit to this country.

Shortly after the marriage of Prince Henry, afterward Henry the Eighth, with Catherine of Aragon, we find them conducted by water in great state from Baynard's Castle to the royal palace at Westminster. “The Mayor and Commonalty of London,” says Hall, “in barges garnished with standards, streamers, and pennons of their device, gave them their attendance; and there, in the

palace, were such martial feats, such valiant jousts, such vigorous tourneys, such fierce fight at the barriers, as before that time was of no man had in remembrance. Of this royal triumph, Lord Edward, Duke of Buckingham, was chief challenger, and Lord Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, was chief defender ; which, with their aids and companions, bare themselves so valiantly, that they obtained great laud and honour."

In the reign of Edward the Sixth, Baynard's Castle became the residence of Sir William Sydney, chamberlain to the youthful monarch. In the same reign it passed into the hands of William Herbert, first Earl of Pembroke, who lived here in a style of extraordinary magnificence, and whose countess, Anne, sister of Queen Catherine Parr, breathed her last here in 1551. At Baynard's Castle her lord was residing at the time of King Edward's death, on which occasion, notwithstanding the proverbial wariness of his character, he was induced to sign the famous document acknowledging the claims of Lady Jane Grey. He soon, however, repented of the step which he had taken, and was one of the first to leave the beautiful and accomplished maiden to her melancholy fate, and to proclaim his legitimate sovereign, Queen Mary. Active in his loyalty, as he had been in his treason, he assembled the partisans of royalty under his roof in Baynard's Castle, and it was from under its portal that they sallied

forth to proclaim the title of Queen Mary to the throne.

The earl figured in all the court pageants of the time. He was selected to wait on King Philip on his landing at Portsmouth ; was present at his marriage with Queen Mary at Winchester, in 1564, and three months afterward, on the occasion of the assembling of the first Parliament under the new king and queen, he proceeded, on entering London, to his mansion of Baynard's Castle, followed by "a retinue of two thousand horsemen in velvet coats, with three laces of gold and gold chains, besides sixty gentlemen in blue coats, with his badge of the green dragon." The earl survived to figure at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, who appointed him her master of the horse, and on one occasion did him the honour to sup with him at Baynard's Castle. At ten o'clock at night, after having partaken of a sumptuous entertainment, he handed his royal mistress by torchlight to the riverside, where she entered her state barge to the sound of music, and amidst the blaze of fireworks ; and thus returned to Whitehall, surrounded by a swarm of attendant boats, and cheered by the acclamations of the loyal citizens of London.

The successor of Earl William in the occupancy of Baynard's Castle was his son Henry, the second earl, who resided here with his countess,— "Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother." Here

also resided their accomplished and high-minded son, William, the third earl, who united wit and gallantry with integrity and the most refined taste, the most courtly breeding with the kindest nature. The death of Earl William took place in Baynard's Castle, on the 10th of April, 1630, and was attended by some rather remarkable circumstances. It had been foretold by his tutor, Sandford, and also by the mad prophetess, Lady Davies, whose predictions caused Archbishop Laud so much discomfort, that he either would not complete, or would die on the anniversary of, his fiftieth birthday. That these predictions were actually fulfilled appears by the following curious passage in Lord Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion." "A short story may not be unfitly inserted; it being frequently mentioned by a person of known integrity, who, at that time, being on his way to London, met at Maidenhead some persons of quality, — of relation or dependence upon the Earl of Pembroke. At supper one of them drank a health to the lord steward; upon which another of them said that he believed his lord was at that time very merry, for he had now outlived the day which his tutor Sandford had prognosticated upon his nativity that he would not outlive; but he had done it now, for that was his birthday, which had completed his age to fifty years. The next morning, by the time they came to Colebrook, they met with the news of his death." The earl, it

appears, had engaged himself to sup with the Countess of Bedford, at whose table, on the fatal day, he not only appeared to be in excellent health and spirits, but remarked that he would never again trust a woman's prophecy. A few hours afterward he was attacked by apoplexy, and died during the night. Granger, to make the story more remarkable, relates that when the earl's body was opened, in order to be embalmed, the first incision was no sooner made, than the corpse lifted up its hand, to the great terror of those who witnessed the phenomenon.

The last of our sovereigns whose name is associated with Baynard's Castle was Charles the Second, in whose company we find the first Earl of Sandwich supping here on the 19th of June, 1660. "My lord," writes Pepys, on that day, "went at night with the king to Baynard's Castle to supper;" and again, on the following day, Pepys writes: "With my lord, who lay long in bed this day, because he came home late from supper with the king."

Baynard's Castle was destroyed in the great fire. Its name, however, is still preserved in Baynard Castle Ward.

Westward of the site of Baynard's Castle is Puddle Dock, which doubtless derives its name from one "Puddle," whom Stow incidentally mentions as having kept a wharf in this neighbourhood.

"Puddle Wharf,
Which place we'll make bold with to call it our Abydos,
As the Bankside is our Sestos."

— *Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair.*

The spot is interesting as pointing out the neighbourhood of the house purchased by Shakespeare, and bequeathed by him by will to his daughter, Susannah Hall. The *Conveyance* describes it as "abutting upon a streete leading down to Puddle Wharffe on the east part, right against the King's Maiestie's Wardrobe;" being "now or late in the tenure or occupacon of one William Ireland." To Mr. Cunningham we are indebted for pointing out the circumstance that "there is still an Ireland Yard." Shakespeare, in his will, describes the house as "situat lying and being in the Blackfriers in London, nere the Wardrobe." Ireland Yard is on the west side of St. Andrew's Hill, and Wardrobe Place points out the site of the Wardrobe here referred to.

To the westward of Baynard's Castle stood the Castle of Montfichet, founded by Gilbert de Montfichet, or Montifiquit, a relative of William the Conqueror, whom he accompanied to England, and with whom he fought side by side at the battle of Hastings. It was demolished by order of King John in 1213, and its materials appropriated to the erection of the neighbouring monastery of the Black Friars. Close by, nearly on the site of the present Puddle Dock, stood the ancient

residence of the Lords Berkeley, and afterward, temporarily, of the great kingmaker, the Earl of Warwick.

In the days of the Plantagenets,—when the sovereigns of England held their court indiscriminately in the palaces of Bridewell, Westminster, and the Tower,—the banks of the Thames, between the latter fortress and the Temple, appear to have been principally occupied by the splendid mansions and gardens of the nobility. But by the time that Elizabeth ascended the throne, and when Whitehall had become the fixed residence of the court, the tide of fashion began to flow in a more westwardly direction, when there arose those splendid water-palaces between the Temple and Whitehall, which have given names to so many of the streets in the Strand. In addition to the mansions we have already recorded as having stood in the immediate vicinity of Paul's Wharf, may be mentioned the messuage of the Abbots of Fescamp, in Normandy, situated between the wharf and Baynard's Castle, Scrope's Inn, the abode of the powerful family of the Scropes in the reign of Henry the Sixth, and Beaumont Inn, the residence of the noble family of the Beaumonts in the reign of Edward the Third, and afterward of Lord Hastings, the ill-fated favourite of Edward the Fourth. From Lord Hastings, Beaumont Inn passed into the possession of his descendants, the Earls of Huntingdon, whose town residence it was in the reign

of Henry the Eighth, from which time its name changed to Huntingdon House.

Immediately to the east of Blackfriars Bridge stood the great monastery of the Black Friars, who removed from Holborn to this spot in the year 1276. This house, which, with its gardens and precincts, covered a vast space of ground, had its four gates and its sanctuary, and could also boast of one of the most magnificent churches in the metropolis. Several Parliaments were held in the monastery of the Black Friars in the reigns of Henry the Sixth and Henry the Eighth ; one of the last and most remarkable having been that which voted the charges against Wolsey, and prayed for the condign punishment of the cardinal.

In ancient times, the splendid church of the Black Friars appears to have been one of the chief burial-places of the great. Among other illustrious persons whose names bear our imaginations back to the ages of chivalry, here reposed the ashes of the great Justiciary of England, Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, and of his wife, Margaret, daughter of William, King of Scotland. Here were preserved the heart of Eleanor of Castile, the beautiful and devoted queen of Edward the First, and that of her son Alphonso ; the remains of John of Eltham, Duke of Cornwall, brother of Edward the Third ; of the accomplished and ill-fated John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, beheaded in 1470 ; of James Touchet, Earl of Audley, beheaded in

1497; of Sir Thomas Brandon, Knight of the Garter, uncle of the high-bred and chivalrous Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; of William Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire; of Sir Thomas Parr and his wife, the parents of Queen Catherine Parr, besides numerous other persons of high birth and princely fortunes.

The monastery of the Black Friars is associated with one of the most interesting domestic events in the history of our country — the repudiation by Henry the Eighth of Catherine of Aragon, that virtuous and pure-minded woman who had loved him through good repute and ill repute; the only being, perhaps, in his dominions who was attached to him from purely disinterested motives, —

“That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellency,
That angels love good men with.”

— *King Henry VIII.*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

The legates nominated by the pope to decide on the legality of Henry's marriage were Cardinals Campeggio and Wolsey, who opened their court with great state and ceremony in the hall of the Black Friars, on the 31st of May, 1529. King Henry and his consort were both present; the king taking his seat on the right of the legates, and the queen, attended by four bishops, on their left. Their names having been called by the usual

formalities, Henry answered to his, but Catherine remained silent. Having again, however, been cited to answer to her name, she suddenly rose from her seat, and throwing herself at the king's feet, implored him, in language equally dignified and touching, to remember that she was the wife of his choice,—a friendless stranger in a foreign land. “Sir,” she exclaimed, with pathetic eloquence, “I beseech you, for all the love that hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right; take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor woman and a stranger, born out of your dominions. I have here no assured friend, much less impartial counsel; and I flee to you as to the head of justice within this realm. Alas! Sir, wherein have I offended you, or on what occasion given you displeasure? Have I ever designed against your will and pleasure, that you should put me from you? I take God and all the world to witness, that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure.”

“Alas! sir,

In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your grace from me? Heaven witness
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry

As I saw it inclined : when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged ? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you ; if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice."

— *King Henry VIII.*, Act ii. Sc. 4.

The decree of divorce was passed in 1533. The unfortunate queen retired to Kimbolton, where she died of a broken heart on the 8th of January, 1536; insisting to the last on retaining her title of queen, and denouncing the edict which sought to render her name a tainted one, and to deprive her child of its title to legitimacy.

In 1538 the monastery of the Black Friars, sharing the fate of the other religious houses, was surrendered to the king. In 1547 we find Sir Francis Bryan receiving a grant of the prior's lodging and the hall. Within a few years the greater remaining portion of the buildings was

swept away, and many fair mansions and gardens rose on its site. Among these may be mentioned the residences of the French ambassador; of Lord Herbert, the eldest son of Edward, Earl of Worcester; and of the unfortunate Henry Brooke, Lord Cobham. In 1600,—on the occasion of the marriage of Lord Herbert with Anne, only daughter of John, Lord Russell,—we find Queen Elizabeth honouring the nuptials with her presence. On her landing at Blackfriars she was received by a gallant company, including the bride, by whom she was carried in a kind of litter, supported by six knights, to the residence of the bridegroom, where she dined. The same night she supped with Lord Cobham at his house in Blackfriars, passing in her way by the house of “Doctor Puddin,” who came forth and presented her with a fan, which she graciously accepted. Elizabeth was at this period a wrinkled queen of sixty-three,—“old and cankered,” to use the words of Essex,—and accordingly it is not a little curious to find her acting the part of a girl of eighteen in the gay frivolities with which she was entertained at Cobham House. According to the “Sydney Papers,” “there was a memorable masque of eight ladies, and a strange dance new invented. Their attire was this: each had a skirt of cloth of silver; a rich waistcoat wrought with silk, and gold and silver; a mantle of carnation taffeta, cast under the arm; and their hair loose about the shoulders,

curiously knotted and interlaced. Mistress Fitton led ; these eight lady-maskers chose eight ladies more to dance the measures. Mrs. Fitton went to the queen and wooed her to dance ; her Majesty asked what she was. ‘Affection,’ she said. ‘Affection !’ said the queen, ‘affection is false !’ Yet her Majesty rose up and danced.” This entertainment took place only a few months before she signed the death-warrant of her beloved Essex, whose conduct toward her was probably then rankling in her heart.

In the following reign, on the 26th of October, 1623, there occurred in Blackfriars, in the house of Count de Tillier, the French ambassador, a frightful accident, which the Protestants chose to regard as a judgment from heaven to punish the idolatry of the Roman Catholics.¹ A vast number of persons were assembled in an upper story, listening to the oratory of a famous Jesuit preacher, Father Drury, when suddenly the floor gave way, and nearly one hundred persons, including the preacher, were crushed to death. The accident long retained the name of the “Fatal Vespers.” According to the account of an eye-witness, one Doctor Gouge, “On the Lord’s day, at night, when they fell, there were numbered ninety-one dead bodies ; but many of them were secretly

¹ This house was called Hunsdon House, from its having been the residence of Henry Carey, Baron Hunsdon, first cousin to Queen Elizabeth.

conveyed away in the night, there being a pair of water-stairs leading from the garden appertaining unto the house to the Thames. Of those that were carried away, some were buried in a burial-place within the Spanish ambassador's house in Holborn, amongst whom the Lady Webb was one, the Lady Blackstone's daughter another, and one Mistress Udal a third. The bodies of many others were claimed and carried away by their relatives and friends. For the corpses remaining," adds Doctor Gouge, "two great pits were digged, one in the fore-court of the said ambassador's house, eighteen feet long and twelve feet broad ; the other in the garden behind the house, twelve feet long and eight feet broad. In the former pit were laid forty-four corpses, whereof the bodies of Father Drury and Father Redyate were two. These two, wound up in sheets, were first laid into the pit, with a partition of loose earth to separate them from the rest."¹

In 1680 we find the celebrated engraver, William Faithorne, quitting his shop opposite the Palsgrave Head Tavern, without Temple Bar, and retiring "to a more private life," in Printing-house Yard, Blackfriars, where he died in 1691. Here also resided three celebrated painters, Isaac Oliver,¹

¹ Oliver was buried in the neighbouring church of St. Anne, Blackfriars, which was destroyed in the great fire and was not rebuilt. Its site, however, is marked by the old burying-ground, which may be seen in Church Entry, Ireland Yard. "The parish

Cornelius Jansen, and Anthony Vandyke. Oliver and Vandyke both breathed their last in Blackfriars. Ben Jonson was residing in Blackfriars in 1607, and here he has laid the scene of the "Alchymist."

The infamous Earl and Countess of Somerset, at the time when they were plotting, and accomplished, the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, were residing in Blackfriars.

In Blackfriars stood the famous theatre which bears its name. It was built in 1576 by James Burbage, and in 1596 was either rebuilt or enlarged, when Shakespeare and Richard Burbage were joint sharers. The site of it is still pointed out by Playhouse Yard, close to Apothecaries' Hall. The theatre in Blackfriars was pulled down during the rule of the Puritans, on the 6th of August, 1655.

The foundation-stone of the first Blackfriars Bridge, the work of Robert Mylne, a Scotch archi-

register records the burials of Isaac Oliver, the miniature-painter (1617); Dick Robinson, the player (1647); Nat. Field, the poet and player (1632-33); William Faithorne, the engraver (1691); and the following interesting entries relating to Vandyke, who lived and died in this parish, leaving a sum of money in his will to its poor :

" Jasper Lanfranch, a Dutchman, from Sir Anthony Vandikes, buried 14th February, 1638.

" Martin Ashent, Sir Anthony Vandike's man, buried 12th March, 1638.

" Justinian, daughter to Sir Anthony Vandyke and his lady, baptised 9th December, 1641."

tect, was laid on the 31st of October, 1760. It was originally called Pitt's Bridge, in honour of the great war minister, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, at this time in the height of his great and deserved popularity.

Blackfriars Bridge is memorable as having been one of the principal scenes of outrage, riot, and carnage during the famous Protestant outbreak fomented by Lord George Gordon. On the frightful scenes of pillage and conflagration which occurred during the three days that the populace were permitted to be masters of the metropolis, it is unnecessary to dwell. At length, however, the military received definite orders to act, and London was saved in the eleventh hour. The principal scenes of slaughter were at the Bank and Blackfriars Bridge. Whether by accident or by design, the military drove the rabble before them along Farringdon Street and Bridge Street, till the bridge was completely blocked up by them; while at the same time another body of soldiers hemmed them in on the Southwark side of the river. The conflict was brief, and the result terrible. Of the numbers who perished, of that compressed and lawless mass of human beings, no record was ever sought for or demanded. Many were forced over the parapets of the bridge into the river; many were crushed to death; and still more perished by the bayonet and the bullet. The conflict and the carnage occupied an almost incredibly short space

of time. Within an hour or two afterward, the dying and the dead had been carried away, the great city had resumed its wonted calmness, and when day dawned there remained but one fearful evidence of the contest of the proceeding night,—the causeway of the bridge was actually soaked and red with blood !

Immediately to the west of Blackfriars Bridge, the celebrated Fleet Ditch till recently ran into the Thames.

“ By Bridewell all descend,
(As morning prayer and flagellation end),
To where Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams,
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames ;
The king of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.”

— *Dunciad.*

The Fleet Ditch, or rather river — rendered classical by the verse of Ben Jonson, Swift, Pope, and Gay — was anciently a broad and limpid stream, which had its rise in the high grounds of Hampstead, and was further fed by the waters of certain wells, called Clerken-well, Skinners-well, Fags-well, Tode-well, Loders-well, and Rad-well ; “ all which said wells,” says Stow, “ having the fall of their overflowing in the aforesaid river, much increased the stream.” It was from this circumstance that it anciently obtained the name of the “ River of Wells.” It was crossed by no fewer than four stone bridges in its course, by way of Kentish

Town and Camden Town, to the Thames ; one of these bridges standing at the foot of Holborn Hill, then called Holborn Bridge, at which point the river Fleet united itself with the waters of the Old Bourne, or stream, from which Holborn derives its name. Anciently, the tide flowed up the Fleet River as far as Holborn Bridge, the present Bridge Street being the channel of the stream. According to Stow, such, in the reign of Edward the Second, was the depth and breadth of this now filthy ditch, "that ten or twelve ships navies at once, with merchandises, were wont to come to the aforesaid bridge of Fleet." The other bridges of the Fleet were Fleet Bridge, Bridewell Bridge, and Fleet Lane Bridge.

In 1606 we find no less a sum than twenty-eight thousand pounds expended for the purpose of scouring the Fleet River and keeping it in a navigable state. Pennant, speaking of the performance of this work, observes : "At the depth of fifteen feet were found several Roman utensils ; and, a little deeper, a great quantity of Roman coins, in silver, copper, brass, and other metals, but none in gold. At Holborn Bridge were found two brazen Lares, about four inches long ; one a Bacchus, the other a Ceres. It is a probable conjecture that these were thrown in by the affrighted Romans, at the approach of the enraged Boadicea, who soon took ample revenge on her insulting conquerors. Here were also found num-

bers of Saxon antiquities,—spurs, weapons, keys, seals, etc.; also medals, crosses, and crucifixes, which might likewise have been flung in on occasion of some alarm.” The Fleet River was again thoroughly cleansed in 1652, at a considerable expense. About sixteen years afterward, in hopes of its proving a lucrative speculation, another large sum was expended in reopening the navigation as far as Holborn. For this purpose the river was deepened, wharves and quays were erected, and the banks were cased with stone and brick. The speculation, however, proved anything but a profitable one; and accordingly, between the years 1734 and 1737, it was partially arched over, and in consequence of further improvements which took place in 1765, was almost entirely concealed from view.

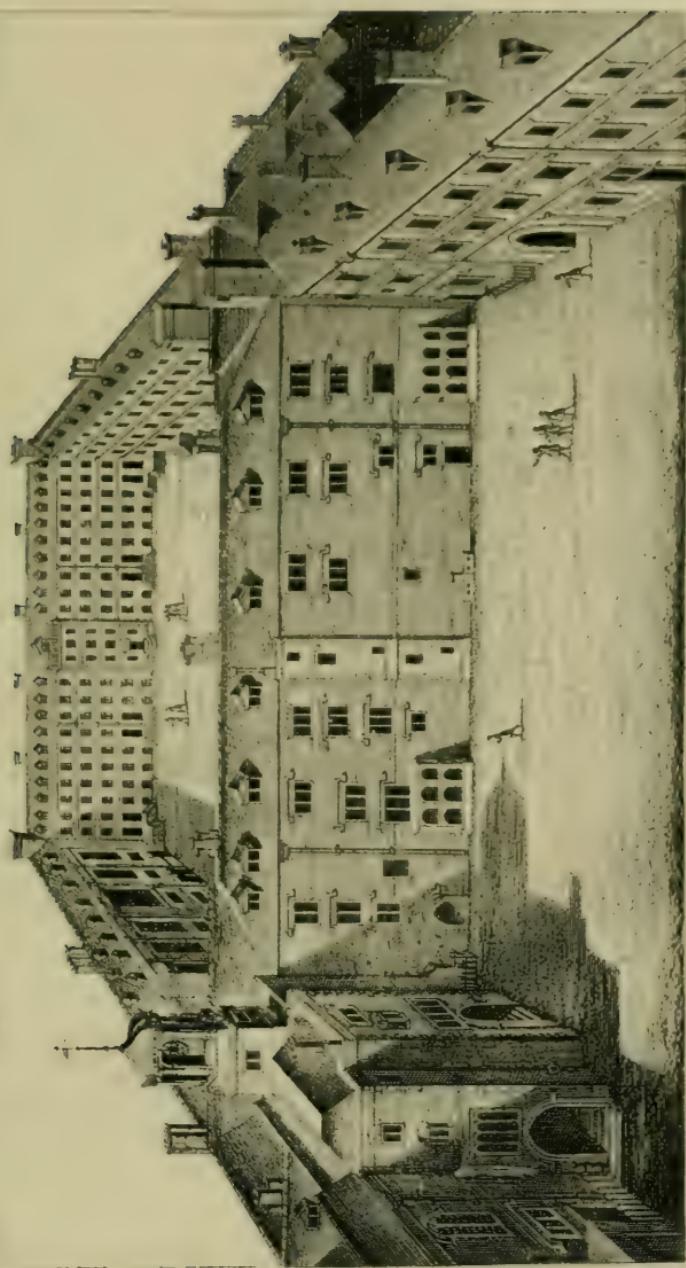
One of the last glimpses to be caught of this nauseous stream we availed ourselves of many years ago, on the occasion of the destruction of some old houses in West Street, at the south end of Saffron Hill, which had been the hiding-place and stronghold of thieves, and an asylum for the most depraved of both sexes, from the reign of Queen Anne to our own time. Here, according to tradition, the notorious Jonathan Wild carried on his crafty and nefarious traffic of plunder and human blood. We remember well how the black and disgusting-looking stream flowed through a deep and narrow channel, encased on each side with brick, and overhung by miserable-looking

dwelling-houses, the abode of poverty and crime. The stronghold of the thieves consisted of two separate habitations,—one on each side of the ditch,—ingeniously contrived with private means of communication and escape from one to the other. For instance, in the event of either being invaded by the myrmidons of the law, a plank might be readily thrown from one aperture to the other, and as readily withdrawn in the event of pursuit; or, in the last extremity, the culprit could plunge into the ditch, and pursue his course down the murky stream, till either some familiar outlet, or the habitation of some friendly companion in crime, afforded him the means of escape. The principal building, known in the reign of George the First as the Red Lion Tavern, was unquestionably of great antiquity. Its dark closets, its trap-doors, its sliding panels, and its secret recesses and hiding-places, rendered it no less secure for purposes of robbery and murder, than as a refuge for those who were under the ban of the law. In this house, about thirty years ago, a sailor was robbed, and afterward thrown naked, through one of the apertures which we have described, into the Fleet Ditch,—a crime for which two men and a woman were subsequently convicted and transported for fourteen years. About the same time, although the premises were surrounded by the police, a thief made his escape by means of its communications with the neighbouring houses, the

inhabitants of which were almost universally either subsistent upon, or friendly to, pillage and crime. At the demolition of these premises, there were found in the cellars, among other mysterious evidences of the dark deeds which had been perpetrated within their walls, numerous human bones, which, there can be little doubt, were those of persons who had met with an untimely end.

In ancient times, the great city wall, commencing at the Tower, after taking a circuit round London, terminated nearly at the foot of the present Blackfriars Bridge ; running parallel with, and to the east of, the Fleet River. Here stood a strong fortress, the western *Arx Palatina* of the city, the remains of which were afterward used in constructing the neighbouring palace of Bridewell.

Bridewell, which stood on the west side of the Fleet River, and the walls of which were washed by its waters, appears to have been a formidable fortress in the reign of William the Conqueror, and was the residence of our sovereigns at least as early as the reign of King John. This famous palatial fortress derived its name from a spring, or well, which flowed in the neighbourhood, and which was dedicated to St. Bride. It continued to be used as a palace as late as the reign of Henry the Eighth, who constantly held his court there, and who rebuilt it in a magnificent manner for the reception of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, on the occasion of his visit to England in 1522. The



emperor, however, chose in preference the neighbouring palace of Blackfriars, and accordingly his suite only were lodged in Bridewell, a passage having been cut through the city wall to enable the inmates of the two palaces to communicate with each other.

It was in the palace of Bridewell that Henry the Eighth was holding his court at the time when the Pope's legate, Cardinal Campeius, or Campeggio, arrived in England, for the purpose of investigating the legality of the king's marriage with the unfortunate Catherine of Aragon. "The cardinal," we are told, "came by long journeys into England, and much preparation was made to receive him triumphantly into London; but he was so sore vexed with the gout that he refused all such solemnities, and desired that he might, without pomp, be conveyed to his lodgings, for his more quiet and rest. And so, on the 9th of October, he came from St. Mary Overys by water, to the Bishop of Bath's palace without Temple Bar, where he was visited by Cardinal Wolsey, and diverse other estates and prelates; and after he had rested him a season, he was brought to the king's presence at Bridewell by the Cardinal of York, and carried in a chair between four persons, for he was not able to stand."

In the palace of Bridewell, "in a room in the queen's apartment," Shakespeare places the beautiful and pathetic scene in which Catherine asserts

her rights, and opposes her simple eloquence to the arguments of the cold-blooded cardinals.

In the reign of Edward the Sixth the palace of Bridewell was converted into an establishment "for the correction and punishment of idle and vagrant people, and for setting them to work, that they might, in an honest way, take pains to get their own livelihood." For the noble philanthropic project, which converted the palace of kings into an asylum for sheltering the houseless and for reclaiming crime, we are indebted to Bishop Ridley. His quaint letter on the subject to the secretary of state, Sir William Cecil, afterward Lord Burleigh, is still extant. "Good Mr. Cecil," he writes, "I must be a suitor to you in our good master Christ's cause: I beseech you to be good to him. The matter is, sir, alas! he hath lain too long abroad (as you do know) without lodging, in the streets of London, both hungry, naked, and cold. Now, thanks be to Almighty God, the citizens are willing to refresh him, and to give him meat, drink, clothing, and firing; but, alas! sir, they lack lodging for him. For, in some one house, I dare say, they are fain to lodge three families under one roof. Sir, there is a large, wide, empty house of the king's majesty's, called Bridewell, that would wonderfully well serve to lodge Christ in, if he might find such good friends in the court to procure in his cause. Surely, I have such a good opinion of the king's majesty, that if Christ had

such faithful and hearty friends, who would heartily speak for him, he should undoubtedly speed at the king's majesty's hands. Sir, I have promised my brethren, the citizens, to move you, because I do take you for one that feareth God, and would that Christ should lie no more in the streets."

Cecil entered warmly into Bishop Ridley's philanthropic plans, and accordingly, on the 10th of April, 1553, the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the city of London were summoned to attend the young king at Whitehall, when the palace of Bridewell was formally surrendered into their hands, to be a refuge and workhouse for the poor and unemployed. It was not till a later period that it was converted into a place of punishment and reformation for disobedient apprentices, street-brawlers, prostitutes, and other idle and refractory characters. The principal portion of the old palace of Bridewell was destroyed in the great fire of 1666. The remainder was taken down in 1863. In the committee room are several portraits, one of which, said to be by Holbein, represents Edward the Sixth confirming the charter of Bridewell. There is also a portrait of Charles the Second, by Sir Peter Lely, and another of James the Second, by the same artist.

In Bridewell died Madam Creswell, a notorious procuress of the days of Charles the Second. "She desired by will," says Granger, "to have a sermon preached at her funeral, for which the

preacher was to have ten pounds ; but upon this express condition, that he was to say nothing but what was well of her. A preacher was with some difficulty found who undertook the task. He, after a sermon preached on the general subject of mortality, and the good uses to be made of it, concluded by saying : ‘By the will of the deceased it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but what is well of her. All that I shall say of her, therefore, is this : she was born well, she lived well, and she died well ; for she was born with the name Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell.’” The scene of the fourth plate of Hogarth’s great work, the “Harlot’s Progress,” is laid in Bridewell.

Immediately to the west of Bridewell stood Dorset House, anciently the residence of the Bishops of Salisbury, and afterward of that accomplished race of warriors and poets, the Sackvilles, Earls, and afterward Dukes, of Dorset. The site is still pointed out by Dorset Street, in the same manner that Salisbury Court, in the immediate neighbourhood, still commemorates the residence of the bishops of that see. In Sackville House, afterward called Dorset House, lived in great magnificence Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, created by James the First, in 1604, Earl of Dorset. This nobleman was no less remarkable for his talents as a statesman, than for his literary accomplishments, being, in the opinion of Pope,

the best poet between Chaucer and Spenser. In Dorset House he is said to have written his portion of the well-known tragedy, "Ferrex and Porrex." He was one of the commissioners who tried the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, and was the person selected to communicate to her the fatal intelligence that her days were numbered. The earl in his youth had been principally distinguished as a man of pleasure and a spendthrift; so much so, that his vast hereditary fortune had at one time nearly slipped through his hands. As lord treasurer, however, no man ever administered the public revenues with more credit to himself, or with greater advantage to his country. The incident which is stated to have occasioned the earl's reformation is curious. His necessities having obliged him to seek the loan of a sum of money, he applied to a wealthy alderman for his assistance. Happening one day to call at the citizen's house, he was allowed to remain a considerable time unnoticed in an antechamber. This indignity — to which his necessities compelled him to submit — so wrought on his feelings that he resolved from that moment to alter his mode of life; and it may be added that he conscientiously adhered to his resolution.

The earl died suddenly at the council-board, on the 19th of April, 1608. In the heat of argument he rose from his seat, and drawing some papers from his bosom, exclaimed with great vehemence,

“ I have that here which will strike you dead.” He fell down at the moment, and died almost instantly. The queen, Anne of Denmark, was present when he expired.¹

In Dorset House died Richard Sackville, the third earl; and here also expired Edward, the fourth earl, celebrated for his famous duel with Lord Bruce, but still more for his genius in the Cabinet, his gallantry on the field of battle, and his affectionate attachment to his unfortunate master, Charles the First. At the battle of Edgehill, the earl was selected to take charge of the young Prince of Wales, and of his brother, the Duke of York. Unable, however, to resist the generous impulse which urged him to join the fray, he entrusted the young princes to the care of others, and placing himself at the head of his troops, performed heroic acts of valour; besides recovering the royal standard, which had been captured by the enemy. Many years afterward, on the 11th of December, 1679, we find the Duke of York writing to the first Lord Dartmouth: “The old Earl of Dorset, at Edgehill, being commanded by the king, my father, to go and carry the prince and myself up the hill, out of the battle, refused to do it, and said that he would not be thought a coward for ever a king’s son in Christendom.” The earl took the execution of his royal master so

¹ His widow, Cicely, daughter of Sir John Baker, of Sissinghurst, in Kent, died in Dorset House on the 1st of October, 1615.

much to heart that he shut himself up in Dorset House, and never quitted it till his death, on the 17th of July, 1652.

At the Restoration we find the gallant and loyal William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, residing with his pompous and fantastic duchess in a portion of Dorset House. It was shortly afterward taken down, and nearly on its site was erected the Dorset Garden Theatre, which stood on the east side of the present Salisbury Court, with a front toward the river.

This theatre, of which the widow of the well-known Sir William Davenant was the patentee, was opened on the 9th of November, 1671, notwithstanding a strong opposition made to it by the city of London. The actors, among whom was the well-known Betterton, were styled the Duke of York's servants, in order to distinguish them from the king's company.¹

On the banks of the Thames, between Dorset House and the Temple Garden, stood the convent of the Whitefriars, or Carmelites, the site of which is still pointed out by Whitefriars Street. It was

¹ They removed to Dorset Garden from the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn. The duke's servants continued to perform in Dorset Garden till 1682, when they removed to Drury Lane, and incorporated themselves with the king's company. The theatre in Dorset Garden was still standing in 1720, shortly after which period it appears to have been pulled down. The theatre in Dorset Garden was the last to which the company were in the habit of going by water.

founded in 1241, by Sir Richard Grey, of Codnor in Derbyshire, and was afterward rebuilt, about the year 1350, by Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire; Robert Marshall, Bishop of Hereford, furnishing the choir. In the church of the convent were buried many persons of distinction, of whom Stow has given us a long catalogue. Shortly after the dissolution of the monasteries, the church and the other buildings connected with the convent were taken down; the chapter-house and other parts being conferred by Henry the Eighth on his physician, Henry Butts, whose name has been immortalised by Shakespeare. The great hall, or refectory, was converted into the Whitefriars Theatre.

Whitefriars, however, still retained the privilege of a sanctuary, and accordingly, from the days of James the First to those of William the Third, we find it affording an asylum to all kinds of abandoned characters, thieves, cheats, gamesters, insolvent debtors, and broken-down poets and actors, who dubbed the district by the cant title of Alsatia, a name rendered famous by Shadwell in his "Squire of Alsatia," and still more so by Sir Walter Scott, in his "Fortunes of Nigel." "Whitefriars, adjacent to the Temple," says Sir Walter, "then well known by the cant name of Alsatia, had the privilege of a sanctuary, unless against the writ of the lord chief justice, or of the lords of the Privy Council. Indeed, as the place abounded with des-

peradoes of every description, — bankrupt citizens, ruined gamesters, irreclaimable prodigals, desperate duellists, bravoes, homicides, and debauched profligates of every description, all leagued together to maintain the immunities of their asylum, — it was both difficult and unsafe for the officers of the law to execute warrants emanating even from the highest authority, amongst men whose safety was inconsistent with warrants or authority of any kind."

The scene of "The Squire of Alsatia" lies in this once abandoned district; Shadwell going so far as to make his characters speak the cant language of the thieves and desperadoes of the reign of Charles the Second. Many of these words and phrases Sir Walter Scott has borrowed, and placed in the mouths of different characters, in the debauched scenes into which he introduces Lord Glenvarloch. Of the kind of persons to be met with in this privileged and lawless district in the days of Charles the Second, Shadwell affords us a tolerable idea in summing up the character of his *dramatis personæ*:

"*Cheatly*. A rascal, who, by reason of debts, dares not stir out of Whitefriars, but there inveigles young heirs in tail, and helps them to goods and money upon great disadvantages; is bound for them, and shares with them till he undoes them. A lewd, impudent, debauched fellow, very expert in the cant about the town.

"*Shamwell*. Cousin to the Bedfords; an heir, who, being ruined by Cheatly, is made a decoy-duck for others; not daring to stir out of Alsatia, where he lives; is bound

to Cheatly for heirs, and lives upon 'em a dissolute debauched life.

“*Capt. Hackum.* A blockhead bully of Alsatia ; a cowardly, impudent, blustering fellow, formerly a sergeant in Flanders, run from his colours, retreated into Whitefriars for a very small debt, where, by the Alsatiens he is dubbed a captain ; marries one that lets lodgings, sells cherry brandy, etc.

“*Scrapeall.* A hypocritical, repeating, praying, psalm-singing, precise fellow, pretending to great piety ; a godly knave, who joins with Cheatly, and supplies young heirs with goods and money.”

In the reign of James the First, Alsatia was the scene of one of the most singular murders on record. Robert Crichton, Lord Sanquhar, a Scottish nobleman, had had his eye accidentally put out by one Turner, a fencing-master, while amusing themselves with the foils. Some time afterward, being at Paris, Henry the Fourth of France inquired of him how the accident had happened. Sanquhar detailed the circumstances ; on which the king asked whether the man still lived who had mutilated him. The question had such an effect upon Lord Sanquhar that he hired two of his countrymen, named Irving and Carlile, to waylay and shoot the unfortunate fencing-master. According to the “State Trials,” “These two, about seven o’clock in the evening, came to a house in the Friars, which Turner used to frequent as he came to his school, which was near that place, and finding Turner there, they saluted one another, and

Turner, with one of his friends, sat at the door, asking them to drink ; but Carlile and Irving, turning about to cock the pistol, came back immediately, and Carlile, drawing it from under his coat, discharged it upon Turner, and gave him a mortal wound near the left pap ; so that Turner, after having said these words, ‘Lord have mercy upon me ! I am killed,’ immediately fell down. Whereupon Carlile and Irving fled, Carlile to the town, and Irving toward the river ; but the latter, mistaking his way, and entering into a court where they sold wood, which was no thoroughfare, he was taken. The Baron of Sanquhar likewise fled. The ordinary officers of justice did their utmost, but could not take them ; for, in fact, as appeared afterward, Carlile fled into Scotland, and toward the sea, thinking to go to Sweden, and Sanquhar hid himself in England.

They did not long, however, elude the vigilance of justice. Having been severally tried and found guilty, Lord Sanquhar was hanged in New Palace Yard, opposite to the entrance to Westminster Hall, and Irving and Carlile in Fleet Street, opposite to the entrance to Whitefriars. Lord Sanquhar’s body was allowed to remain suspended a much longer time than usual, in order that “people might take notice of the king’s greater justice,” in putting the laws in force against a powerful nobleman and one of his own countrymen. Peyton, however, in his “Divine Catastrophe,” relates a curious

anecdote, which, if true, places the conduct of James in a very different light. Lord Sanquhar, he says, was on one occasion present at the court of Henry the Fourth of France, when some one happened to speak of his royal master as the “English Solomon.” King Henry — alluding to the supposed attachment of James’s mother to David Rizzio — observed sarcastically, “I hope the name is not given him because he is David the fiddler’s son.” This conversation was repeated to James, and, accordingly, when, some time afterward, the friends of Lord Sanquhar implored him to save his life, he is said to have refused the application on the ground that Lord Sanquhar had neglected to resent the insult offered to his sovereign.

Whitefriars continued to enjoy the privilege of a sanctuary till 1697, when, in consequence of the riotous proceedings which constantly took place within its precincts, and the encouragement which it held out to vice and crime, it was abolished by act of Parliament. The other sanctuaries, whose privileges were swept away at the same time, were those of Mitre Court, Ram Alley, and Salisbury Court, Fleet Street; the Savoy, in the Strand; Fulwood’s Rents, Holborn; Baldwin’s Gardens, in Gray’s Inn Lane; the Minories, and Deadman Place, Montague Close; and the Clink, and the Mint, in Southwark. In the *Tatler* of the 10th of September, 1709, Alsatia is spoken of as being in ruins.

The great lawyer, John Shelden, James Shirley, the dramatic poet, John Ogilvy, the poet, and Sir Balthazar Gerbier, the painter, were at different periods residents in Whitefriars. Selden died here, in 1654, in the Friary House, the residence of the Countess of Kent, to whom there is reason to believe that he was privately married.

CHAPTER IV.

LONDON BRIDGE.

Antiquity of Old London Bridge — Legend of the Erection of the First Bridge — Canute's Expedition — The First Stone Bridge — Its Appearance — Traitors' Heads Affixed Thereon — Tenants and Accidents on It — Suicides under It — Pageants across, and Fights on It — Edward the Black Prince — Wat Tyler — Lords Welles and Lindsay — Richard II. — Henry V. — Sigismund — Henry VI. — Jack Cade — Bastard of Falconbridge — Wolsey — Osborne — Wyatt — Charles II. — Decapitated Persons.

OF the ancient structures which have been swept away within the memory of living persons, there is not one which was more replete with historical and romantic associations than old London Bridge. At the time of its demolition in 1832, it had existed upward of six centuries. From the days of the Normans till the reign of George the Second it had been the only thoroughfare which had united not only the southern counties of England, but the whole of Europe, with the great metropolis of the West. Apart from its connection with ancient manners and customs, we must remember that, for a long lapse of years, it was over this famous causeway that the wise, the



noble, and the beautiful, from all countries and all climes,—the adventurer in search of gold; the Jesuit employed on his dark mission of mystery and intrigue; the ambassador followed by his gorgeous suites; philosophers, statesmen, and poets,—passed in their journey to the great commercial capital of the world. Every princely procession from the continent of Europe, every fair bride who has come over to be wedded to our earlier sovereigns, every illustrious prisoner, from the days of Cressy and Agincourt to those of Blenheim and Ramillies, has passed in succession over old London Bridge. Westminster Abbey, the Tower, and the Temple Church, still remain to us as venerable relics of the past; but old London Bridge, with its host of historical associations, has passed away for ever!

Stow, on the authority of Bartholomew Linsted, alias Fowle, the last prior of the church of St. Mary Overy's, Southwark, relates a curious legend in regard to the circumstances which first led to the erection of a bridge over the Thames, at London. "A ferry," he says, "being kept in place where now the bridge is builded, at length the ferrymen and his wife deceasing, left the same ferry to their only daughter, a maiden named Mary, which, with the goods left by her parents, and also with the profits arising out of the said ferry, builded an house of sisters in place where now standeth the east part of St. Mary Overy's

church, above the quire, where she was buried, unto which house she gave the oversight and profits of the ferry. But afterward the said house of sisters being converted into a college of priests, the priests builded the bridge of (timber), as all the other the great bridges of this land were, and from time to time kept the same in good reparations ; till at length, considering the great charges of repairing the same, there was, by aid of the citizens of London and others, a bridge built with arches of stone."

That at a very remote period there existed a constructed passage over the Thames, nearly on the site of the present London Bridge, there is every reason to believe. The first notice, however, of a "bridge" is to be found in 994, in the reign of Ethelred the Second. It was supported by piles, or posts, sunk in the bed of the river ; was fortified with turrets and bulwarks, and was broad enough to admit of one carriage passing another. It was in this reign that Olaf, or Olave, King of Norway, sailed in his expedition up the Thames as far as London, for the purpose of assisting King Ethelred to drive away the Danish adventurers who then held possession, not only of the metropolis, but of a great portion of the kingdom. It was in the successful attempt to reduce the defences of the bridge that the great fight took place between the contending parties. Victory decided in favour of the English. In the

conflict a vast number of the Danes were either killed or drowned, the remainder, who fled in all directions, being speedily compelled to submit to the authority of King Ethelred.

The bridge on this occasion is said to have been completely destroyed ; but that it was speedily rebuilt is evident from the fact of the forces of Canute, King of Denmark, having been impeded by a bridge at London on the occasion of his leading a fleet up the Thames in 1016. Defeated in his attempts to reduce the bridge by assault, he had recourse to an expedient which shows how great were his resources. "He caused," says Pennant, "a prodigious ditch to be cut on the south side of the Thames, at Rotherhithe, or Redriff, a little to the east of Southwark, which he continued at a distance from the south end of the bridge, in form of a semicircle, opening into the western part of the river. Through this he drew his ships, and effectually completed the blockade of the city. But the valour of the citizens obliged him to raise the siege. Evidences of this great work were found in the place called the Dock Head at Redriff, where it began. Fascines of hazels and other brushwood, fastened down with stakes, were discovered in digging that dock in 1694 ; and in other parts of its course have been met with, in ditching, large oaken planks, and numbers of piles."

From the period of King Canute's expedition we find few notices of London Bridge till 1091, in

which year it is said to have been entirely swept away by a furious tempest, whose devastations extended over London, destroying several churches, and no fewer than six hundred private houses. The bridge was speedily rebuilt, but was again destroyed by a fearful conflagration which took place in 1136, and which desolated London from Aldgate to St. Paul's.

According to Stow, London Bridge was entirely rebuilt of wood in 1163, by one Peter, curate of St. Mary Colechurch, apparently the most eminent architect of his day. In consequence, however, of the perishable nature of its materials, and the great expense of keeping it in repair, it was determined to replace it with a bridge of stone, and accordingly, between the years 1176 and 1209, it was rebuilt of that material under the auspices of the same Peter, who died about four years previously to the completion of his great work.

London Bridge, at a very early period after its erection of stone, appears to have had a row of houses on each side of it, forming a narrow and continuous street. Besides shops and other tenements, it had its chapel dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, which stood on the east side, almost in the centre of the bridge, and within which chapel the architect, Peter of Colechurch, was buried. It had also a drawbridge, between the chapel and the Southwark end of the bridge, which was not only useful both as a means of defence, but as enabling

vessels with masts to pass up the river. The drawbridge was protected by a strong tower, besides which there was another tower at the Southwark end. On each side of the bridge, between the houses, were three openings, which afforded passengers a view of the river and shipping. The houses on both sides are described as overhanging the river in a manner which impressed the mind almost with terror.

There are few persons in whose imaginations old London Bridge is not associated with the exposure of a number of grisly heads of traitors and other criminals, which, affixed to poles, gave a ghastly appearance to the bridge. Till the sixteenth century, the place where these heads were exposed was the top of the drawbridge-tower. In consequence, however, of this tower having been pulled down, and replaced by a wooden building called Nonsuch House, they were thenceforward affixed on the tower at the Southwark end. In 1591, the German traveller, Hentzner, counted no fewer than thirty heads on this tower.

The old stone bridge, commenced by Peter of Colechurch in 1176, notwithstanding numerous accidents by flood and fire, retained its original character essentially the same till the year 1757, when, in consequence of the increase of traffic between London and Southwark, the houses were pulled down. "I well remember," says Pennant, "the street on London Bridge, narrow, darksome,

and dangerous to passengers from the multitude of carriages; frequent arches of strong timber crossed the street, from the tops of the houses, to keep them together, and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could preserve the rest of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of the falling waters, the clamours of watermen, or the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches. Most of the houses were tenanted by pin or needle-makers, and economical ladies were wont to drive from the St. James's end of the town to make cheap purchases." The old bridge, after having existed for upwards of six centuries, was at length taken down in 1832, the first pile of the present magnificent structure having previously been driven on the 15th of March, 1824.

The appearance of old London Bridge, with its gateway at each end, its drawbridge, its Gothic chapel, its fortified towers, and its rows of curiously fashioned houses overhanging the rapid and roaring river, must have been striking and picturesque in the extreme. The gloomy thoroughfare between the houses was, at the widest part, only twenty feet in breadth, and in some places only twelve. We have already seen, from Pennant's description, that in his time the houses were principally occupied by a colony of pin or needle-makers. Many years previously, in the reign of Elizabeth, they had been chiefly tenanted by book-sellers; indeed, London Bridge enjoyed then nearly

the same kind of literary reputation as St. Paul's Churchyard and Paternoster Row in our own time. Among the publishers' signs on the bridge, as appears by the title-pages attached to contemporary publications, were the "Three Bibles," the "Angel," and the "Looking-glass;" the former continuing to exist as late as the year 1724. Early, however, in the reign of Charles the First, London Bridge appears to have lost its exclusive character for harbouring any particular branch of trade. Of the forty-three houses burnt down in a frightful conflagration which nearly consumed the bridge in 1633, one was inhabited by a needle-maker, eight by haberdashers of small wares, six by hosiers, five by haberdashers of hats, one by a shoemaker, three by silkmens, one by a milliner, two by glovers, two by mercers, one by a distiller of strong waters, one by a girdler, one by a linen-draper, two by woollen-drapers, one by a salter, two by grocers, one by a scrivener, one by the curate of St. Magnus Church, one by the clerk, and one by a female whose occupation is not stated, while two others were unoccupied.

Of the value of the houses on the bridge in the reign of Edward the First, some curious particulars have been handed down to us. For the greater number of the houses at the Southwark end, the Crown received only eleven shillings and four-pence rents of assize; and only sixteen shillings and a halfpenny for the customs on goods sold

there. The rent of several of the houses amounted to no more than three halfpence, and twopence halfpenny ; and a fruiterer's shop, described to have been two yards and a half and one thumb in length, and three yards and two thumbs in depth, was let on a lease from the bridgemaster at a rental of twelvepence.

We have already made a passing reference to the two most remarkable buildings on the bridge, namely, the chapel dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, and Nonsuch House. The former, which had a winding staircase leading down to the river, was coeval with the bridge itself, and continued to be a place of worship till the Reformation. It was of black and white marble pavement. Its crypt, with its vaulted roof and elegant clustered columns, is said to have been extremely beautiful. Within the starlings of the pier which supported the chapel was anciently a piscatorium, or fish-pond, covered over with an iron grating which prevented the escape of the fish that had been carried in by the tide. Mr. Thomson, to whom we are indebted for so many interesting memorials of London Bridge, informs us that in 1827 there was still living one of the old functionaries connected with the bridge — then verging upon his hundredth year — who well remembered having descended the winding staircase leading from the chapel, in order to fish in the pond. About the beginning of the last century the venerable

old chapel was converted into a warehouse and shop, which, in 1737, were tenanted by a Mr. Yaldwyn. This person, while repairing a staircase, is said to have discovered the remains of a sepulchral monument, which there was every reason to believe was that of Peter of Colechurch, the architect of the bridge. At a later period we find the chapel occupied by a Mr. Baldwin, a haberdasher. This person, when in his seventy-second year, was, in consequence of the impaired state of his health, recommended by his medical adviser to retire for a time into the country, for the advantage of fresh air and quiet. Accordingly he proceeded to Chiselhurst ; but so accustomed was he to the monotonous roar of the river, as it rushed through the narrow arches of London Bridge, that the contrasted lull and stillness of the country entirely deprived him of sleep.

"Petruchio. What, are they mad? have we another
Bedlam?

They do not talk, I hope?

— Beaumont and Fletcher, *Woman's Prize*.

The last individuals who occupied St. Thomas's chapel, previously to its demolition, were a Mr. Gill and a Mr. Wright, during whose occupancy it was used as a paper warehouse.

Nonsuch House also, at the period of its destruction, was used for the purposes of trade. This fantastic-looking structure — which was of wood, and elaborately carved — is said to have been brought piecemeal from Holland, and to have been set up and fixed together entirely by means of wooden pegs. It spanned the bridge ; having turrets at each of its four corners crowned by domes, and surmounted by gilt weathercocks, which were conspicuous objects from almost every part of the metropolis.

During an existence of upwards of six centuries, it was natural that London Bridge should have been subjected to numerous accidents and catastrophes. On the night of the 10th of July, 1212, only three years after its completion, a dreadful fire took place, by which several houses were destroyed, and a great number of persons lost their lives. Unfortunately, the church of St. Mary Overy, on the Southwark side of the river, also caught fire, and a strong southerly wind blowing at the same time, the flames were suddenly carried to the opposite side of the bridge, thus hemming in, in a single narrow causeway, a dense mass of agonised human beings. Many persons were trampled to death ; others leaped into the river, only to find a watery grave ; a still greater number perished in the flames. According to Stow, “ About three thousand bodies were found in part or half-burnt, besides those that

were wholly burned to ashes, and could not be found."

The next formidable accident which appears to have occurred to London Bridge was in 1282, at the breaking up of a great frost, on which occasion a furious wind, added to a strong tide, bearing along with it large masses of floating ice, carried away five of the arches.

We have already alluded to the disastrous fire which took place on the night of the 13th of February, 1633, when forty-three tenements were destroyed. Then followed the great fire of 1666, which swept away everything before it. The last fire on the bridge, of which we have any record, broke out on the night of the 8th of September, 1725, when several houses were laid in ruins.

Many of our readers may remember well the almost terrific falls of water which, at the retreat of the tide, poured through the narrow arches of old London Bridge. Thousands of lives had been lost in descending these falls, yet for centuries apparently no attempt had been made to abate the grievance. "Of the multitudes," says Pennant, "who have perished in this rapid descent, the name of no one of any note has reached my knowledge, except that of Mr. Temple, only son of the great Sir William Temple. His end was dreadful, as it was premeditated. He had a week before accepted from King William the office of secretary at war. On the 14th of April, 1689,

he hired a boat on the Thames, and directed the waterman to shoot the bridge ; at that instant he flung himself into the torrent, and, having filled his pockets with stones to destroy all chance of safety, instantly sunk. In the boat was found a note to this effect : ‘ My folly in undertaking what I could not perform, whereby some misfortunes have befallen the king’s service, is the cause of my putting myself to this sudden end. I wish him success in all his undertakings, and a better servant.’ ”

Another remarkable case of self-destruction between the arches of old London Bridge was that of the unfortunate Eustace Budgell, in 1737. Budgell, as is well known, was a relation of Addison, and the writer of some papers in the *Spectator*. Being threatened with a prosecution, on a charge of having forged the will of Doctor Tindal, in which he had provided himself with a legacy of £2,000, he determined to put an end to his existence.

“ Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on his quill,
And write whate’er he please, — except my will.”

— *Pope*.

Accordingly, having previously filled his pockets with stones, as in the case of Mr. Temple, he hired a wherry at the stairs of Somerset House, and, just as the boat was passing under London Bridge, suddenly threw himself into the water, and

was immediately drowned. In his *escriatoire* was found a short scrap of a will, written a day or two before his death, in which he bequeathed the whole of his personal property to his natural daughter, Anne Budgell, then about eleven years old, who afterward became an actress of some celebrity, and who died at Bath about the year 1775. It was rumoured at the time that he had endeavoured to persuade her to accompany him, and share his fate, but the circumstance of his carefully bequeathing her his property goes far to refute the truth of the story. In his bureau were found the following lines :

“ What Cato did, and Addison approved,
Cannot be wrong.”

As if, because the Roman hero of Addison's tragedy happened to commit suicide, Addison himself was an advocate for self-destruction. Boswell, in his “Life of Johnson,” observes : “ We talked of a man's drowning himself. *Johnson* : ‘ I should never think it time to make away with myself.’ I put the case of Eustace Budgell, who was accused of forging a will, and sunk himself in the Thames before the trial of its authenticity came on. ‘ Suppose, sir,’ said I, ‘ that a man is absolutely sure that if he lives a few days longer he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace and expulsion from society ? ’ *Johnson* : ‘ Then, sir, let him go abroad to a distant country ;

let him go to some place where he is not known. Don't let him go to the devil, where he is known.'"

Old London Bridge is associated with some of the most interesting events in the history of our country. It was across this famous thoroughfare that, on the 24th of May, 1357, Edward the Black Prince rode side by side with his illustrious prisoner, John, King of France, whom he had recently taken captive at the battle of Poictiers. At Southwark they were met by a cavalcade of the principal citizens, in their scarlet robes and gold chains; so great being the concourse of people that, although the cavalcade passed over London Bridge at three o'clock in the morning, it was high noon before they reached Westminster Hall, where King Edward the Third was seated on his throne prepared to do them honour. The French monarch, we are told, sumptuously arrayed in regal apparel, was mounted on a cream-coloured charger covered with splendid trappings, while the Black Prince in order to avoid every appearance of triumph, contented himself with riding by his side on a black pony. King Edward had previously issued orders to the lord mayor, Sir Henry Picard, to receive the captive monarch with all the respect due to his misfortunes and to his exalted rank. Accordingly, the houses on London Bridge, as well as in the different streets through which the procession passed, were hung with the richest tapestry, and adorned with plate and glittering armour. "The

citizens," writes Knyghton, "especially boasted of their warlike furniture, and exposed that day in their shops, windows, and balconies such an incredible quantity of bows and arrows, shields, helmets, corslets, breast and back plates, coats of mail, gauntlets, vambraces, swords, spears, battle axes, harness for horses, and other armour, both offensive and defensive, that the like had never been seen in memory of man before." We have already mentioned that the lord mayor, Sir Henry Picard, had subsequently the honour of entertaining no fewer than four monarchs at his house in the Vintry, namely, Edward the Third, John, King of France, David, King of Scotland, and the King of Cyprus, besides Edward the Black Prince and the principal nobility of the realm.

The circumstance of London Bridge having been the only land communication between the southern counties and the metropolis has rendered it on many occasions the scene of conflict and slaughter. In spite of its formidable defences, Wat Tyler, on the 13th of June, 1381, forced his way over it into the metropolis at the head of the Kentish rebels. Froissart describes them as shouting and yelling in their progress, "as though all the devylles of hell had been amone them." At first the warders refused to let down the drawbridge; but the insurgents, having terrified them into obedience, rushed impetuously forward, and, pouring themselves into the city,

commenced those fearful acts of devastation and bloodshed of which we have fortunately but few parallel cases in our history. On London Bridge, too, it was, on St. George's Day, 1395, that John, Lord Welles, the champion of English chivalry, and David Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, as the representative of Scottish chivalry, met to decide by single combat the claims of their two countries to superiority of valour. Lord Welles had fought under the banner of John, Duke of Lancaster, during the wars of Edward the Third. He had subsequently served with distinction in the Scottish campaigns ; and, on the return of peace, was appointed by Richard the Second his ambassador in that country. "As soon," we are told, "as the day of battle was come, both the parties were conveyed to the bridge, and soon after, by sound of trumpet, the two parties ran hastily together, on their barbed horses, with square grounden spears, to the death. Earl David, notwithstanding the valiant dint of spears broken on his helmet and visage, sat so strongly that the people, moved with vain suspicion, cried, 'Earl David, contrary to the laws, is bound to the saddle.' Earl David, hearing this murmur, dismounted off his horse, and, without any support or help, ascended again into the saddle. Incontinent they rushed together with the new spears the second time, with burning ire to conquer honour ; but in the third course the Lord Welles was sent out of his saddle with such

a violence that he fell to the ground. Earl David, seeing his fall, dismounted hastily from his horse, and tenderly embraced him, that the people might understand he fought with no hatred, but only for the glory of victory ; and in the sign of more humanity he visited him every day while he recovered his health, and then returned into Scotland."

It was over London Bridge, on the 13th of November, 1396, that Richard the Second conducted his young bride, Isabella, eldest daughter of Charles the Sixth of France, to whom he had been married in the church of St. Nicholas at Calais, on the 31st of the preceding month. The king brought her, we are told, "with all the honour that might be devised," from Dover to the palace of Westminster ; such multitudes flocking to behold their progress, that on London Bridge "nine persons were crowded to death," among whom was the Prior of the Austin Canons at Tiptree, in Essex.

The next event of any interest connected with old London Bridge occurred on the 23d of November, 1415, when Henry the Fifth passed over it on his return from his great victory of Agincourt. The citizens of London, as usual on such occasions, had prepared a magnificent pageant to celebrate the return of their chivalrous monarch. According to Lydgate, at the Southwark gate stood the figure of a giant, "full grim of might, to teach the penal men curtesye ;" and at the drawbridge towers

were erected figures of lions and antelopes, with a colossal statue of St. George surrounded by numerous angels. The king's whole journey from Dover to London resembled a triumph. "I might declare unto you," writes Hall, the chronicler, "how the Mayor of London and the Senate, appalled in grained scarlet, — how three hundred commoners, clad in beautiful murrey, well mounted and gorgeously horsed, with rich collars and great chains, — met the king at Blackheath, rejoicing at his victorious return; how the clergy of London, with rich crosses, and sumptuous copes, received him at St. Thomas of Watering, with solemn procession, lauding and praising God for the high honour and victory to him given and granted: but all these things I omit."

On the 7th of May, the following year, London Bridge presented a scarcely less stirring and magnificent scene, on the occasion of the arrival of the German Emperor Sigismund, in England. At Blackheath he was met by a large concourse of knights and noblemen, who conducted him in triumph over London Bridge, and thence through the streets to the palace of Westminster. Over London Bridge, also, in February, 1421, Henry the Fifth passed with his young queen, Katherine, daughter of Charles the Sixth, to whom he had recently been united in France. "Marvel it is to write," says Hall, "but marvel it was to see with what joy, what triumph, what solace, and

what rejoicing he was received of all his subjects, but in especial of the Londoners, which for tediousness I overpass." On the 31st of August, the following year, in the zenith of his triumphant career, Henry breathed his last in the Bois de Vincennes, near Paris. Exactly seven years after the day on which the victor had ridden in triumph over London Bridge after the battle of Agincourt, the funeral car which contained his remains rolled over the same thoroughfare. The car, drawn by six horses, supported a recumbent effigy of the deceased monarch, magnificently arrayed in the robes of sovereignty. "Upon the head," we are told, "was set an imperial diadem of gold and precious stones; on the body a purple robe furred with ermine; in his right hand a sceptre royal; and in his left hand a ball of gold with a cross fixed thereon; and, in this manner adorned, was this figure laid in a bed in the said chariot, with his visage uncovered toward the heavens; and the coverture of his bed was of red silk, beaten with gold."

When his youthful successor, Henry the Sixth, approached London, after his coronation at Paris, he was met at Blackheath by a large assemblage of the citizens, who conducted him with great pomp across London Bridge to the palace of his Saxon predecessors at Westminster. On reaching the middle of the bridge, according to Stow, the king was encountered by a "mighty giant," who,

“with a sword drawn in his hand, had certain written speeches in metre, of great rejoicing and welcoming of the king to the city.” Three years afterward, on the 28th of May, 1445,—on the arrival in England of Henry’s bride, Margaret of Anjou,—London Bridge was again the scene of military and fantastic pageantry. During this reign also more than one sanguinary conflict took place on the bridge. Here, in 1450, the famous fight took place between Jack Cade and the citizens of London, in which many lives were lost, and the houses on the bridge set on fire. “Alas!” says Hall, “what sorrow it was to behold that miserable chance! for some, desiring to eschew the fire, leapt on his enemy’s weapon and so died; fearful women, with children in their arms, amazed and appalled, leapt into the river; others, doubting how to save themselves, between fire, water, and sword, were in their houses suffocated and smothered.” Eighteen years afterward, in 1468, we find the citizens valiantly and successfully defending the bridge against the assault of Sir Geoffrey Gates, who, in revenge for his repulse, pillaged Southwark, Bermondsey, and other hamlets on the south side of the Thames.

But perhaps the most furious and important conflict which ever took place on London Bridge was fought on the 14th of May, 1471, when the Bastard of Falconbridge, at the head of seventeen thousand men, attempted to force his way into

London, in the hope of releasing his unfortunate sovereign, Henry the Sixth, then a prisoner in the Tower. The citizens, however, were devotedly attached to the house of York, and in vain did the Bastard, by his voice and example, urge on his followers to fresh acts of valour. He succeeded, indeed, in forcing the Southwark gate, which he set fire to; but here his progress was arrested by the determined resistance of the citizens, and within a few weeks his severed head was to be seen a conspicuous object on the very defences which had so recently witnessed his valour.

On the 12th of November, 1501, we find the ill-fated Catherine of Aragon escorted in great state by the citizens of London over London Bridge, when on her way to be married to Prince Arthur, elder brother of Henry the Eighth. It was along the same thoroughfare that her arch-enemy, Cardinal Wolsey, subsequently passed in more than regal splendour when proceeding as ambassador to France. According to Cavendish, he rode on a mule sumptuously caparisoned with crimson velvet; there being carried in front of him two great crosses of silver, two large pillars of the same metal, the Great Seal of England, and the cardinal's hat. The procession was headed by a vast number of sumpter-mules, carts, and carriages, guarded by armed men bearing bows and spears. Next came "of gentlemen, a great

number, three in a rank, in black velvet livery-coats, and the most part of them with great chains of gold about their necks ; and all his yeomen, with noblemen's and gentlemen's servants following him, in French tawny livery-coats, having embroidered upon the backs and breasts of the said coats these letters, T. and C., under the cardinal's hat." The cardinal himself brought up the rear.

The next interesting event connected with London Bridge is one entirely of a domestic nature, but is not on that account the less deserving of notice. We allude to a well-known and romantic incident to which the house of Osborne owes its ducal honours. The hero of the tale was a young man, named Edward Osborne, who was apprentice to a citizen and cloth-worker, named William Hewet, afterward knighted, whose residence was in one of the houses on London Bridge, overlooking the rapid stream. Sir William had an only and beloved daughter, Anne, who, in the year 1536, either while playing with the servant who had the charge of her, or losing her balance while leaning out of a window, accidentally fell into the river. Young Osborne, who happened to be a witness of the disaster, without a moment's hesitation leapt after her, and rescued her from a watery grave. It was an act of generous gallantry which was never forgotten by the fond father. Years rolled on ; the cloth-worker had achieved the highest civic honours, and had become the wealthi-

est citizen in London. Love in the meantime had sprung up between the gallant apprentice and the fair girl ; but unfortunately the reputation of her father's wealth had surrounded her with a host of noble admirers, among whom is said to have been George, fourth Earl of Shrewsbury, who, though advanced in years, was a man not unworthy of winning so fair a prize. The chances of success were certainly greatly against the humble but gallant apprentice. Sir William Hewet, however, tempting as was the opportunity of aggrandising his family, was true to the interests and the happiness of the preserver of his child. "Osborne," he said, "saved her, and Osborne shall enjoy her." In due time they were married ; and subsequently Osborne became possessed of the vast property of his father-in-law. He was advanced to be Sheriff of London in 1575, to be lord mayor in 1582, and in 1585 he was elected to represent the city in Parliament.

It was on the 3d of February, 1554, shortly after the accession of Queen Mary, that Sir Thomas Wyatt made his famous and ill-advised attempt to force the defences of London Bridge. The citizens of London, however, were prepared to receive the daring insurgent with the gallantry with which, for centuries, they had resisted similar rebellious attempts. Cannon were planted on the bridge ; the bridge-gates were closed ; and the drawbridge, instead of being merely raised, as

was in the case of Wat Tyler's insurrection, was cut down and thrown into the river. The mayor and aldermen, moreover, issued orders to the citizens to close their doors and windows; enjoining them to be "ready-harnessed at their doors," prepared for any emergency. These precautions had the desired effect. Sir Thomas Wyatt, having published at Maidstone his declaration against the queen's evil advisers and the proposed matrimonial alliance with Spain, advanced with his forces to Southwark, where, instead of finding the citizens prepared to receive him with the ardour which he had anticipated, he had the mortification to discover that they were resolved to resist him to the last. The result is well known. Finding that the bridge was secured against him, he led his forces to Kingston on Thames, where he crossed the river with four thousand men. He then directed his course toward London, where he still hoped to effect a successful rising; but though he entered Westminster without opposition, his followers, finding that he was joined by no person either of rank or influence, gradually deserted his standard, and he himself, having been seized by Sir Maurice Berkeley near Temple Bar, was shortly afterward executed.

It was rather more than a century after this event that London Bridge presented a gay and stirring scene, on the occasion of Charles the

Second making his entry into the metropolis after his almost miraculous restoration. He was attended by General Monk, afterward Duke of Albemarle, and by the Dukes of York, Gloucester, and Buckingham. In his progress from Dover to London, the most costly preparations, and the wildest effusions of joy, had encountered him at every step. The road was everywhere thronged with spectators; on Barham Downs he was met by a brilliant train of the neighbouring nobility and gentry, "clad in very rich apparel; at Blackheath the army was drawn up, and received him with loud acclamations of fervent joy; and in the town of Deptford, a hundred young girls, dressed in white, walked before the king, and strewed flowers in his path. In the towns through which he passed, the houses were everywhere decorated with silken streamers, ribands, and garlands of flowers, and music and acclamations were the only sounds which met his ear. In the villages, the joy of the country people was not less fervently displayed; the old music of tabor and pipe, as well as their favourite morrice-dances, and other rural games and sports, adding considerably to the effect of the joyous scene. In St. George's Fields, Southwark, the king was met by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London in their scarlet gowns, who conducted him to a large tent covered with rich tapestry, where he was entertained with a magnificent banquet. The remark made by Charles,

on the enthusiasm which everywhere greeted him, is well known. It must have been his own fault, he said, that he had been so long absent, for his subjects seemed to be unanimous in promoting his return. Thus welcomed, and almost worshipped, the young monarch passed over London Bridge amidst the roar of cannon and the acclamations of thousands. The houses on each side of the bridge, as well as in the different streets through which he passed, were hung with tapestry and garlands of flowers ; bands of music struck up their congratulatory notes at stated places ; the train bands of the city, in rich dresses, lined the principal street, and the city conduits flowed with wine. At night the sky was alight with illuminations, bonfires, and fireworks, and the people were regaled with a profusion of wine and food.

We have already alluded to the number of ghastly heads, which, elevated on poles on London Bridge, grinned horribly on the passer-by. To enumerate the names of the host of decapitated persons whose heads were thus exposed would comprise a long and melancholy catalogue. After the destruction of the drawbridge-tower, in the sixteenth century, the building on which the heads of malefactors was exposed was the tower at the Southwark end of the bridge. It is a fact that within this tower was a cooking apparatus and cauldron, in which the heads and quarters of those who had been executed for high treason

were parboiled, and underwent a regular process for preserving them against the effects of the atmosphere. The heads were then elevated on the defences of the bridge, and the quarters packed off to be exposed on the gates of the principal cities in the kingdom. Among the most remarkable persons whose remains were thus mangled, and whose heads were exposed on London Bridge, may be mentioned the illustrious Scottish patriot, William Wallace, and his dauntless companion in arms, Sir Simon Frazer; the Earls of Fife and Monteith, who were taken prisoners at the battle of Neville's Cross; Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was murdered by the rebels in Wat Tyler's insurrection; the Earl of Huntingdon, brother-in-law to Henry the Fourth; the stout and venerable Earl of Northumberland, father of Henry Hotspur; the Bastard Falconbridge; the wise and witty Sir Thomas More; and the pious and learned John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester.

With regard to the exposure of the head of Bishop Fisher, a curious anecdote is related by the chronicler, Hall. "The head," he says, "being parboiled, was prickt upon a pole, and set on high upon London Bridge, among the rest of the holy Carthusians' heads that suffered death lately before him. And here I cannot omit to declare unto you the miraculous sight of this head, which, after it had stood up the space of fourteen days

upon the bridge, could not be perceived to waste nor consume, neither for the weather, which was then very hot, neither for the parboiling in hot water, but grew daily fresher and fresher, so that in his lifetime he never looked so well; for his cheeks being beautified with a comely red, the face looked as though it had beholder the people passing by, and would have spoken to them."

The head of Sir Thomas More is said to have retained in a scarcely less singular manner, and for a still longer period, the appearance of vitality and health. At the time of his death his hair had become gray, but (as in the case of Charles the First, whose remains were discovered in St. George's Chapel at Windsor in 1813) the colour appears to have changed after death to a "reddish or yellow" hue. The head of this great man, it is said, was about to be thrown into the Thames, in order to make room for that of some later victim, when his beloved daughter, Mrs. Roper, contrived to obtain possession of it. As before related, she preserved it in a leaden box till the day of her death, when it was placed in her arms and interred with her in the family vault of the Ropers, in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury.

We must not omit to mention that the illustrious painter, Hans Holbein, is said to have resided at one period of his life in one of the houses on London Bridge. According to Horace Walpole, "The father of the Lord Treasurer Oxford, pass-

ing over London Bridge, was caught in a shower, when, stepping into a goldsmith's shop for shelter, he found there the picture of Holbein, who had lived in that house, and of his family. He offered the goldsmith a hundred pounds for it, who consented to let him have it, but desired first to show it to some persons. Immediately after happened the fire of London, and the picture was destroyed." In London Bridge also resided, at later periods, two eminent painters of marine subjects, Peter Monamy, and Dominic de Serres.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRE OF LONDON.

Where the Fire Originated — Charles II.'s Noble Conduct — Pepys's Account of the Fire — Evelyn's "Diary" — Farryner's Account of the Origin of the Fire — Attributed to the Roman Catholics — The Monument — Original Inscription — Damage Caused by the Fire — Description of the Monument.

How few are there, who have stood on Fish Street Hill, —

“ Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies, — ”

who have not lingered to ruminate on that fearful conflagration, which the magnificent column before us was raised to commemorate! Near this spot was kindled and broke out that raging and memorable flame, which, driven irresistibly forward by a furious wind, fed itself in its fierce course alike with the gilded palaces of the rich and the humble dwellings of the poor, deafening the ear with the sound of falling roofs and crackling timbers, and lighting up the Thames till it gleamed like a lake of fire; destroying out of the twenty-six wards of the city no fewer than fifteen, and leaving the

remainder scorched, ruinous, and uninhabitable ; consuming the massive gates of the city, the Guildhall, eighty-nine churches, the magnificent cathedral of St. Paul's, numbers of schools, hospitals, libraries, and other public structures, four hundred streets, and thirteen thousand dwelling-houses ; and at last, after having raged during four days and four nights, leaving a tract of ruin and desolation extending over no fewer than 436 acres.

The great fire of London broke out at twelve o'clock on the night of the 2d of September, 1666, at the house of one Farryner, the king's baker, in Pudding Lane, at the distance of 202 feet (the height of the column) to the eastward of the spot where the monument now stands. The progress of the flames, chiefly in consequence of the high wind which prevailed, was inconceivably rapid. Unfortunately, not only were the thoroughfares in the neighbourhood extremely narrow, but the houses were chiefly composed of wood and plaster, and many of them had thatched roofs. The suddenness, too, of the catastrophe, the furious rapidity with which the fire extended itself, and the awful sublimity of the scene, appear to have rendered the populace utterly helpless. "The conflagration," writes an eye-witness, "was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it ; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and

lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation was there upon them."

The lord mayor, moreover, on whose energy and presence of mind so much depended, appears to have been a person totally unqualified to act the part required of him. In singular opposition to the conduct of the affrighted functionary was that of Charles the Second, who, hurrying personally to the scene, acted sensibly, nobly, and energetically; issuing the wisest directions, as well to preserve order, as to ameliorate the miserable condition of the houseless and starving inhabitants; giving orders for pulling down houses in all directions, to prevent the further progress of the flames; and himself passing the four fearful days, sometimes on horseback and sometimes on foot, in visiting the points where the fire raged most fiercely, encouraging the workmen by his presence, and exhorting them to increased exertions by promises, example, or threats. According to a contemporary MS. quoted by Echard, "All own the immediate hand of God, and bless the goodness of the king, who made the round of the fire usually twice every day, and for many hours together, on horseback and on foot, gave orders for pursuing the work by threatenings, desires, example, and good store of money, which he himself distributed to the workers, out of a hundred-pound bag, which

he carried with him for that purpose." It would be unfair to the memory of the Duke of York, afterward James the Second, not to notice that he followed the example set him by his royal brother, with similar alacrity, good feeling, and zeal.

Many accounts have been handed down to us of the great fire of London, but none are so truthful, or so graphically written, as those of Evelyn and Pepys, who were not only eye-witnesses of what they describe, but were well qualified to appreciate the greatness of the calamity, and the awful sublimity of the scene. The extracts from their several diaries are somewhat lengthy, but are too interesting to be much curtailed. Pepys, who was at this period residing in Seething Lane, Crutched Friars, thus writes, under date the 2d of September :

"Lord's Day. Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose, and slipped on my nightgown, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back side of Mark Lane at the farthest, but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off, and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven, rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and farther off. By and by, Jane comes and tells me that she hears

that above three hundred houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places ; Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me ; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side of the end of the bridge ; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the king's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus's Church, and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the waterside, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running farther, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steel-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off ; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the waterside to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loath to leave their houses, but

hovered about the windows and balconies, till they burned their wings, and fell down. Having stayed, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steel-yard, and the wind mighty high, and driving it into the city ; and everything after so long a drought proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things, the poor steeple¹ by which pretty Mrs. —— lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taking fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down ; I to Whitehall in my boat, and there up to the king's closet in the chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed the mall, and word was carried in to the king. So I was called for, and did tell the king and Duke of York what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire.

“ They seemed much troubled ; and the king commanded me to go to my lord mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers, he shall ; and so did my Lord Arlington afterward, as a great secret. Here, meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, to

¹ St. Laurence Poultney.

Paul's, and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, — every creature coming away loaded with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my lord mayor in Cannon Street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the king's message he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord, what can I do? I am spent; people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it.' That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people, who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home.

"Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the city; the streets full of nothing but people, and horses, and carts loaded with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Cannon Street (which received goods in the morning) into Lombard Street and

farther ; and among others I now saw my little goldsmith Stokes receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after.

" We parted at Paul's ; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above bridge, too. And again to see the fire, which was now got farther, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the king and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace ; and so below bridge at the waterside ; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there were of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Botolph's Wharf below bridge, if care were used ; but the wind carries it into the city, so as we know not by the waterside what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods ; and good goods swimming in the water ; and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginals in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to Whitehall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park, and there met my wife and Creed, and Wood and his wife ; and walked to my boat, and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increas-

ing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke ; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true ; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we went to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow ; and as it grew darker, it appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long ; it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once ; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin. So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire ; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire ; so as we were forced to

begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal ; and did by moonshine (it being brave, dry, and moonshine, and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden ; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place ; and got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies in a box by themselves.

“ *September 3d.* About four o'clock in the morning my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's, at Bethnal Green ; which I did, riding myself in my nightgown in the cart ; and Lord ! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things.”

On the same day the pious Evelyn inserts in his “ *Diary :* ” “ *September 3d.* I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside in Southwark, where we beheld the dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the waterside. All the houses from the bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards toward Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed ; and so returned, exceeding astonished what would become of the rest, the fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round

about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season. I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the city burning, from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind, as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them; so as it burned, both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments; leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating; all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; the carts, etc., carrying them

out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, which now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame. The noise, and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames; the shrieking of women and children; the hurrying of people; the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storm; and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length, and one in breadth. The clouds, also, of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty-six miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage, *non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem*; the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus I returned home!

“September 4th. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple; all

Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes. The stones of St. Paul's flew like granados, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them ; and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but the almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vain was the help of man."

Let us return to Pepys, and his no less interesting "Diary." On the 4th he continues : " This night Mrs. Turner and her husband supped with my wife and me at night in the office, upon a shoulder of mutton from the cook's, without any napkin or anything, in a sad manner, but were merry ; only now and then, walking into the garden, saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits ; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I, after supper, walked in the dark down to Tower Street, and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Tavern on this side, which was very near us, and the fire [raging] with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower, which

at first did frighten people more than anything ; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground, in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it.

“ *September 5th.* I lay down in the office again upon W. Hewer’s quilt, being mighty weary, and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning my wife calls me up, and tells me of new cries of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is the bottom of our lane.¹ I up, and, finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about £2,350. W. Hewer and Jane down by Proundy’s boat to Woolwich ; but Lord ! what a sad sight it was by moonlight to see the whole city almost on fire, that you might see it plain at Woolwich as if you were by it. There, when I came, I found the gates shut, but no guard kept at all, which troubled me, because of discourses now begun that there is a plot in it, and that the French had done it. I got the gates open, and to Mr. Shelden’s, where I locked up my gold, and charged my wife and W. Hewer never to leave the room without one of them in it, night nor day. So back again ; and, whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o’clock, but it was not. But to the fire, and there find greater hopes than I expected ; for my

¹ Seething Lane.

confidence of finding our office on fire was such that I durst not ask anybody how it was with us, till I come and saw it was not burned. But, going to the fire, I find, by the blowing up of houses, and the great help given by the workmen out of the King's Yard, sent up by Sir W. Penn [from Deptford], there is a good stop given to it, as well at Mark Lane end as ours, it having only burned the dial of Barking Church, and part of the porch, and was there quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw; everywhere great fires, oil-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it; and to Sir W. Penn's, and there ate a piece of cold meat, having eaten nothing since Sunday but the remains of Sunday's dinner.¹ Here I met with Mr. Young and Mr. Whistler; and having removed all my things, and received good hopes that the fire at our end is stopped, they and I walked into the town, and found Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, and Lombard Street all in dust. The Exchange a sad sight; nothing standing there, of all the statues or pillars, but Sir Thomas Gresham's picture in the corner. Into Moorfields (our feet ready to burn, walking through the town among the hot coals),

¹ Pepys seems to have forgotten the "shoulder of mutton from the cook's" which he partook of the day before.

and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their goods there, and everybody keeping his goods together by themselves ; and a great blessing it is to them, that it is fair weather for them to keep abroad night and day. Drank there, and paid twopence for a plain penny loaf. Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside and Newgate market, all burned."

On the following day, the 6th of September, the fire had lost much of its fury, and by the 7th it was almost entirely subdued. The spectacle, however, of ruin and desolation, which everywhere presented itself, increased by the solemn silence which had succeeded to the crashing of timbers, the falling of roofs, and the shrieks of women and children, was even more distressing than the sight of the conflagration itself. "The poor inhabitants," writes Evelyn, "were dispersed about St. George's Fields and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle ; some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels ; many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who, from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations, in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty. In this calamitous condition, I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst all this ruin, was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound."

How mournful and impressive is Evelyn's subsequent account of his ramble through the streets of the ruined city !

“September 7th. I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields ; thence through Cornhill, with extraordinary difficulty clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet was so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime, his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the Graff, which, being built entirely about it, had they taken fire, and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression, for several miles about the country.

“On my return, I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church, St. Paul's, now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late king) now rent in pieces ; flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what

immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined ; so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projections of massive Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof ; where a sheet of lead, covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure), was totally melted. The ruins of the vaulted roof falling, broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following ! It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the diverse monuments, the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near one hundred more. The lead, iron work, bells, plate, etc., melted ; the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange ; the august fabric of Christ's Church ; all the rest of the Companies' Halls ; splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust ; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling ; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench, and dark clouds of smoke ; so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow.

“The people, who now walked about the ruins, appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy, to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures’ bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham’s statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth’s effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment; whilst the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streets, but kept the widest. The ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour, continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed, and my feet insufferably surbated. The by-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some church or hall that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went toward Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen two hundred thousand people, of all ranks and degrees, dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deplored their loss; and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which

to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council, indeed, took all imaginable care for their relief, by proclamation for the country to come in, and refresh them with provisions."

The manner in which the fire of London originated is still a mystery. The person most likely to throw a light on the subject was Farryner, the baker, in whose house in Pudding Lane it broke out. When examined, however, before a committee of the House of Commons, all he could state was, that, according to his usual custom, he had visited every part of his house at twelve o'clock at night, at which hour everything appeared to be in perfect security. Only in one of the grates, he affirmed, was there any fire, which he raked out, and as the room was paved with bricks, he considered it utterly impossible that the conflagration could have been caused by the smouldering embers.

Prompted by rage and bigotry, general opinion attributed the fire to the Roman Catholics, though for what purpose they should have been the incendiaries does not appear. The strictest possible scrutiny was subsequently carried on by a parliamentary committee, without in any degree implicating them; and yet, in deference to popular prejudice, the government, after a lapse of fifteen years, most unfairly permitted the following inscription to be engraved on the monument :

" This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of that most dreadful burning of this Protestant city, begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the Popish faction, in the beginning of September, in the year of our Lord, 1666, in order to the carrying on their horrid plot for extirpating the Protestant religion, and Old English liberty, and the introducing Popery and Slavery."

It is needless to remark that it is to the calumny contained in this inscription that Pope, himself a Roman Catholic, alludes in the well-known couplet which we have already quoted.

At the accession of James the Second, the obnoxious inscription was by his orders effaced. King William, however, permitted it to be restored after the Revolution, but it now no longer disgraces the noble column, having been erased by an act of common council, on the 26th January, 1831.

The total damage which the city sustained by the fire was computed at no less than £10,716,000. Fearful, however, as was the calamity, it proved in the end a blessing. For centuries past, the plague had continued lurking in the obscure and filthy allies of the city, periodically bursting forth from its lurking-places, and committing the most frightful ravages ; and accordingly, to obviate this evil, the new streets were made wider, and the inhabitants admitted to the blessings of light and air. The consequence has been the total disappearance of the plague in London since the great fire.

A few words remain to be said respecting the monument on Fish Street Hill. This fine column, which is of the Doric order, measures 202 feet in height, being twenty-four feet higher than Trajan's Pillar at Rome. It was commenced by Sir Christopher Wren in 1671, and completed in 1677, at an expense of £13,700. The staircase in the interior consists of 345 steps. On the west side of the pedestal is a bas-relief, — the work of Caius Gabriel Cibber, the father of the poet, — in which the principal figure is a female, representing the city of London, lamenting over a heap of ruins. Behind her is Time, gradually raising her up; and at her side is the figure of Providence, who gently touches her with one hand, while with a winged sceptre in the other she directs her attention to two goddesses in the clouds, — one holding a cornucopia, the emblem of plenty; the other holding a branch of the palm-tree, the emblem of peace. At her feet is a beehive, denoting that industry is the source of wealth, and that the greatest misfortunes may be overcome by perseverance and application. In another part is a view of the city in flames; the inhabitants being represented in great consternation, lifting up their hands to heaven and invoking its mercy. On a raised platform, opposite to the burning city, stands the figure of Charles the Second, in a Roman habit, with a truncheon in his hand, invoking Liberty, Architecture, and Science to descend to the aid of

the city. Behind the king stands his brother, the Duke of York, holding a garland in one hand to crown the rising city, and a sword in the other for her defence. The three other sides of the base of the column contain Latin inscriptions ; the one on the north detailing the extent and particulars of the conflagration ; that on the south explaining the measures taken under the auspices of Charles the Second for rebuilding and rebeautifying the city. On the east side are the names of the lord mayors who were in office during the period the column was in course of erection.¹

The compliments paid to Charles, both in the bas-relief and in the inscriptions, are not greater than he deserved. His personal exertions during the progress of the conflagration, and the interest which he subsequently took in the sufferings of his subjects, were certainly highly to his credit. Moreover, had the plans been adopted for rebuilding the city which emanated from the genius of Sir Christopher Wren, and which were warmly supported by his royal master, London would unquestionably have been the most stately city in

¹ "Six persons have thrown themselves off the monument : William Green, a weaver, June 25, 1750 ; Thomas Cradock, a baker, July 7, 1788 ; Lyon Levi, a Jew, Jan. 18, 1810 ; a girl named Moyes, the daughter of a baker in Heminge's Row, Sept. 11, 1839 ; a boy named Hawes, Oct. 18, 1839 ; and a girl of the age of seventeen, in August, 1842. This kind of death becoming popular, it was deemed advisable to encage the monument as we now see it."



the world. Unfortunately, however, space was of too much value, property too much divided, and people in too great a hurry to repair past losses by future profits, to admit of the realisation of these magnificent projects.

It had been the intention of Sir Christopher Wren to surmount the monument with a statue of Charles the Second, and when he laid his original design before the king the column was thus ornamented. Charles, however, declined the honour. "Not," says Wren, "that his Majesty disliked a statue; but he was pleased to think a large ball of metal, gilt, would be more agreeable." Accordingly the present gilded vase of flames was substituted for the proposed statue. The Latin inscriptions on the monument were written by Doctor Gale, Dean of York.

CHAPTER VI.

FISH STREET HILL, EASTCHEAP, GRACECHURCH
STREET, ST. OLAVE'S, HART STREET.

King's Head Tavern — St. Magnus the Martyr — Pudding Lane — Boar's Head Tavern — Sir John Falstaff — Lombard Merchants — Earl of Suffolk — Fenchurch Street — Queen Elizabeth — St. Olave's Church — Sir John Mennis — Monument to Pepys's Wife — Doctor Mills — Whittington's Residence — Lady Fanshawe.

IN addition to the connection of Fish Street Hill with the great fire, many interesting associations are attached to the spot. Here it is that Shakespeare makes Jack Cade exclaim, at the head of his rabble followers :

“ Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus’s corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley when I command them kill! ” — *King Henry VI.* Part II. Act iv. Sc. 8.

In the fourteenth century, — when the Kings of England held their court in the Tower, and when the site of the present populous thoroughfares constituted the court district of the metropolis, — we find Edward the Black Prince residing on Fish

Street Hill. The house, or inn, of the Black Prince, which was of stone and of considerable size, stood at the end of Crooked Lane, facing Monument Yard. In the reign of Elizabeth it had been converted into an inn, or hostelry, and was known by the sign of the Black Bell.

King's Head Court, within a few paces of the monument, derives its name from the King's Head Tavern, rendered classical by Ben Jonson, and famous in the days of Elizabeth for its excellent wine and noisy revels.

Let us not omit to mention that, in the days of his extreme distress, Oliver Goldsmith filled the situation of journeyman to a chemist of the name of Jacob, at the corner of Monument Yard, Fish Street Hill. In this situation he was discovered by his old college friend, Doctor Sleigh, who relieved his immediate necessities, and enabled him to establish himself in medical practice in Bankside, Southwark.

Close to Fish Street Hill is the church of St. Magnus the Martyr, standing nearly on the site of the old parish church, which was destroyed by the great fire in 1666. As early as the year 1302, we find a chantry founded here by Hugh Pourt, Sheriff of London, and Margaret his wife. The first rector mentioned by Newcourt is Robert de S. Albano, who resigned the living in 1323. The most illustrious name connected with the church is that of Miles Coverdale, under whose direction the first

complete English version of the Bible was published, in October, 1535. The body of the present handsome and well-proportioned church was built by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1676, the steeple having been added in 1705. It contains no monuments of any particular interest or beauty. In the vestry-room, however, is an interesting painting of old London Bridge, and also a curious drawing of the presentation of a pair of colours to the military association of Bridge Ward. The altarpiece, richly carved and decorated, is considered one of the handsomest in London, and the lantern and cupola have considerable merit.

Between Fish Street Hill and Gracechurch Street, diverging to the right, is Eastcheap, famous in the olden time for those scenes of jollity, when “the cooks cried hot ribs of beef roasted, pies well baked, and other victuals, with clattering of pewter, pots, harp, pipe, and sawtrie.” Close by is Pudding Lane,¹ descending to the Thames, anciently called Rother, or Red-rose Lane, from one of the houses having the sign of a red rose, but which, doubtless, received its more modern denomination from its vicinity to the scenes of gormandising and revelry in Eastcheap. It was the conviction of the Puritan portion of the inhabitants of Lon-

¹ It is “commonly called Pudding Lane, because the butchers of Eastcheap have their scalding-house for hogs there, and their puddings, with other filth of beasts, are voided down that way to their dung-boats on the Thames.”

don that the fire of London was a direct manifestation of the anger of Heaven, inflicted as a punishment for the sins and gluttony of the age ; this conviction being not a little strengthened by the singular coincidence of the fire having commenced in Pudding Lane and ended in Pye Lane, near Smithfield. On a house at the latter place, at the corner of Giltspur Street, and what is now Cock Lane, is still to be seen the figure of a naked boy with his arms folded upon his chest, which formerly had an inscription attributing the fire of London to the sin of gluttony.

There is perhaps no spot in London which recalls so vividly to our imaginations the romance of the olden time as Eastcheap. Who is there who has ever strolled along this classic ground without having pictured to himself the Boar's Head Tavern, such as when it resounded to the jokes and merriment of Sir John Falstaff and his boon companions ? Who is there who has not peopled it in imagination with Bardolph, and his "malmsey nose ;" with "ancient Pistol," and kind-hearted Dame Quickly ; with the jokes of frolic Prince Hal ; and lastly, with the dying scene of the jovial old knight, where "he made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child ; fumbling with the sheets, and playing with flowers, and smiling upon his fingers' ends, and babbling of green fields ?" "The character of old Falstaff," says Goldsmith, in one of his charming

essays, “even with his faults, gives me more consolation than the most studied efforts of wisdom : I here behold an agreeable old fellow, forgetting age, and showing me the way to be young at sixty-five. Sure I am well able to be as merry, though not so comical as he. Is it not in my power to have, though not so much wit, at least as much vivacity ? Age, care, wisdom, reflection, begone ! I give you to the winds. Let’s have t’other bottle ; here’s to the memory of Shakespeare, Falstaff, and all the merry men of Eastcheap ! Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar’s Head Tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth ; wished to be young again, but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted.”

The Boar’s Head of Shakespeare, which stood in Great Eastcheap, perished in the fire of London. A tavern bearing the same name was erected on its site, having in front of it a boar’s head cut in stone, with the date 1688. It was taken down in 1831, to make room for the approaches to New London Bridge. The object which most nearly marks the site of the old tavern is the statue of King William the Fourth.

Gracechurch Street, originally styled Grasse Street, or Grassechurch Street, derives its name from an herb-market which was anciently held on its site. It was corrupted in the first instance into Gracious Street, and thence into Gracechurch Street. In a poem styled the "Nine Worthies of London," printed in black letter, in 1592, we find :

" In Gracious Street, there was I bound to serve,
My master's name hight Stodie in his time."

In White Hart Court, the entrance to which is all that is now left, died, in 1690, the celebrated George Fox, the father of the Quakers; and at his lodgings in Nag's Head Court, now Lombard Street, leading out of Gracechurch Street into Lombard Street, died, in 1737, Matthew Green, the poet, the well-known author of "The Spleen."

To the west of Gracechurch Street is Lombard Street. This street derives its name from the opulent money-lenders, or usurers, who came out of Lombardy in 1274, and who carried on their money transactions in this street from the reign of Edward the First to that of Elizabeth. Here, in the direction of Birch Lane, stood the mansion of that powerful race, the De la Poles, Earls of Pembroke and Dukes of Suffolk. The founder of this family was Sir William de la Pole, a merchant at Kingston-upon-Hull, who, in the tenth year of the reign of Edward the Third, contracted to supply the army in Scotland with wine, salt, and other pro-

visions. Three years afterward, when Edward was in urgent need of money for the support of his army, we find the wealthy merchant advancing him the sum of a thousand pounds in gold, for which important service the king constituted him second baron of the exchequer, advanced him to the rank of knight banneret, and conferred on him a grant out of the customs of Hull, for the better support of his new dignity. He was ancestor of William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, the prime minister and declared favourite of Margaret of Anjou, now principally remembered from the discomfiture he received from Joan d'Arc beneath the walls of Orleans, and whose melancholy fate has been before referred to. His honours were inherited by his eldest son, John, the fifth earl, who was created Duke of Suffolk in 1463, and who married the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, sister of King Edward the Fourth. The last of this gallant race, in the male line, was Richard de la Pole, third duke, who, after performing acts of heroic valour, was killed at the battle of Pavia, in 1524.

In Lombard Street, at the sign of the Grasshopper, lived the princely merchant, Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of Gresham College and of the Royal Exchange. The site (No. 68) is now occupied by a banking establishment. In the reign of Charles the Second we find the Grasshopper, the sign of another wealthy goldsmith, Sir Charles Duncombe, the founder of the Fever-

sham family, and the purchaser of Helmsley, in Yorkshire, the princely seat of George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham.

“ Helmsley, once proud Buckingham’s delight,
Yields to a scrivener and a city knight.”

Here also resided Sir Robert Viner, Lord Mayor of London in 1675, and apparently an especial favourite with Charles the Second. The “merry monarch” once did him the honour to dine with him during his mayoralty, when, having remained as long as was agreeable to himself, he rose to depart. The citizen, however, having indulged rather freely in his own wines, caught hold of the king, and declared with an oath that he should remain and drink another bottle. Charles looked good-humouredly at him over his shoulder, and repeating, with a smile, a line of an old song :

“ He that’s drunk is as great as a king,”

sat down again, and remained as long as his host wished.

It was in Lombard Street, on the 22d of May, 1688, that Pope, the poet, first saw the light. Spence was informed by Nathaniel Hooke, the historian, that it was “at the house which is now Mr. Morgan’s, an apothecary,” but it is impossible now to ascertain its site. Thomas Guy, the founder of Guy’s Hospital, was a bookseller in Lombard Street.

The church of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street, has been thought to stand on the site of a temple dedicated to the goddess of concord; and the remains of Roman antiquity, which have from time to time been discovered near the spot, have added some slight weight to the supposition. The origin of the name escaped the researches of Stow. The old edifice having been destroyed by the fire of London, the present church was rebuilt in 1716, by Nicholas Hawksmoor, the pupil of Sir Christopher Wren. The originality and boldness of its exterior, the richness and elegance of its internal decorations, the graceful arrangement of the columns, and the fine workmanship of the pulpit and sounding-board, have been deservedly admired. There is a tablet in the church to the memory of the Rev. John Newton, Rector of Olney, in Buckinghamshire, the friend of Cowper, and his associate in the composition of the Olney hymns. The inscription on his monument, written by himself, describes him as having been “once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, but by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long laboured to destroy.” Newton had been brought up to a seafaring life, and in early youth had been engaged in the slave-trade. He died on the 21st of December, 1807, at the age of eighty-two, having been for twenty-eight years rector of the united parishes

of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch. His remains lie in a vault beneath the church.

On the north side of Lombard Street stands the church of St. Edmund the King, dedicated to the Saxon King Edmund, who was murdered by the Danes in 870. The history of its foundation, like that of St. Mary Woolnoth, is lost in antiquity. The present church, remarkable for having its altar to the north, was erected by Wren in 1690. Notwithstanding its extreme simplicity of design, the fine proportion of the interior, as well as the picturesque effect produced by its richly carved pulpit, galleries, and pews, all of dark oak, have found it many admirers. The altar-piece presents some bold carvings, and on each side of the communion-table are portraits of Moses and Aaron, executed by Etty in 1833.

Facing the east end of Lombard Street is Fenchurch Street, so called, it is said, from the fenny nature of the ground on which it was originally built; but according to others, from the *fænum*, or hay, which was sold here. Here stood Denmark House, the residence, in the reign of Philip and Mary, of the first Russian ambassador who was sent to this country. He arrived here in 1557, shortly after the formation of the Russian Company; and as it was to the interest of the merchants of London to impress the mind of the barbarian envoy with a favourable notion of the wealth and resources of England, they deter-

mined to receive him with great state and splendour. Accordingly, on his approach to London, they met him at Tottenham, habited in velvet and ornamented with chains of gold. Lord Montacute, at the head of the queen's pensioners, received him at Islington, and, on reaching Smithfield, he was met by the lord mayor and aldermen, habited in their scarlet robes, who accompanied him on horseback to his residence, then "Master Dimmock's," in Fenchurch Street.

The church of St. Margaret Pattens, Fenchurch Street, derives its name partly from having been dedicated to St. Margaret, a virgin saint of Antioch, and partly, according to Stow, "because of old time pattens were usually made and sold" in the neighbourhood. The old church having been destroyed by the great fire, the present edifice was rebuilt by Wren in 1687. The principal object of attraction in St. Margaret's is the altar-piece, which displays a fine painting, representing the angels ministering to our Saviour in the garden. The artist is said to be Carlo Maratti, pupil of Andrea Sacchi. About the altar, too, are some carvings of flowers, of excellent workmanship. The indefatigable antiquary, Thomas Birch, lies buried in the chancel of this church. "My desire is," he says in his will, "that my body may be interred in the chancel of the church of St. Margaret Pattens, of which I have been now rector near nineteen years." He died in 1765.

In Fenchurch Street stood Northumberland House, the residence, in the fifteenth century, of the Percies, Earls of Northumberland. In the reign of Henry the Seventh its fine gardens were converted into bowling-alleys, "common to all comers for their money, there to bowl and hazard," and the other parts of the estate into dicing-houses. Northumberland Alley, on the south side of Fenchurch Street, points out nearly the site of Northumberland House.

Pepys writes, on the 10th of June, 1665: "To my great trouble, hear that the plague is come into the city (though it hath these three or four weeks since its beginning been wholly out of the city); but where should it begin but in my good friend and neighbour's, Doctor Burnett, in Fenchurch Street; which, in both points, troubles me mightily." And again he writes, on the 11th: "I saw poor Doctor Burnett's door shut; but he hath, I hear, gained great good-will among his neighbours, for he discovered it himself first, and caused himself to be shut up of his own accord, which was very handsome."

Running from Fenchurch Street into Leadenhall Street is Billiter Street, corrupted from Belzetter Street, the name probably of the builder, or of some former owner of the property.

On the south side of Fenchurch Street is Mincing Lane, so called, apparently, from the ground on which it stands having been the property of

the Minchuns, or nuns of St. Helen's, in Bishops-gate Street. Running parallel with it is Mark Lane, anciently styled Mart Lane, from a mart or fair having been held on the spot. On the west side of this street, near Fenchurch Street, is the ancient church of Allhallows, or All-Saints Staining. It had the good fortune to escape the ravages of the great fire of 1666, but, shortly afterward, a large portion of it having fallen into decay, it was restored at a considerable expense in 1675.

According to Stow, the church of Allhallows Staining derives its adjunctive name from the Saxon word *stane*, or stone, which was given to distinguish it from the other churches in London dedicated to All-Saints, which were of wood. Supposing this derivation to be the correct one, the original edifice must have been of great antiquity. The earliest notice, however, which we discover of there having been a place of worship on the spot, is in 1329, when one Edward Camel was the curate. Previously to the committal to the Tower of the Scottish patriot, Sir William Wallace, he was confined in a house in the parish of Allhallows Staining.

A tradition exists, that when the Princess Elizabeth was released from the Tower by her sister, Queen Mary, she obtained permission, when on her way to Woodstock, to attend divine service in the church of Allhallows Staining. Having concluded her devotions, she adjourned, it is said,

to the King's Head Tavern, in Fenchurch Street, where she partook of a substantial meal, consisting of pork and pease. This royal visit, we are told, was afterward commemorated by certain influential persons in the parish, whose descendants, till within the last forty years, continued to celebrate the anniversary of the accession of the virgin-queen by a dinner at the "King's Head." In the coffee-room are still preserved a metal dish and cover which are said to have been used by Elizabeth on the occasion of her visit, as also an inscription detailing the circumstances, and an engraved portrait of her by Holbein. According to another account, the princess, on quitting the church, presented the clerk with a handsome gratuity, the consequence of which was that he annually regaled his friends with a dinner; a festival which was afterward held once a year by successive inhabitants of the parish.

It may be mentioned that in this small parish no fewer than one hundred and sixty-five individuals perished by the great plague in 1665; a frightful mortality when we consider that even at the present time the population of the parish scarcely exceeds six hundred persons. Among other curious entries in the ancient parish books, is the payment of a sum of money for ringing a joy-peal to celebrate the safe return of James the Second to London, after he had been foiled in his attempt to fly the kingdom on the approach of the Prince

of Orange. As a striking evidence of the fickleness of popular favour, may be mentioned a second entry, dated only two days afterward, for the payment of a similar sum to the ringers for celebrating the safe arrival of the invader in London. The signatures of two remarkable men appear on the parish books of Allhallows Staining. The one is that of Sir Clodesley Shovel, in connection with his marriage; the other, that of Ireton, who, as a justice of the peace, appears to have married certain persons under the new marriage act of the Puritans, which transformed the ceremony from a religious into a civil contract.

Close by, in Hart Street, at the west end of Crutched Friars, is the small but interesting church of St. Olave, dedicated to St. Olave, or Olaf, a Norwegian saint of the eleventh century. Of the date of its foundation we have unfortunately no record. Certain only it is that St. Olave's existed as a parish at the commencement of the fourteenth, and that there was a parish church here at the beginning of the fifteenth, century. It was repaired at a considerable cost in 1633, and again in 1823.

In addition to its graceful architecture, and the remains of antique decoration on the roof of its aisles, St. Olave's contains some interesting monuments and brasses. Among others may be mentioned a brass plate, at the east end of the north aisle, to the memory of Thomas Morley, clerk of

the queen's household at Deptford, who died in 1516; the sculptured figure in armour of Sir John Radcliffe, who died in 1568; a full-sized figure in armour, kneeling under a canopy, inscribed to Peter Capponius, and bearing the date 1582; and a brass plate, at the east end of the south aisle, to the memory of John Orgene and Ellen, his wife, dated in 1584. Besides these there are the finely sculptured effigies, lying under richly painted alcoves, of two brothers, Paul and Andrew Bayning, who severally died in 1610 and 1616; a much admired monument of Dr. William Turner, author of the English Herbal, who died in 1614, and a sculptured marble figure of Sir Andrew Riccard, citizen and merchant of London, who died in 1672.

Not the least remarkable person who lies buried in the church of St. Olave's, Hart Street, is the poetic Admiral Sir John Mennes. In the reign of Charles the First he was made comptroller of the navy office, and received the honour of knighthood. About this time he had the command of a ship of war, but was deprived of it by the Republican party. At the Restoration he was made Governor of Dover Castle, comptroller of the navy, and an admiral. Some of his poetical pieces are to be found in the "Musarum Deliciæ," but as a poet he is now perhaps best remembered by his amusing ballad on the discomfiture of a brother-poet, Sir John Suckling, in an encounter with the Scots on the English border in 1639:

“ Sir John got on a bonny brown beast,
To Scotland for to ride-a ;
A brave buff coat upon his back,
A short sword by his side-a :
Alas ! young man, we Sucklings can
Pull down the Scottish pride-a.

“ Both wife and maid, and widow prayed,
To the Scots he would be kind-a ;
He stormed the more, and deeply swore,
They should no favour find-a ;
But if you had been at Berwick and seen,
He was in another mind-a.”

In the churchyard of St. Olave’s lie the remains of many of the unfortunate victims of the great plague, their names being distinguished in the parish-register by the significant letter “ P ” being affixed to each. According to a tradition current in the neighbourhood, the pestilence first made its appearance in this quarter, in the Draper’s Alms-houses in Cooper’s Row, founded by Sir John Milborn in 1535 ; a tradition so far borne out by existing evidence that the first entry in the register of burials of a death by the plague, is that, under date 24th July, 1665, of Mary, daughter of William Ramsay, one of the “ Drapers’ Almsmen.”

Not the least interesting object in St. Olave’s Church is a small monument of white marble, surmounted with the bust of a female of evidently considerable beauty, enriched with cherubims, skeletons’ heads, palm-branches, and other orna-

ments. This monument is to the memory of Elizabeth, the fair wife of the gossiping, bustling, good-humoured secretary of the admiralty, Samuel Pépys, who erected it in testimony of his affection and his grief. To many persons, indeed, the principal charm of St. Olave's Church consists in its frequent connection with the personal history of that most entertaining of autobiographers. Pepys's residence was close by in Seething Lane, and St. Olave's was his parish church. So little, indeed, has the old building been altered by time, and so graphic and minute are the notices of it which occur in Pepys's "*Diary*," that we almost imagine we see before us the familiar figure of the smartly attired secretary standing in one of the old oak pews ; his fair wife reading out of the same prayer-book with him ; her long glossy tresses falling over her shoulders ; her eye occasionally casting a furtive glance at the voluptuous-looking satin petticoat of which she had borrowed the idea either from the Duchess of Orleans or Lady Castlemaine ; and her pretty face displaying as many of the fashionable black patches of the period as her good-natured husband would allow her to disfigure herself with. The Latin inscription on her monument informs us that she was descended in the female line from the noble family of the Cliffords ; that she received her education at the court of France ; that her virtues were only equalled by the beauty of her person and the accomplishments of her mind ; that

she was married at the age of fourteen, and that she died at the age of twenty-nine.

Some of the notices in Pepys's "Diary," of his attendances at divine service in St. Olave's Church are not a little curious, more especially where they refer to the revolution in manners and customs occasioned by the recent discomfiture of the Puritans, and by the revival of the religious ceremonials of the Church of England :

"4th Novr., 1660.—Lord's Day. In the morn to our own church, where Mr. Mills did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer, by saying, 'Glory be to the Father,' etc., after he had read the two psalms ; but the people had been so little used to it, that they could not tell what to answer. My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to wear a black patch."

"30th January, 1660-61.—Fast Day.¹ The first time that this day hath yet been observed, and Mr. Mills made a most excellent sermon, upon 'Lord forgive us our former iniquities ;' speaking excellently of the justice of God in punishing men for the sins of their ancestors. To my Lady Batten's, where my wife and she are lately come back from seeing of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw hanged and buried at Tyburn."

"26th October, 1662.—Lord's Day. Put on my new Scallop, which is very fine. To church, and there saw, the first time, Mr. Mills in a sur-

¹ The anniversary of the decapitation of Charles the First.

plice ; but it seemed absurd for him to pull it over his ears in the reading-pew, after he had done, before all the church, to go up to the pulpit."

"*9th August, 1663.* — To church, and heard Mr. Mills preach upon the authority of the ministers, upon these words, 'We are therefore ambassadors of Christ.' Wherein, among other high expressions, he said, that such a learned man used say, that if a minister of the word and an angel should meet him together, he should salute the minister first ; which methought was a little too high."

"*4th February, 1665-66.* — Lord's Day ; and my wife and I, the first time together at the church since the plague, and now only because of Mr. Mills his coming home to preach his first sermon ; expecting a great excuse for his leaving the parish before anybody went, and now staying till all are come home ; but he made but a very poor and short excuse, and a bad sermon. It was a frost, and had snowed last night, which covered the graves in the churchyard, so as I was the less afraid for going through,"

Daniel Mills, D. D., to whose sermons in St. Olave's Church Pepys so often listened, and which he so frequently criticises, was thirty-two years rector of the parish. He died in October, 1689, at the age of sixty-three, and was buried in the church. On the 4th of June, 1703, Pepys was himself interred in a vault in the middle aisle of

St. Olave's Church, by the side of his wife and brother.

In Hart Street, four doors from Mark Lane, stood, till within a few years, an ancient mansion styled in the old leases Whittington's palace, and said to have been the residence of Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, whose tale is familiar to us from our childhood. On pulling down the old mansion to make room for some contemplated improvements, the following curious discovery was made. On removing the basement walls, the workmen came to a small brick chamber, the only opening to which was from the top. On breaking into it, it was found to contain many human bones, mixed with hair, and so disposed of as to afford much reason to believe that the chamber had been the scene of foul play. This impression was still further strengthened by the discovery of a dagger—about twelve inches in length, and with its point broken—which was found lying among the bones.

In Hart Street was born Lady Fanshawe, the authoress of the delightful personal "Memoirs" which bear her name. "I was born," she writes, "in St. Olave's, Hart Street, London, in a house that my father took of the Lord Dingwall, father to the now Duchess of Ormond, in the year 1625, on our Lady Day, 25th of March." And she adds, "In that house I lived the winter times, till I was fifteen years old and three months, with

my very honoured and most dear mother." Lady Fanshawe appears to have been an intimate acquaintance of the Duchess of Ormond, who, on one occasion, told her she loved her for many reasons, "and one was, that we were both born in one chamber."

CHAPTER VII.

ALDGATE, ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, LEADENHALL STREET, ST. CATHERINE CREE, ETC.

Derivation of the name Aldgate — Stow the Antiquary — His Labours Ill Requited — Cruel Execution of the Bailiff of Romford — His Speech — Church of St. Botolph — Monuments in the Church — Defoe's Account of the Burial-pits in the Churchyard during the Plague — Whitechapel — Duke's Place — Priory of the Holy Trinity — Leadenhall Street — Church of St. Catherine Cree — Persons Buried There — Consecration of the Church by Archbishop Laud — Church of St. Andrew Undershaft — Monuments — St. Mary Axe — Lime Street.

FENCHURCH STREET leads us into Aldgate, which derives its name from one of the principal gates of the city, — styled in the reign of King Edgar, Ealdgate, or Oldgate, — under which passed one of the Roman roads leading into London. In 1215, during the wars between King John and his barons, it was through this gate that the latter entered London in triumph; when, after having secured the other gates, and plundered the royalists and Jews, they proceeded to lay siege to the Tower. Here, too, in 1471, during the wars between the White and Red Roses, the bastard Falconbridge presented himself at the head of a

formidable force, consisting of freebooters and partisans of the house of Lancaster, and demanded admittance into the city. After a fierce conflict the gate was forced by some of his followers; but the portcullis having been let down, they were all killed. The portcullis was then drawn up, and the citizens, sallying forth, repulsed their assailants with great slaughter.

Among the records of the city of London is a lease granting the whole of the dwelling-house above the gate of Aldgate to Geoffrey Chaucer, the poet, in 1374.

Close to the pump at Aldgate, at the junction of Leadenhall Street and Fenchurch Street, lived the indefatigable antiquary, John Stow, whose name no historian of London can inscribe without feelings of reverence and gratitude. He was bred a tailor, but gave up his occupation, and with it the means of living with ease and comfort, in order to be able to prosecute his beloved studies of history and antiquities. The manner in which his priceless labours were rewarded by his ungrateful countrymen is well known. "It was in his eightieth year," writes Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Calamities of Authors," "that Stow at length received a public acknowledgment of his services, which will appear to us of a very extraordinary nature. He was so reduced in his circumstances that he petitioned James the First for a license to collect alms for himself! 'as a recompense for his

labour and travel of forty-five years, in setting forth the “Chronicles of England,” and eight years taken up in the “Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster,” toward his relief now in his old age; having left his former means of living, and only employing himself for the service and good of his country.’ Letters-patent under the Great Seal were granted. After no penurious commendation of Stow’s labours, he is permitted ‘to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people within this realm of England: to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects.’ These letters-patent were to be published by the clergy from their pulpit. They produced so little that they were renewed for another twelvemonth: one entire parish in the city contributed seven shillings and sixpence! Such, then, was the patronage received by Stow, to be a licensed beggar throughout the kingdom for one twelvemonth! Such was the public remuneration of a man who had been useful to his nation, but not to himself!” Stow died on the 5th of April, 1605, at the age of eighty, and was buried in the neighbouring church of St. Andrew Undershaft.

The old historian mentions a remarkable execution which he witnessed in the reign of Edward the Sixth immediately opposite to his own house in Aldgate. In those unsettled times it was a barbarous, and not uncommon practice, to put to death by martial law those who propagated

rumours on subjects connected with affairs of state, whether those rumours were true or false. On the present occasion the offender was the Bailiff of Romford, in Essex. "He (the bailiff)," writes Stow, "was early in the morning of Mary Magdalen's day, then kept holiday, brought by the sheriffs of London and the knight-marshal to the well within Aldgate, there to be executed upon a gibbet, set up that morning; where, being on the ladder, he had words to this effect: 'Good people, I am come hither to die, but know not for what offence, except for words by me spoken yesternight to Sir Stephen, curate and preacher of this parish, which were these: He asked me, what news in the country? I answered, heavy news. Why? quoth he. It is said, quoth I, that many men be up in Essex, but, thanks be to God, all is in good quiet about us. And this was all, as God be my judge.' Upon these words of the prisoner, Sir Stephen, to avoid reproach of the people, left the city, and was never heard of since amongst them to my knowledge. I heard the words of the prisoner, for he was executed upon the pavement of my door, where I then kept house." This Sir Stephen was the incendiary curate of the neighbouring church of St. Catherine Cree, whose fanatical ravings in the pulpit had recently led to the populace destroying the ancient and celebrated Maypole opposite the church of St. Andrew Undershaft.

On the north side of the High-street, Aldgate, stands the church of St. Botolph, dedicated to a Cornish saint, who lived about the reign of King Lucius. This church appears to have been originally founded at the time of the Norman Conquest. About the year 1418 it was enlarged and beautified at the private expense of one Robert Burford, but was shortly afterward rebuilt by the priory of the Holy Trinity within Aldgate, the brethren of which enjoyed the impropriation of the living. St. Botolph's escaped the great conflagration in 1666, but falling into decay in the middle of the last century, it was taken down; and between the years 1741 and 1744, the present ponderous and unsightly edifice was erected on its site.

The only monument in St. Botolph's Church of any historical interest is that of Thomas, Lord Darcy, Knight of the Garter, who was beheaded on Tower Hill for high treason in 1536. This gallant and conscientious nobleman had obtained high honours and distinctions in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and had enjoyed the confidence of his successor. Opposed, however, to the innovations of the new religion, he absented himself from Parliament rather than sanction the dissolution of the monasteries, and, having subsequently joined in Ask's rebellion, was convicted on a charge of delivering up Pontefract Castle to the rebels, and led to the block. The monument to his memory stood originally in the chan-

cel of the old church, but is now placed on the east side of the entrance front. It represents the figure of Lord Darcy, wrapped in a winding-sheet, in a recumbent posture, beneath an entablature supported by columns, and bears the following inscription :

“Here lyeth Thomas Lord Darcy of the North, and sometime of the Order of the Garter; Sir Nicholas Carew, Knight of the Garter; Lady Elizabeth Carew, daughter to Sir Fran. Brian; Sir Arthur Darcy, younger son to the said Lord Darcy; and Lady Mary, his dear wife, daughter of Sir Nicholas Carew, who had ten sons and five daughters.”

Sir Nicholas Carew, the knight here mentioned, also lost his head on the block. He had been master of the horse to Henry the Eighth, and a Knight of the Garter, but having been implicated in the plot said to have been devised by Edward Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter, for deposing the king and raising Cardinal Pole to the supreme power, he was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 3d of March, 1538. Another of the Darcy family who lies buried here is Sir Edward, third son of Sir Arthur Darcy, who died on the 28th of October, 1612.

The only other monument in St. Botolph’s Church, of any interest, is that of Robert Dow, a charitable and munificent citizen and merchant tailor of London, who died on the 2d of May,

1612. This was the person who bequeathed a sum of money to the parish church of St. Sepulchre's, to ensure the ringing of a hand-bell at certain periods of the night beneath the walls of Newgate, in order to remind the condemned prisoners of their present condition and approaching fate.

The churchyard of St. Botolph's is the site of one of those vast burial-pits, in which the bodies of the countless victims of the great plague—"unaneled, uncoffined, and unknown"—were flung indiscriminately in 1665. "I went," writes Defoe in his "History of the Plague," "at the first part of the time freely about the streets, though not so freely as to run myself into apparent danger, except when they dug the great pit in the churchyard of our parish of Aldgate. A terrible pit it was, and I could not resist my curiosity to go and see it. As near as I may judge, it was about forty feet in length, and about fifteen or sixteen feet broad, and at the time I first looked at it, about nine feet deep; but it was said they dug it near twenty feet deep afterward in one part of it, till they could go no deeper for the water. They had, it seems, dug several large pits before this; for though the plague was long a-coming to our parish, yet when it did come, there was no parish in or about London where it raged with such violence as in the two parishes of Aldgate and Whitechapel."

It was at night, by the fitful light of the torches borne by the buriers of the dead, that Defoe describes himself looking into the frightful plague-pit in St. Botolph's churchyard. "I stood wavering," he writes, "for some time, but just at that interval I saw two links come over from the end of the Minories, and heard the bellman, and then appeared a dead-cart, so they called it, coming over the streets, so I could no longer resist my desire of seeing it, and went in. There was nobody, as I could perceive at first, in the churchyard or going into it, but the buriers and the fellow that drove the cart, or rather led the horse and cart; but when they came up to the pit they saw a man muffled up in a brown cloak, making motions with his hands under his cloak, as if he were in a great agony. The buriers immediately gathered about him, supposing he was one of those poor delirious or desperate creatures that used to pretend, as I have said, to bury themselves. He said nothing as he walked about, but two or three times groaned very deeply and loud, and sighed as he would break his heart. When the buriers came up to him, they soon found he was neither a person infected and desperate, nor a person distempered in mind, but one oppressed with a dreadful weight of grief indeed, having his wife and several of his children all in the cart that was just come in with him, and he followed in an agony and excess of sorrow. He mourned heart-

ily, as it was easy to see, but with a kind of masculine grief that could not give itself vent by tears. Calmly desiring the buriers to let him alone, he said he would only see the bodies thrown in and go away, so they left importuning him, but no sooner was the cart turned round, and the bodies shot into the pit promiscuously — which was a surprise to him, for he at least expected they would have been decently laid in — I say no sooner did he see the sight but he cried out aloud, unable to contain himself. I could not hear what he said, but he went backward two or three times, and fell down in a swoon. The buriers ran to him, and took him up, and in a little while he came to himself, and they led him away to the Pye tavern, over against the end of Houndsditch, where, it seems, the man was known, and where they took care of him. He looked into the pit again as he went away, but the buriers had covered the bodies so immediately, with throwing in the earth, that though there was light enough, for there were lanterns and candles in them, placed all night round the sides of the pit upon the heaps of earth — seven or eight, or perhaps more — yet nothing could be seen. This was a mournful scene indeed, and affected me almost as much as the rest, but the other was awful and full of terror. The cart had in it sixteen or seventeen bodies; some were wrapped up in linen sheets, some in rugs, some little other than naked, or so loose that what

covering they had fell from them in the shooting out of the cart, and they fell quite naked among the rest. During a fortnight that the plague was at its height in this neighbourhood, the parish of Aldgate is said to have buried no fewer than a thousand persons a week."

Adjoining Aldgate is the spacious street of Whitechapel, the principal entrance into London from the eastern counties. It is styled in old records *Villa beatæ Mariæ de Matfelon*, and derives its name from the church of St. Mary, Matfelon, — originally a chapel of ease to St. Dunstan's Stepney, — which, from the whiteness of its exterior, was called the White Chapel. In the churchyard of St. Mary's lies buried Richard Brandon, the presumed executioner of Charles the First, and in the vaults of the church Richard Parker, the leader of the mutineers of the Nore.

In this neighbourhood, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, several of the nobility had their suburban residences. Among these were Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the ill-fated minister of Henry the Eighth, and Count Gondomar, the facetious ambassador from Spain in the reign of James the First.

In what was formerly called the Danish Church, Whitechapel, now the British and Foreign Sailors' Church, lie interred the remains of Caius Gabriel Cibber, the sculptor, and of his more celebrated son, Colley Cibber. The former was the architect

of the church, which was built in 1696, at the expense of Christian the Fifth, King of Denmark, for the benefit of such of his subjects as might reside in or visit London. Opposite to the pulpit is the royal pew, in which Christian the Seventh sat when he visited London in 1768. In the church is a tablet to the memory of Jane Cibber, the wife of the sculptor, and the mother of Colley Cibber.

To the northwest of Aldgate is Duke's Place, called also St. James's Place, a quarter principally inhabited by Jews, whom Oliver Cromwell, in 1650, allowed to settle in this locality. Here stood the ancient priory of the Holy Trinity, sometimes called Christ Church, one of the most magnificent monastic foundations in England. It was founded by Matilda, wife of Henry the First, in 1108. The prior, in right of his being proprietor of Knightenguild or Portsoken Ward, as it is now styled, was an alderman of London, and in that capacity sat and rode in state with the members of the corporation; his scarlet robe only so far differing from the robes of the other aldermen, that it was shaped like that of an ecclesiastic. "At this time," writes Stow, in allusion to his early recollections of the lordly prior of the Holy Trinity, "the prior kept a most bountiful house of meat and drink, both for rich and poor, as well within the house as at the gates, to all comers, according to their estates."

At the dissolution of the monastic houses, the priory of the Holy Trinity was granted by Henry the Eighth to Sir Thomas Audley, who succeeded Sir Thomas More as Lord Chancellor of England, and who was created Baron Audley of Walden on the 29th of November, 1538. Here he built a magnificent mansion, where he died on the 19th of April, 1544, bequeathing a legacy of one hundred pounds to his royal master, "from whom he had received all his reputations and benefits." By the marriage of his only daughter and sole heiress, Margaret, to the chivalrous and accomplished Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, famous for his romantic attachment to Mary, Queen of Scots, Audley House became the property and the residence of that nobleman, and from him Duke's Place derives its name. A visit paid by the duke to his princely mansion in Duke's Place, in 1562, affords us a striking picture of the magnificence of the times. By the side of the duke rode his duchess. The procession was headed by the four heralds, Clarendieux, Somerset, Red Cross, and Blue Mantle; the gentlemen of the ducal household followed in coats of velvet, and the procession closed with a hundred retainers in the livery of the Howards. The duke was beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 2d of June, 1572, at the early age of thirty-four. His mansion in Duke's Place descended to his eldest son by Margaret Audley, Thomas, created in 1603 Earl of Suffolk, who sold it in July, 1592,

to the Mayor and Corporation of London. It was in this house that the great painter, Hans Holbein, died of the plague, in 1554.

Of the priory of the Holy Trinity, the only portion remaining in our time was a small but beautiful crypt, of great antiquity, beneath a house till of late standing at the junction of Leadenhall Street and Fenchurch Street. From the ruins of the priory, however, rose the present St. James's Church, Mitre Square, which was built in 1621, during the mayoralty of Sir Edward Barkham, who was principally instrumental in obtaining its erection. It escaped the fire of 1666, but falling into a ruinous condition, the present dilapidated and uninteresting building was erected in 1727.

Aldgate leads us into Leadenhall Street, so called from "Leaden Hall," a large and ponderous-looking mansion, inhabited, about the year 1309, by Sir Hugh Neville, and afterward the residence of the De Bohuns, Earls of Hereford. In 1408, it was purchased by Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, who presented it to the corporation, and, in 1445, Sir Simon Eyre, citizen and draper, established here, "of his own charges," a public granary of square stone, with a chapel at the east end. In this chapel, a few years afterward, was founded a fraternity of sixty priests, besides other brethren and sisters, whose duty it was to perform divine service every market day,

for the edification of the persons who frequented Leadenhall Market.

Defoe, speaking of the desolation of this populous part of London during the plague, observes : “The great streets within the city, such as Leadenhall Street, Bishopsgate Street, Cornhill, and even the Exchange itself, had grass growing in them in several places. Neither cart nor coach were seen in the streets from morning to evening, except some country carts, to bring roots, beans, or pease, hay and straw, to the market, and of those but very few compared to what was usual. As for coaches, they were scarce used to carry sick people to the pest-house, and to other hospitals ; and some few to carry physicians to such places as they thought fit to venture to visit.”

It was at the King’s Head Tavern, which stood till within a few years on the north side of Leadenhall Street, that the conspirators engaged in Sir John Fenwick’s plot, in the reign of William the Third, were accustomed to hold their meetings. The kitchen of the house, No. 153, still contains a curious English crypt.

On the north side of Leadenhall Street, on the site of what was once the cemetery of the priory of the Holy Trinity, stands the interesting church of St. Catherine Cree, so called from its having been dedicated to St. Catherine, an Egyptian virgin ; the word **Cree**, or Christ, having been added in order to distinguish it from other churches

in London dedicated to the same saint. The original structure, which was of great antiquity, was pulled down and rebuilt in 1107. With the exception of the tower, it was again rebuilt, as it now stands, in 1629,—according to some accounts, under the direction of the great architect, Inigo Jones. The interior of the church presents a singular appearance, from the strange mixture of Gothic and Corinthian architecture, certainly a very inappropriate union, but nevertheless extremely picturesque in its general effect.

From a passage in Strype, there is reason for presuming that either in St. Catherine's Cree, or in the adjoining churchyard, rest the remains of the illustrious Holbein. One of the few redeeming traits in the character of Henry the Eighth, was his having appreciated the genius of and befriended the great artist. Every one remembers his speech to a nobleman of his court who came to prefer a complaint to him of presumed insolence on the part of Holbein. “Begone, and remember that I shall look upon any injury offered to the painter as an insult to myself. I tell you, I can make seven lords of seven ploughmen, but I cannot make one Holbein even of seven lords.” That the illustrious artist lies buried in St. Catherine's Cree certainly requires proof; but the unquestionable fact of his having breathed his last under the adjoining roof of the Duke of Norfolk, adds weight to the supposition. According to Strype, it was

the intention of the duke's eldest son, Philip, Earl of Arundel, to erect a monument over his grave, but from the length of time which had elapsed since his death, the earl was unable to discover the exact spot where his remains rested.

In St. Catherine's Church also lies buried the eminent soldier, diplomatist, and statesman, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who was involved in the daring project of the Duke of Suffolk to raise the Lady Jane Grey to the throne, and who only escaped with his life by the admirable defence which he made at his trial at Guildhall. He commanded at Musselburgh Field, for which service he was knighted. He was held in great estimation by Queen Elizabeth, who employed him as her ambassador both in France and Scotland. According to Camden, "Though a man of a large experience, piercing judgment, and singular prudence, yet he was never master of much wealth, nor rose higher than to those small dignities, though glorious in title, of chief cupbearer of England, and chamberlain of the exchequer; and this because he acted in favour of Leicester, against Cecil, whose greatness he envied. It was in Cecil's house, as he was feeding heartily at supper upon a salad, that he was seized, as some say, with an inflammation of the lungs, as others, with a catarrh, not without suspicion of poison; and died very luckily for himself and family, his life and estate being in great danger

by reason of his turbulent spirit." It appears that he expired before he could be removed from the table.¹

The only other monument of any interest in St. Catherine's Church is a bas-relief, executed by the elder Bacon, erected to the memory of Samuel Thorpe in 1791.

This church is connected with a curious passage in the life of Archbishop Laud. Laud's intemperate zeal in all matters connected with Church and state—his active and ill-timed endeavours to elevate the Church of England to a higher standard in regard to authority and discipline, his rigorous prosecutions of the Puritans in the star-chamber, his introduction into Church ceremonials of music, pictures, vestments, and other paraphernalia, at a time when such innovations were most unseasonable—had led to his being regarded by the Puritanical party in England with feelings of detestation which it would

¹ His monument consists of his effigy in marble, lying at full length, on stone carved in imitation of matting, and bears the following inscription :

"Here lyeth the body of Nicholas Throckmorton, Knight, the fourth son of George Throckmorton, Knight; which Sir Nicholas was Chief Butler of England, one of the Chamberlains of the Exchequer, and Ambassador-Leiger to the Queen's Majesty, Queen Elizabeth. And after his return into England, he was sent Ambassador again into France, and twice into Scotland. He married Anne Carew, daughter to Sir Nicholas Carew, Knight, and begat of her ten sons and three daughters. He died the 12th of February, 1570, aged 57."

be difficult to exaggerate. Then it was, when the popular outcry was at its highest, that, having been called upon on the 16th of January, 1630-31, to consecrate the new church of St. Catherine Cree, he was unwise enough to perform the ceremony attended by all the pomp and circumstance of the Church of Rome. At his approach, certain persons stationed near the door called out, in a loud voice, "Open, open, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may enter in." Then followed the archbishop, who, falling on his knees, and extending his arms, exclaimed, "This place is holy; the ground is holy; in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I pronounce it holy." Having risen from his knees, he proceeded toward the chancel, bowing, and throwing dust in the air as he passed along. The procession then made a circuit of the church; the archbishop repeating two psalms and a prayer, which were followed by his pronouncing anathemas against any future profaner of the place, and blessings on those who had assisted in its erection. At every sentence he made a profound bow.

The scene which followed the delivery of the sermon is described by his arch enemy, the acrimonious Prynne, in his "Canterbury's Doom," with pungent though almost profane humour. "When the bishop approached near the communion table, he bowed with his nose very near the ground, some six or seven times. Then he came

to one of the corners of the tables, and there bowed himself three times; then to the second, third, and fourth corners, bowing at each corner three times; but when he came to the side of the table where the bread and wine was, he bowed himself seven times. Then, after the reading many prayers by himself and his two fat chaplains (which were with him, and all this while were upon their knees by him, in their surplices, hoods, and tippets), he himself came near the bread, which was cut and laid in a fine napkin; and then he gently lifted up one of the corners of the said napkin, and peeped into it till he saw the bread (like a boy that peeps into a bird's nest in a bush), and presently clapped it down again, and flew back a step or two; and then bowed very low three times toward it and the table. When he beheld the bread, then he came near, and opened the napkin again, and bowed as before. Then he laid his hand upon the gilt cup, which was full of wine, with a cover upon it. So soon as he had pulled the cup a little nearer to him, he let the cup go, flew back, and bowed again three times toward it; then he came near again, and lifting up the cover of the cup, peeped into it, and seeing the wine, he let fall the cover on it again, and flew nimbly back, and bowed as before. After these, and many other apish, antic gestures, he himself received, and then gave the sacrament to some principal men only, they devoutly kneeling

near the table; after which more prayers being said, this scene and interlude ended."

That these and similar satirical attacks on the part of Prynne sank deeply into the heart of Laud, may be assumed from the extreme rigour of the sentence passed upon the former the following year when brought before the star-chamber for publishing his famous "*Histrio Mastix*." He was sentenced to be expelled the University of Oxford and the Society of Lincoln's Inn, to be degraded from his profession of the law, to stand twice in the pillory, to lose an ear each time, and to be incarcerated for life. Nevertheless, Prynne lived to conduct the famous prosecution against Laud, and to bring the haughty prelate to the block. He survived, moreover, the loss of his ears nearly forty years, and after having opposed the despotism of Cromwell and the bigotry of the Independents with the same undaunted spirit with which he had combated the intolerance of Laud and the aggressive domination of Strafford, he lived to be grateful at the Restoration for a livelihood which he obtained as keeper of the records in the Tower, and to forget the storms of the past in the literary seclusion of his chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

On the north side of Leadenhall Street, at the east corner of St. Mary Axe, stands the beautiful church of St. Andrew Undershaft, dedicated to Saint Andrew the Apostle. It derives its second

name from a shaft, or May-pole, which stood opposite to it, and which towered above the church itself.

As we have already mentioned, this May-pole, which was more celebrated even than that in the Strand, owed its downfall to the fanaticism of one Sir Stephen, curate of St. Catherine Cree, who, in a sermon which he preached at Paul's Cross, contrived to convince his ignorant audience that it was associated with idolatry, and so wrought upon their bigotry that they severed it into pieces and committed it piecemeal to the flames. It was a sad sacrilege, for the old May-pole had, from time immemorial, been associated with many innocent pastimes.

“ Happy the age, and harmless were the days,
For then true love and amity were found,
When every village did a May-pole raise,
And Whitsun-ales and May-games did abound.”

On the return of every first of May, the May-pole, decorated with scarfs, ribbons, and flowers, was raised into the air with great ceremony by yokes of oxen in front of the south door of the church ; the horns of the oxen being tipped with nosegays of flowers. Bands of music ; men, women, and children, carrying boughs and branches for which they had gone “a-maying” in the neighbouring meadows and lanes of Hampstead, Highgate, and Greenwich ; arbours, summer-halls, and bowers ;

the Queen of the May, with her blushing face and laughing eyes ; the revelling and merriment, and harmless jokes ; and, above all, the light forms circling the May-pole in the merry dance, — such were the scenes which the first of May witnessed in England in the olden time. But we must return to St. Andrew's Church, still a most interesting relic of the past, with its ancient monuments, its rich specimens of Tudor architecture, its fresco paintings of the apostles between the windows ; the nave, with its square panels painted blue, and its gilded ornaments of shields and flowers ; and lastly, its pulpit of carved oak, and its large painted window at the east end of the nave, in which, in stained glass, are portraits of the sovereigns of England from Edward the Sixth to Charles the Second.

The first notice which we find of St. Andrew's Church is in 1362, when William of Chichester was the rector. The present building was erected between the years 1520 and 1532. Among the more curious and ancient monuments which it contains may be mentioned a brass plate, with figures engraved on it, in memory of Simon Burton, citizen, who died in 1595 ; another to the memory of Thomas Levison, sheriff, who died in 1534 ; a fine monument of Sir Thomas Offley, knight and alderman, who died in 1582 ; and a sumptuous tomb to the memory of Sir Hugh Hammersley and his wife, erected in 1637.

But by far the most interesting monument in the church is that of the indefatigable antiquary, John Stow. His monument, which is of considerable size, and fenced with an iron rail, represents him in effigy sitting at a desk, in a furred gown, in the attitude of study. It is said to be formed of terra-cotta, or clay burned, but has all the appearance of being of alabaster or marble. Neglected and persecuted during his lifetime, his remains, according to Maitland, were not even permitted to rest in peace after his death, having been removed, in 1732, to make room for the body of another person.

In St. Andrew's Church lies buried Peter Anthony Motteux, once popular as a poet, and the translator of "Don Quixote" and of "Rabelais." He carried on a prosperous business as a vendor of East India wares in Leadenhall Street, and died in a disreputable house in the Strand in 1718.

St. Mary Axe, on the north side of Leadenhall Street, derives its name, according to Stow, from the sign of an axe, which was formerly a conspicuous object at one end of it. Nearly on this spot, facing Leadenhall Street, stood, in the reign of Henry the Fifth, the London residence of the powerful family of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford. Here in this reign resided Richard, the eleventh earl, who fought by the side of his royal master during the wars in France, and who died in that country in 1417.

In Lime Street, on the south side of Leadenhall Street, stood the mansion and chapel of the accomplished Sir Simon de Burley, formerly in the possession of Lord Neville. Lime Street is said to take its name from lime having been made or sold here. In this street the first penny post office was established in the reign of Charles the Second.

CHAPTER VIII.

CORNHILL, SAINT MICHAEL'S CHURCH, ROYAL EX- CHANGE, ETC.

Cornhill Frequented by Old Clothes Sellers — “Pope’s Head” — First London Coffee-house — Tea-drinking — St. Michael’s Church — The Standard in Cornhill — The Royal Exchange — The Pawn — Royal Exchange Bazaar — Change Alley — Threadneedle Street — Gordon Riots — Merchant Taylors’ Company — Southsea House — Drapers’ Company — Plague in Lothbury.

LEADENHALL STREET leads us into Cornhill, which derives its name from its having been from time immemorial the principal corn-market in London. In the reign of Elizabeth, Cornhill appears to have been principally frequented by the vendors of worn-out apparel, who, according to Stow, were not among the most honest classes of the community. “I have read of a countryman,” he writes, “that, having lost his hood in Westminster Hall, found the same in Cornhill, hanged out to be sold, which he challenged, but was forced to buy or go without it.”

In Cornhill stood a large building called the Pope’s Head, said to be one of the most ancient



taaverns in London, and which unquestionably existed in the early part of the reign of Edward the Fourth. Here, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, wine was sold for one penny the pint ; no charge being made for bread. According to Stow, the Pope's Head had not improbably been a royal palace. In his time the ancient arms of England, consisting of three leopards, supported between two angels, were still to be seen engraved in stone on the walls. In this tavern, on the 14th of April, 1718, Bowen, a hot-headed Irish comedian, was killed in a duel of his own seeking by his fellow actor, Quin. The site of the Pope's Head is pointed out by Pope's Head Alley, running from Cornhill into Lombard Street.

The house numbered 41, in Cornhill, is said to stand on the site of the one in which, on the 26th of December, 1716, Gray, the poet, first saw the light.

On the south side of Cornhill is St. Michael's Alley, so called from St. Michael's Church, the tower of which is so conspicuous an ornament of this part of London. In this alley, opposite the church, stood, in the days of the Commonwealth, the first coffee-house established in London. Accordingy to Aubrey, it was opened about the year 1652 by one Bowman, coachman to Mr. Hodges, a Turkey merchant, by whom Bowman was induced to undertake the speculation. An original hand-bill, discovered by the late Mr. D'Israeli, sets forth :

“The vertue of the coffee-drink, first publiquely made and sold in England, by Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael’s Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head.” This Pasqua Rosee, it would seem, was a Greek servant whom the merchant had brought to England with him. In a curious broadside, entitled “A Cup of Coffee, or Coffee in Its Colours” [1663], the writer ridicules the new fashion as both a very effeminate innovation — a very indifferent substitute for that “sublime Canary,” which warmed the souls of Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher :

“For men and Christians to turn Turks, and think
To excuse the crime, because ‘tis in their drink !
Pure English apes ! ye may, for aught I know,
Were it the mode, — learn to eat spiders too.
Should any of your grandsires’ ghosts appear,
In your wax-candle circles, and but hear
The name of Coffee so much called upon,
Then see it drank like scalding Phlegethon ;
Would they not startle, think ye ? all agreed
‘Twas conjuration both in word and deed !” etc.

Among other numerous broadsides which were thundered forth against the new drink may be mentioned “The Women’s Petition against Coffee” [1674], where a complaint is preferred that “it made men as unfruitful as the deserts whence that unhappy berry is said to be brought ; that the offspring of our mighty ancestors would dwindle into a succession of apes and pygmies ; and, on a

domestic message, a husband would stop by the way to drink a couple of cups of coffee."

Close by, in Exchange Alley, on the south side of Cornhill, tea also was first sold and retailed for the cure of all disorders, by one Thomas Garway, tobacconist and coffee-man, whose name is still preserved in the well-known Garraway's Coffee-house. The following handbill, as the late Mr. D'Israeli very justly observes, is more curious than any historical account which we possess of its introduction.

"Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees, till the year 1657. The said Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in leaf, or drink, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants into those Eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, etc., have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s. to 50s. a pound."

In St. Michael's Alley, as we have already mentioned, stands the church of St. Michael, Corn-

hill, dedicated to the Archangel Michael. Although a place of worship appears to have existed on the spot previously to the Norman Conquest, we have no distinct notice of it till the commencement of the twelfth century, when we find the Abbot of Covesham making a grant of it to one Sperling, a priest, on condition of his paying an annual rent of one mark to the said abbot, and providing him with lodging, salt, water, and fire, during his occasional visits to London. The old church, with the exception of the tower, having been destroyed by the great fire, in 1672 the present building was erected after designs by Sir Christopher Wren. Half a century afterward, the tower was also found to be in a ruinous state, and accordingly it was taken down, and rebuilt in 1721.

The interior of St. Michael's Church is in the Italian style of architecture, divided into a nave and aisles by Doric columns and arches. By a strange anomaly, the tower is Gothic, being of that florid, or perpendicular style, which distinguished the latest period of pointed architecture in England. This noble tower — faulty only in its occasional details, where the architect has mingled the Italian with the Gothic style — is 130 feet in height, and is said to have been built in imitation of the beautiful chapel tower of Magdalen College, Oxford, erected in the fifteenth century. In the old church were interred the remains of the well-known chronicler, Robert Fabian, a sheriff and

alderman of London, who died in 1511. Here also lie the remains of Thomas Stow the father, and of Thomas Stow the grandfather, of the celebrated antiquary. The former died in 1559, the latter in 1526. Stow himself was born in the parish of St. Michael's about the year 1525 ; and here his ancestors, for at least three generations, resided as citizens and tradesmen.¹

The Standard in Cornhill stood about the centre of the spot where Cornhill and Leadenhall Street

¹ The will of Stow's grandfather, who describes himself as Citizen and Tallow-chandler, has been preserved by Strype, and is in many respects curious. After bequeathing his soul "to Jesus Christ and our blessed Lady, St. Mary the Virgin," and directing that his body shall be buried "in the little green churchyard of the parish church of St. Michael in Cornhill, between the cross and the church wall," he proceeds, "I bequeath to the high altar of the aforesaid church, for my tithes forgotten, 12*d.* Item to Jesu's Brotherhood, 12*d.* I give to our Lady and St. —— Brotherhood, 12*d.* I give to St. Christopher and St. George, 12*d.* Also I give to the seven altars in the church aforesaid, in the worship of the seven Sacraments, every year during three years, 2*d.* Item 5*s.* to have on every altar a watching-candle, burning from six of the clock until it be past seven, in worship of the seven Sacraments ; and this candle shall begin to burn, and to be set upon the altar from All Hallowen-day till it be Candlemas-day following ; and it shall be a watching-candle, of eight in the pound. Also I give to the Brotherhood of Clerks to drink, 2*d.* Also, I give to them that shall bear me to Church, every man 4*d.* Also, I give to a poor man or woman every Sunday in one year, 1*d.* to say five Paternosters and Aves and a Creed for my soul. Also, I give to the reparations of Paul's 8*d.* Also, I will have six new torches, and two torches of St. Michael, and two of St. Anne, and two of St. Christopher, and two of Jesus, of the best torches."

are intersected by Gracechurch Street and Bishopsgate Street. It consisted of a large conduit, whence water spouted at four points, which was conveyed from the Thames by means of leaden pipes. It was completed in 1582, but though it continued for many years to be an ornament to the city, it had ceased to be used as a conduit in the early part of the reign of James the First. From the Standard in Cornhill, as testified by many milestones in the suburbs of London, it was long the custom to measure distances into the country.

On the south side of Cornhill stands a church dedicated to St. Peter the Apostle, which, beyond its great antiquity, possesses no particular feature of interest. According to an inscription on a brass plate still preserved in the vestry-room, it was founded as early as the year 179, yet we find no written mention of it till the year 1235, when it afforded a sanctuary to one Geoffrey Russel, who was accused of having been concerned in a murder which had been perpetrated in St. Paul's church-yard. The old church having been destroyed by the fire of London, the present edifice was erected in the reign of Charles the Second, by Sir Christopher Wren. It reflects but little credit on the genius of that great artist. The only monument in the church of any interest is a small tablet, which records the melancholy death by fire, on the 18th of January, 1782, of the seven children of James and Mary Woodmason, of Leadenhall Street. We must

not, however, omit to record, as associated with this church, one revered name, that of the learned and conscientious Dr. William Beveridge, afterward Bishop of St. Asaph, who was presented to the living in 1672.

The Royal Exchange, on the north side of Cornhill, was originally founded and built at the expense of the munificent Sir Thomas Gresham, on a spot of ground presented to him for the purpose by the city of London. He himself laid the first stone on the 7th of June, 1566. Previously to its erection, as we are told, the merchants of London were "more like pedlars than merchants, either walking and talking in an open narrow street, enduring all extremity of weather," or standing for shelter under gateways and doorways. The street here alluded to was Lombard Street, where the merchants of London were anciently accustomed to meet for the transaction of business. Sir Thomas Gresham's new and magnificent edifice was completed in November, 1567, and styled by the foreign title of "the Bourse." The upper part of the building was appropriated to shops; the area and piazzas below being set apart for the use of the merchants.

On the 23d of January, 1570-71, we find Queen Elizabeth proceeding in great state from her palace at Somerset House to visit the new Bourse, the bells in every part of the city sending forth their merry peals during her progress. "The queen's

majesty," writes Stow, "attended with her nobility, came from her house at the Strand, called Somerset House, and entered the city by Temple Bar, through Fleet Street, Cheap, and so by the north side of the Bourse, through Threeneedle Street, to Sir Thomas Gresham's house in Bishopsgate Street, where she dined. After dinner, her Majesty, returning through Cornhill, entered the Bourse on the south side, and after that she had viewed every part thereof, above the ground, especially the 'Pawn,' which was richly furnished with all sorts of the finest wares in the city, she caused the same Bourse, by a herald and trumpet, to be proclaimed the Royal Exchange, and so to be called from thenceforth, and not otherwise."

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, while the Tower was yet a royal residence, and the houses of many of the nobility stood in the adjoining streets, the "Pawn,"¹ or bazaar, alluded to in the foregoing extract, was the most fashionable lounging-place in London. It consisted of the upper part of the building, where rich and costly goods of every description were exposed for sale.

In the daytime the favourite place of promenade and gossip was one of the aisles of St. Paul's Cathedral, which from this circumstance was styled Paul's Walk, as also were its frequenters styled Paul Walkers. The Exchange, however, being

¹ This name is said to be derived from the German word *bahn*, in Dutch *baan*, signifying a path or walk.

lighted up till ten o'clock at night, the idlers of St. Paul's usually found their way in the evening to the "Pawn" in the Royal Exchange. Here used to assemble a motley group, consisting of foreigners of every variety of language and costume, merchants, the wives of peers and citizens, courtiers, and adventurers of every class, many of the latter being without any fixed means of subsistence. Such were the class of persons, who, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, from their frequenting Paul's Walk in the daytime, were said to dine with Duke Humphrey; and from their lounging in the Exchange at night were said to sup with Sir Thomas Gresham. For instance, Hayman, in 1628, thus addresses an epigram in his "Quodlibets" to Sir Pierce Pennilesse:

"Though little coin thy purseless pockets line,
Yet with great company thou'rt taken up;
For often with Duke Humphrey thou dost dine
And often with Sir Thomas Gresham sup."

Samuel Rolle, speaking of the temptations held out by the "Pawn" before its destruction by the great fire, observes: "What artificial thing was there that could entertain the senses, or the fantasies of men, that was not there to be had? Such was the delight that many gallants took in that magazine of all curious varieties, that they could almost have dwelt there, going from shop to shop like bees from flower to flower, if they had

but had a fountain of money that could not have been drawn dry."

Again, in a little work by Daniel Lupton, entitled "London and the Country Carbonadoed" [1632], we find: "Here are usually more coaches attendant than at church doors. The merchants should keep their wives from visiting the upper rooms too often, lest they tire their purses by attiring themselves. There's many gentlewomen come hither, that, to help their faces and complexions, break their husband's backs; who play foul in the country with their land, to be fair and play false in the city."

Exactly a century after the laying of the first stone, the Royal Exchange perished in the great fire. In the words of an eye-witness of its destruction, — the Rev. T. Vincent, — "When the fire was entered, how quickly did it run round the galleries, filling them with flames; then, descending the stairs, encompassed the walks, giving forth flaming volleys, and filling the courts with sheets of fire; by and by the statues of the kings fell all down upon their faces, and the greatest part of the building after them, with such a noise as was dreadful and astonishing, the founder's only remaining." The singular fact of the statues of a long line of kings having been destroyed by the fire, while that of the founder of the Exchange, Sir Thomas Gresham, remained uninjured, is recorded by two other eye-witnesses of the conflagration,

Evelyn and Pepys. It is still more remarkable that on the second destruction of the Royal Exchange by fire, in 1838, the statue of Sir Thomas Gresham should again have escaped uninjured.

It was not long after the destruction of the old Exchange, that a new and still more magnificent edifice was commenced, at the expense of the merchants of London, with a small addition from the Gresham Fund. Charles the Second, who took considerable interest in its progress, presided at the ceremony of laying the first stone, on which occasion he partook of a collation prepared under a temporary building on the spot. Pepys inserts in his "Diary," on the 23d of October, 1667 : "Sir W. Penn and I back into London, and there saw the king, with his kettle-drums and trumpets, going to the Exchange, to lay the first stone of the first pillar ; which, the gates being shut, I could not get in to see. So, with Sir W. Penn to Captain Cockes, and thence again toward Westminster ; but in my way stopped at the Exchange and got in, the king being newly gone, and there find the bottom of the first pillar laid ; that on the west side of the north entrance ; and here was a shed set up, and hung with tapestry, and a canopy of state, and some good victuals and wine for the king." The Exchange was finally completed, and opened for the purposes of business, on the 28th of September, 1669.

In the reign of Queen Anne, the bazaar in the

Royal Exchange was still a tempting and fashionable lounging-place. Sir Richard Steele, for instance, in a paper in the *Spectator* (No. 454), writes: "It was not the least of my satisfaction in my survey, to go up-stairs, and pass the shops of agreeable females. To observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, 'Only to look at you.' "

To the graceful pen of Addison we are indebted for a still more interesting notice of the Royal Exchange at this period. "There is no place in the town," he writes, "which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon high-change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of

men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London ; or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians ; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews ; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman, at different times ; or, rather, fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world."

It was not long after Addison wrote that the glory of the once fashionable "Pawn," or bazaar, in the Royal Exchange, began to decline, and before thirty years had elapsed it had passed away for ever. Maitland, writing in 1739, speaks of it as having been "of late stored with the richest and choicest sorts of merchandise ; but the same being now forsaken, it appears like a wilderness." The Exchange was again burnt down on the night of the 10th of January, 1838.

The present Royal Exchange was built after designs of William Tite, and was opened by her present Majesty in person, 28th of October, 1844.

The pediment is the work of R. Westmacott, R. A. The cost of the edifice is said to have been £180,000.

In Change Alley stood Jonathan's Coffee House, mentioned in the *Tatler* (No. 38) as "the general mart for stock jobbers," and where Mrs. Centlivre has laid a scene in "A Bold Stroke for a Wife." In Freeman's Court, then at the east end of the Royal Exchange, Daniel Defoe carried on for many years the business of an hosefactor.

Cornhill leads us into Threadneedle, or, as Stow calls it, Three-needle Street. At a later period we find it called Thridneedle Street; at least, so the learned divine, Samuel Clarke, styles it, in writing from his study in Threadneedle Street. In this street the great Sir Thomas More was educated, under a schoolmaster of high reputation, previously to his being removed into the family of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and subsequently to Christchurch College, Oxford.¹ Here also resided the grandfather and father of Sir Philip Sydney.

On the south side of Threadneedle Street stood, till recently, the ancient church of St. Benedict, vulgarly called St. Benet Fink. It was rebuilt by

¹ Sir Thomas More was educated at the Hospital or Free School of St. Anthony, Threadneedle Street. The hospital was suppressed in the reign of Edward the Sixth, but the school, though "sore decayed," still existed in the time of Stow. It stood on the site of the present Hall of Commerce. Archbishop Whitgift was also educated here.

one Robert Finck, or Finch, from whom it derives its name, as does also Finch Lane, in which he resided. Having been destroyed by the great fire, the church was shortly afterward rebuilt from designs by Sir Christopher Wren. It continued standing till the year 1846, when it was demolished, in order to make room for the improvements connected with the erection of the new Royal Exchange. The materials were sold by auction, and the funeral monuments removed to the church of St. Peter-le-Poor, with which parish St. Benet Fink is now united. It appears by the parish registers that the marriage of the celebrated non-conformist, Richard Baxter, with Margaret Charlton, took place here on the 10th of September, 1662. Here also was interred, in 1723, Mrs. Manley, well known from her remarkable personal history, and as the authoress of “*The New Atalantis*.”

Another church in this neighbourhood, which was demolished under the same circumstances, was that of St. Bartholomew by the Exchange, rebuilt in 1438, and again, after designs by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1679. Here were interred the remains of Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, who assisted Tyndale in the first English translation of the Bible. On the demolition of the church, his remains were removed to that of St. Magnus, London Bridge, of which he was for two years the rector.

In Threadneedle Street, nearly opposite to Finch Lane, stood the ancient Hospital, or Priory, of St.

Anthony of Vienna, in the brethren of which, till 1474, the patronage of St. Benet's Church was vested. In this street also stands the Bank of England, which was established on this spot in 1734, previously to which period the business was transacted in Grocers' Hall. To make room for part of the present buildings, the old but uninteresting church of St. Christopher — founded in 1462, and one of the few which escaped the fire of London — was taken down in 1781.

During the Gordon Riots, in 1780, a bold attempt was made to sack the Bank of England, but, in the words of Pennant, it was “ saved from the fury of an infamous mob by the virtue of the citizens, who formed suddenly a volunteer company, and overawed the miscreants, while the chief magistrate skulked trembling in his mansion-house, and left his important charge to its fate.” Here, and on Blackfriars Bridge, the principal conflict and slaughter took place on the last day of the riots. “ The carnage,” says Wraxall, “ which took place at the bank was great, though not of very long duration ; and in order to conceal, as much as possible, the magnitude of the number, as well as the names of the persons who perished, similar precautions were taken on both sides. All the dead bodies, being carried away during the night, were precipitated into the river. Even the impressions made by the musket-balls, on the houses opposite to the bank, were as much as possible

erased on the following morning, and the buildings whitewashed. Government and the rioters seem to have felt an equal disposition, by drawing a veil over the extent of the calamity, to bury it in profound darkness. To Colonel Holroyd, since deservedly raised to the British peerage as Lord Sheffield, and to his regiment of militia, the country was eminently indebted for repelling the fury of the mob at the bank, where, during some moments, the conflict seemed doubtful, and the assailants had nearly forced an entrance."

"I was told," continues Wraxall, "by the late Lord Rodney, who was then an officer in the guards, that having been sent, on the night of the 7th of June, to the defence of the Bank of England, at the head of a detachment of his regiment, he there found Lord George Gordon, who appeared anxiously endeavouring, by expostulation, to induce the populace to retire. As soon as Lord George saw Captain Rodney, he strongly expressed his concern at the acts of violence committed; adding that he was ready to take his stand by Captain Rodney's side, and to expose his person to the utmost risk, in order to resist such proceedings. Rodney, however, who distrusted his sincerity, and justly considered him as the original cause of all the calamities, declined any communication with him; only exhorting him, if he wished to stop the further effusion of blood, and to prevent the destruction of the bank, to exert himself

in dispersing the furious crowd ; but, whatever might be his inclination, he was altogether destitute of the power."

At the east end of Threadneedle Street, on the south side, stands the hall of the Merchant Taylors. This wealthy company, though not the first in point of precedence, is said to number more royal and noble personages among its members than any other of the city companies. From the occupation which they carried on here, Threadneedle Street derives its name. They were originally incorporated in 1466 with the designation of "Taylors and Linen-armourers." This name they retained till 1503, when Henry the Seventh, himself a member of the company, reincorporated them under their present title of "Merchant Taylors" of the fraternity of St. John the Baptist, in the city of London.

Although not actually formed into a corporate body till the reign of Edward the Fourth, we find a society of Merchant Taylors existing as far back as the time of Henry the Third, in which reign a violent feud existed between them and the Goldsmiths' Company. To such lengths did it proceed, that they at last agreed to meet at night, completely armed, to the number of five hundred men, and to settle their disputes with the sword. Accordingly an encounter took place in the dead of night, in which many were killed and wounded on both sides, nor did they separate till the

sheriffs, with a large body of citizens, arrived on the spot and apprehended the ringleaders, thirteen of whom were subsequently condemned and executed. The present Merchant Taylors' Hall was rebuilt after the fire of London, and contains a few historical portraits of some merit.

Dependent on the Merchant Taylors' Company is the celebrated school which bears their name. It was founded by the company in 1561, on a spot of ground on the east side of Suffolk Lane, Thames Street, formerly called the "Manor of the Rose," the property of the Dukes of Buckingham. Several eminent men have received their education at this school, among whom may be mentioned James Shirley, the dramatic poet, Bulstrode Whitelocke, the author of the "Memorials of English Affairs," Edmund Calamy, the non-conformist, and the great Lord Clive.

In Threadneedle Street was the South Sea House, celebrated in the early part of the last century for one of the most iniquitous bubbles in the annals of roguery. The company was established by act of Parliament in 1711, under the title of "The Company of Merchants of Great Britain trading to the South Seas and other parts of America, and for encouraging the Fishery." Their ostensible object was the monopoly of the trade to the South Seas, and the supplying Spanish America with negroes. The building is now divided into suites of chambers.

From Threadneedle Street let us pass into Throgmorton Street, which not improbably derives its designation from the family name of the accomplished Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who, from the circumstance of his having been buried in the neighbouring church of St. Catherine Cree, very possibly resided in this vicinity. On the north side of Throgmorton Street stood, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, a magnificent mansion, erected by the ill-fated Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. In carrying out his favourite project of enlarging and beautifying his new domain, the great minister showed a disregard for the rights and comforts of his fellow citizens which is curiously illustrative of the arbitrary power of a royal favourite under the rule of the Tudors. "This house being finished," says Stow, "and having some reasonable plot of ground left for a garden, he (Cromwell) caused the pales of the gardens adjoining to the north part thereof on a sudden to be taken down, twenty-two feet to be measured forth right into the north of every man's ground, a line there to be drawn, a trench to be cast, a foundation laid, and a high brick wall to be built. My father had a garden there, and a house standing close to his south pale. This house they loosed from the ground, and bare upon rollers into my father's garden twenty-two feet, ere my father heard thereof. No warning was given him, nor other answer, when he spoke to the surveyors of that work,

but that their master, Sir Thomas, commanded them so to do. No man durst go to argue the matter but each man lost his land ; and my father paid his whole rent, which was six shillings and eight pence the year, for that half which was left."

After the fall of Cromwell, his mansion and gardens were purchased of the Crown by the Drapers' Company, whose hall now occupies their site. It was from this company that the first Lord Mayor of London, Henry Fitz-alwyn, was elected. In their hall is a large and interesting picture, ascribed to Zuchero, said to represent Mary Queen of Scots and her son, afterward James the First. As the unfortunate queen, however, never beheld her child after he was a twelvemonth old, the portrait, of course, could not have been drawn from the life.

Lothbury, a continuation of Throgmorton Street, was, according to Stow, anciently called Lathberie or Loadberie, probably from the name of some person who kept a court or "berry" here. "This street," says Stow, "is possessed for the most part by founders that cast candlesticks, chafing-dishes, spice-mortars, and such like copper or laton works, and do afterward turn them with the foot, and not with the wheel, to make them smooth and bright with turning and scrating (as some do term it), making a lothsome noise to the by-passers, that have not been used to the like, and therefore by them disdainfully called Loth-berie."

“ This night I'll change
All that is metal, in my house, to gold :
And early in the morning will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
To buy their tin and lead up ; and to Lothbury
For all the copper.”

— *Ben Jonson, The Alchemist.*

This street, as well as the narrow and populous thoroughfares adjoining it, appear to have suffered dreadfully during the visitation of the great plague. “ In my walks,” writes Defoe, “ I had many dismal scenes before my eyes, as particularly of persons falling dead in the streets, terrible shrieks and screechings of women, who in their agonies would throw open their chamber windows, and cry out in a dismal, surprising manner. Passing through Tokenhouse yard in Lothbury, of a sudden a casement violently opened just over my head, and a woman gave three frightful screeches, and then cried, ‘ Oh, death, death, death ! ’ in a most inimitable tone, and which struck me with horror, and a chillness in my very blood. There was nobody to be seen in the whole street, neither did any other window open, for people had no curiosity now in any case, nor could anybody help one another. Just in Bell Alley, on the right hand of the passage, there was a more terrible cry than that, though it was not so directed out at the window ; but the whole family was in a terrible fright, and I could hear women and children run screaming

about the rooms like distracted ; when a garret window opened, and somebody from a window on the other side the alley called and asked, 'What is the matter ?' upon which, from the first window it was answered, 'O Lord ! my old master has hanged himself.' The other asked again, 'Is he quite dead ?' and the first answered, 'Ay, ay, quite dead and cold !' This person was a merchant, and a deputy alderman, and very rich. But this is but one. It is scarce credible what dreadful cases happened in particular families every day. People, in the rage of the distemper, or in the torment of their swellings, which was, indeed, intolerable, running out of their own government, raving and distracted, oftentimes laid violent hands upon themselves, throwing themselves out at their windows, shooting themselves, etc. ; mothers murdering their own children in their lunacy ; some dying of mere grief, as a passion ; some of mere fright and surprise, without any infection at all ; others frightened into idiotism and foolish distractions, some into despair and lunacy ; others into melancholy madness."

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, we find a conduit erected in Lothbury, which was supplied with water from "the spring of Dame Anne's the Clear," at Hoxton, but no trace of it now exists.

Tokenhouse Yard, Lothbury, was built in the reign of Charles the First, on the site of the princely mansion of Thomas, twentieth Earl of

Arundel, the collector of the famous Arundel marbles. He subsequently removed to a suburban mansion on the banks of the Thames, of which Arundel Street in the Strand points out the site.

CHAPTER IX.

OLD JEWRY, ST. LAWRENCE CHURCH, MANSION HOUSE, LONDON STONE, ETC.

Old Jewry, the Original Burial-place of the Jews — Expulsion of the Jews — Doctor Lambe and the Duke of Buckingham — St. Olave's Church — St. Lawrence Jewry — St. Thomas of Acon — Gilbert à Becket — Mercers' Company — The Poultry — Mansion House — Stocks Market — Sir John Cutler — Bucklersbury — Indian Houses — St. Stephen's Walbrook — London Stone — Prior of Tortington's "Inne."

To the west of Lothbury is the Old Jewry, so intimately associated with the persecution of the Jews in England during the reign of our Norman sovereigns. Previously to the reign of Henry the First, the only burial-place which the bigotry of our ancestors permitted to the Jews in England was in London, whither, in the words of Holinshed, they were "constrained to bring all their dead corpses from all parts of the realm." It was not till the year 1117, that they "obtained from King Henry a grant to have a place assigned them, in every quarter where they dwelled, to bury their dead bodies." In the Old Jewry was their great synagogue, and in this quarter they

continued to increase and multiply till 1283, when John Perkham, Archbishop of Canterbury, commanded the Bishop of London to destroy all the Jews' synagogues in the metropolis. Seven years afterward, Edward the First, on his return from France, issued his famous edict which drove the Jews from the kingdom. The number thus expelled is said to have been fifteen thousand and sixty. Whether rightfully or wrongfully, they were accused, not only of having practised usury to a ruinous extent, but also of having adulterated the coin of the realm. Suddenly, then, their persons were seized in every part of England; their property was confiscated, and a moiety of it only bestowed on those who consented to embrace Christianity. To the honour of the Jews be it spoken, that, notwithstanding the temptation of retaining possession of their darling gold, only a few were to be found who consented to purchase their lives, and all that makes life palatable, at the expense of their conscience. Two hundred and eighty were hanged in London alone. The remainder, after having been stripped of their possessions, were driven forth to seek asylums in other countries. It was not till the seventeenth century that the Jews again appeared in any numbers in England.

The "Jewerie," as it was styled, appears to have extended along both sides of what is now Gresham Street, from St. Lawrence Lane and the church

of St. Lawrence on the west, to Basinghall Street and the Old Jewry on the east, and southward between the Old Jewry and Ironmonger Lane as far as Church Court. The detestation in which, in the olden time, the Jews were held by the common people of England led to more than one furious attack on their colony in the "Jewerie." In 1262, a quarrel having taken place in one of the neighbouring churches between a Christian and a Jew, in which the Christian was mortally wounded, the Jew flew for refuge to his own people, but, having been overtaken by the neighbours of the deceased, was summarily put to death. Not satisfied, however, with this act of revenge, the infuriated mob poured into the "Jewerie," and indiscriminately pillaged and slew every Jew whom they met. In 1264, a Jew having been convicted of exacting usurious interest from a Christian, another irruption took place into their colony, when their synagogue and other valuable property were destroyed.

But the Old Jewry has other interesting associations besides its connection with the Jews. Here, in the fifteenth century, the unfortunate Henry the Sixth had a mansion, which he styled his "principal palace in the Old Jewry." It was a large stone building, commonly called the "Old Wardrobe," and when Stow wrote had only recently been demolished.

Tradition informs us that at the corner of Old

Jewry and Cheapside stood the house in which Thomas à Becket first saw the light. Here, too, it was that the infamous Doctor Lambe was beaten and trampled to death by an exasperated mob. This aged and disreputable mountebank, who united in his own person the professions of a physician, a caster of nativities, and a fortuneteller, had been guilty of a long catalogue of crimes. In 1607 he had been found guilty of sorcery and witchcraft, practised on the body of Thomas, Lord Windsor, and, agreeably with the terms of his sentence, was undergoing imprisonment in the King's Bench Prison, when he committed a still more serious offence, in which a little girl of eleven years of age was his victim. For this latter crime he was sentenced to death, but in consequence of his possessing some secret and powerful influence at court, which the world attributed to the unpopular favourite, the first George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, he obtained a pardon. His death took place in the manner we have stated, on the 13th of June, 1628. Not that the mob troubled themselves much about his vices or his crimes: his chief offence in their eyes being his connection with the detested Buckingham. Yet, though men spoke of him as the "duke's devil," it may be questioned whether Buckingham ever even set his eyes on the wretched mountebank. Carte, for instance, affirms that they never met, and Carte's assertion

is in a great degree borne out by a fact which not long since came to light, that Lambe was at one time actually engaged in a conspiracy against the duke's life. At all events, Lambe owed his fearful death to the current belief of his intimacy with Buckingham. Almost at the last gasp, he was rescued by the authorities from the hands of the infuriated populace and carried into the adjoining Compter in the Poultry, but he survived only till the following day. It was certainly a remarkable coincidence, as noticed by Lord Clarendon among other "predictions and prophecies," that Doctor Lambe should have correctly foretold both the time of his own death, and that of Buckingham. It was another striking coincidence, that, on the day on which Lambe was torn to pieces by the mob, Buckingham's picture fell down in the High Commission Chamber at Lambeth; an incident, which, in a superstitious age, was eagerly hailed as a prognostic of his fall.

On the west side of the Old Jewry stands St. Olave's Church, another of Sir Christopher Wren's structures, erected shortly after the destruction of the old church by the fire of London. Stow records the names of several persons who were buried in this church between the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, but whose monuments no longer exist. Among them may be mentioned a monument to Giles Dewes, servant to Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth, who died

in 1535. His epitaph recorded that he was "clerk of their libraries, and schoolmaster for the French tongue" to Arthur, Prince of Wales, and his sister Mary, afterward Queen of France. Robert Large, mercer and citizen, the master of Caxton, was also buried in this church. The only monument of any interest which is now to be seen in the church is that of Alderman Boydell, the eminent engraver.

On the east side of the Old Jewry stood, in the reign of Charles the Second, the magnificent mansion of Sir Robert Clayton.

Dr. James Foster, whose name has been immortalised by Pope, was for many years a preacher in the Old Jewry :

" Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well."

Professor Porson died in the Old Jewry in 1808, in the apartments which he occupied as librarian of the London Institution.

Close to the Old Jewry is the church of St. Lawrence Jewry, dedicated to St. Lawrence, who, during the persecution of the Emperor Diocletian, is said to have suffered martyrdom by being extended on a gridiron and burnt to death. The church, notwithstanding its simplicity of style, is allowed to be one of the chapest and most beautiful of Wren's structures. It appears to have been originally founded about the year 1293, shortly after the expulsion of the Jews from this

district. The old church having been destroyed by the fire of London, the present building was erected in 1671. The façade, at the east end in King Street, has been greatly admired. The appearance of the interior, also, with its Corinthian columns, its decorated ceiling, and its finely ornamented doorways and pulpit of polished oak, is extremely rich and pleasing. The vestry is perhaps the handsomest in London. The ceiling, containing a painting by Sir James Thornhill, representing St. Lawrence being received into heaven after his martyrdom, is richly stuccoed, and the walls are completely panelled with fine old oak.

In this church lies buried Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wiltshire, the father of Anne Boleyn. He survived her death, and that of his only son, George, Lord Rochford, only two years. Here, too, according to Weever, was interred Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, the great-grandfather of the unfortunate queen, and the founder of the fortunes of the Boleyn family. He was a wealthy mercer of the city of London, filled the lord mayor's chair in 1458, and about the same time married Anne, daughter of Thomas, Lord Hoo and Hastings.

The most interesting monument in the church is that to the memory of the amiable and distinguished divine, Archbishop Tillotson, many of whose admirable sermons were delivered in this church. His epitaph is sufficiently brief.

“P. M.

“Reverendissimi et Sanctissimi præsulis, Johannis Tillotson, Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis, Concionatoris olim hâc in Ecclesiâ per annos 30 celeberrimi; qui obiit 10 Kal. Dec. 1694. Ætat. 64.

“Hoc posuit Elizabetha conjux illius mœstissima.”

Tillotson was both married and buried in this church. Bishop Burnet on the latter occasion preached his funeral sermon.

Another eminent prelate buried in this church was Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, who held the living of St. Lawrence at the time when Tillotson was Tuesday lecturer in the church. One other epitaph, recording the early death of William Bird, who died on the 2d of October, 1698, in his fifth year, may be transcribed on account of its quaintness.

“One charming bird to Paradise is flown:
Yet are we not of comfort quite bereft,
Since one of this fair brood is still our own,
And still to cheer our drooping soul is left.
This stays with us, whilst that its flight doth take,
That earth and skies may one sweet concert make.”

The other “bird” was his young sister, Mary, to whose memory there is a monumental effigy of the size of life, with two Cupids hovering over her head and two weeping at her feet. Her death took place in her fourteenth year.

Between the Old Jewry and Ironmonger Lane, where now stands the hall of the Mercers’ Company, formerly stood the ancient hospital of St.

Thomas of Acon, founded in the reign of Henry the Second, by Thomas Fitz-Theobald de Helles and his wife, Agnes, sister to Thomas à Becket, whom we have already mentioned as having been born near here. The hospital was built twenty years after his murder, and dedicated to him in conjunction with the blessed Virgin.

The fact of Gilbert à Becket, the father of the haughty prelate, having resided near this spot appears to be beyond question ; indeed, here occurred that romantic incident in the father's life which our old chroniclers have delighted to record. While in the Holy Land he had won the affections of Matilda, a fair Saracen, to whom he subsequently owed his release from captivity. Having bidden her farewell, he returned to his native land, whither, however, the maiden determined on following him. With love only for her beacon, and with only two English watchwords, — “London and Gilbert,” — she succeeded in making her way from the Far East, and at length reached “the Mercery,” where she had the satisfaction of being folded in the arms of her beloved Gilbert. Having rewarded her constancy and devotion by making her his wife, she in due time became the mother of the celebrated prelate and martyr, who was occasionally styled Thomas of Acons, or Acre, from the presumed birthplace of his mother.

At the suppression of the monastic houses in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the hospital of

St. Thomas of Acon came into the possession of the Mercers' Company. Their hall, as well as the "fair and beautiful chapel" of the old hospital, were burnt down by the great fire of 1666. Here were formerly to be seen several ancient monuments, among which was one to James Butler, Earl of Ormond, and Dame Joan, his wife, who lived in the reign of Henry the Sixth.

The front of Mercers' Hall faces Cheapside. Although this company was not incorporated till 1393, it appears that at a far earlier period the mercers congregated and exposed their goods for sale at this identical spot, from which circumstances it obtained the name of "the Mercery." In Lydgate's "London Lackpenny" we find :

"Then to the Chepe I began me drawne,
Where much people I saw for to stand;
One offered me velvet, silke, and lawne,
And another, he taketh me by the hand,
'Here is Paris thread, and finest in the land.'"

It may be mentioned, as evidence of the opulence and high position of the Mercers' Company, that not fewer than one hundred lord mayors have been elected from their society. "In the year 1536, on St. Peter's night," writes Stow, "King Henry the Eighth and Queen Jane, his wife, stood in this Mercers' Hall, then new built, and beheld the marching watch of this city, most bravely set out, Sir John Allen, mercer, one of the king's

Council, being mayor." On the 2d September, 1660, Guy, the princely founder of Guy's Hospital, was bound apprentice to a bookseller "in the porch of Mercers' Chapel."

Coleman Street, a continuation of Old Jewry, contains nothing very remarkable, with the exception of its church, dedicated to St. Stephen, one of the most ancient foundations in London. The old building, however, was burnt down in 1666, shortly after which the present insignificant edifice was erected by Sir Christopher Wren on its site. The former church contained a variety of monuments, among which was one to the memory of the indefatigable old antiquary and dramatic writer, Anthony Munday, citizen and draper, who died in 1633, after having for thirty years contrived the scenic machinery and arranged the city shows and pageants.

Coleman Street is said to derive its name from one Robert Coleman, who is supposed to have been either the owner of the property or the builder of the street. In the reign of Charles the First it appears to have been much frequented by the Puritan and Republican party; for which reason probably it was that the "five members" took refuge here on the memorable occasion of Charles proceeding to the House of Commons to seize their persons. Here too it was, at a tavern called the Star, that Oliver Cromwell and the heads of the Republican party hatched their plots against

the state. Here resided the Puritan preacher, John Goodwin, who proposed to Charles the First to pray with him on the eve of his execution ; hence, immediately after the Restoration, the Millenarian Venner issued forth at the head of his fanatic followers, to excite the insurrection which bears his name, and in this street he was hanged. At No. 14, Great Bell Yard, now Telegraph Street, Bloomfield, the poet, carried on his trade as a shoemaker.

To the west of Coleman Street is Basinghall Street. In this street is the unimportant church of St. Michael's Bassishaw, which derives its name from the haugh, or hall, of the Basing family, which anciently stood upon this spot, and from whom the street is also named. The church was originally founded about the year 1140, but, having been burnt down in 1666, was rebuilt by Wren in 1679.

Retracing our steps down the Old Jewry, we arrive at the Poultry, so called from its having been principally tenanted in ancient times by poulters. At the east end of the Poultry is the pondous-looking Mansion House, built after the designs of George Dance, the city surveyor, the first stone having been laid on the 25th of October, 1739. The first lord mayor who inhabited it was Sir Crisp Gascoyne, who took up his abode there in 1753. It was erected nearly in the centre of what was called Stocks Market, formerly one of the largest markets in London, and

so called from a pair of stocks, in which, as early as 1281, offenders were exposed to punishment. The market was established by Henry Wallis, lord mayor, in 1282. In the middle of the market stood an equestrian statue, said to have been erected in honour of Charles the Second, by Sir Robert Viner, Lord Mayor of London, in 1675, the same functionary with whom the Merry Monarch spent a jovial evening, as recorded in the *Spectator*. According, however, to Granger and Walpole, the statue was, in fact, that of John Sobieski, King of Poland, which the mayor is asserted to have discovered and purchased at a foundry.

The cost of the Mansion House, including the price paid for the houses which it was found necessary to pull down, is said to have amounted to no less than £71,000; a great additional expense having been incurred by the number of springs discovered in laying the foundations, which rendered it necessary to drive a vast number of piles close together, upon which piles the building was raised, like the Stadthouse at Amsterdam.

On the north side of the Poultry is the hall of the Grocers' Company, standing on the site of the London residence of the Barons Fitzwalter, from whom it was purchased by the company in 1411. Originally styled Pepperers, from their having dealt principally in pepper, they were in 1345 incorporated by Edward the Third under the title of "the Wardens and Commonalty of the Mystery of

the Grocers of the City of London ;" their name being apparently derived from their selling articles in the gross.

Among others portraits in the hall of the company is that of Sir John Cutler, whom Pope has "damned to everlasting fame," as one of the most miserable misers on record.

"Cutler saw tenants break and houses fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's power,
For very want; he could not pay a dower.
A few gray hairs his reverend temples crowned,
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What e'en denied a cordial at his end,
Banished the doctor and expelled the friend?
What but a want, that you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
Virtue and Wealth! what are ye but a name?"

— *Moral Essays*, Epistle 3.

Nevertheless, so far, indeed, from Sir John Cutler having been the wretched skinflint in which light Pope has transmitted his character to posterity, the fact is that the manner in which he disposed of his wealth did him the highest credit. He was a benefactor to the College of Physicians, who erected a statue to his memory ; the Mercers' Company, out of gratitude for his having erected at his own cost the great parlour and court-room of their hall, still preserve his portrait within their

walls ; and, moreover, the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, near which he resided, is indebted to him for the north gallery, which he added at his own expense. And yet this is the man of whom Pope, whether from ignorance, wantonness, or design, has drawn so repulsive a picture. The following couplet —

“ His only daughter in a stranger's power,
For very want; he could not pay a dower ” —

displays the same unaccountable want of knowledge in regard to Sir John Cutler and his domestic affairs. He was in fact the father, not of an only daughter, but of two daughters, one of whom married Charles Robartes, second Earl of Radnor, and the other Sir William Portman, baronet.

In Grocers' Hall Court, formerly Grocers' Alley, Doctor Hawkesworth — the friend of Doctor Johnson and the translator of “ *Telemachus* ” — served his apprenticeship as an attorney's clerk. Strype speaks of Grocers' Alley as an ordinary lane, “ generally inhabited by alehouse-keepers, called sprung-houses.” It was from one of these houses that the improvident poet, Samuel Boyse, addressed in 1742 those remarkable Latin verses and pathetic letter to Cave the publisher, which Sir John Hawkins has preserved in his “ *Life of Doctor Johnson*. ”

At No. 22, in the Poultry, at the table of the Messieurs Dilly, the booksellers, the well-known

meeting took place between Doctor Johnson and Wilkes. Boswell tells us that, with the exception of the entertainments given by Sir Joshua Reynolds, there was not a table in London at which he was in the habit of meeting a greater number of eminent literary men than at that of the Messieurs Dilly. At No. 31, in the Poultry, the late Thomas Hood was born, in 1798.

Of the Merry Monarch it is related that he was one day passing through the street, when he was informed that the wife of William King, the landlord of the King's Head Tavern, then facing St. Mildred's Church, in the Poultry, was in labour, and that she had expressed a great longing to see him. With his usual good nature, Charles expressed his readiness to gratify her wishes, and accordingly entered the house and saluted her.

At the west end of a court — formerly called Scalding Alley, from its containing a scalding-house for the use of the poulters — stands the church of St. Mildred, Poultry, dedicated to St. Mildred, a Saxon princess and saint. The old edifice, which was of great antiquity, having fallen into a dilapidated state, was taken down in 1456. The church which rose on its site was burnt down in the fire of London, and in 1676 the present building was erected by Wren. The interior is little more than a plain, misproportioned apartment, nor has the exterior any architectural merit. The only eminent person who appears to have been buried

here is the once celebrated Thomas Tusser, author of the "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," who died in London about the year 1580. He led a wandering, unsettled life, following at different times the occupations of farmer, chorister, and singing-master. Fuller describes him as having been "successively a musician, schoolmaster, serving-man, husbandman, grazier, poet; more skilful in all than thriving in any vocation." His epitaph in the old church was as follows :

"Here Thomas Tusser, clad in earth, doth lie,
That sometime made the 'Points of Husbandrie';
By him then, learn thou may'st: here learn we must,
When all is done, we sleep, and turn to dust;
And yet through Christ to Heaven we hope to go;
Who reads his books shall find his path was so."

Bishop Hoadly was for several years lecturer of St. Mildred's.

Bucklersbury — a street running to the south of the Poultry — derives its name, according to Stow, from one Buckle, who had a manor-house, and kept his court or berry on the spot. Here stood an ancient tower, called the Cornet Tower, built in the reign of Edward the First, which, having fallen into the possession of Buckle, he was in the act of demolishing it, when a large piece of masonry fell upon him and crushed him to death. Here, too, Edward the Third had a mansion, adjoining a royal mint for coining silver; and here Sir Thomas More

was residing at the time when his beloved daughter, Mrs. Roper, was born.

From a very early period till the great fire of London, Bucklersbury was inhabited almost entirely by druggists, and vendors of herbs and simples. This local peculiarity is referred to by Decker, and also by Shakespeare in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." "Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time." The circumstance is worthy of remark, that, during the great plague of 1665, the houses of the druggists and herbalists in Bucklersbury entirely escaped the visitation which raged so fearfully around them.

After the fire of London, Bucklersbury appears to have been principally distinguished for those once fashionable Indian houses, the favourite resort of persons of rank and wealth of both sexes, where, on pretence of purchasing tea, china, japan, and the various products of the East, they passed their idle hours in discussing the news and scandal of the day. As may readily be supposed, they afforded convenient facilities for amorous assignations, as well as for carrying on political intrigues. Speaking of the queen of William the Third, Daniel, Earl of Nottingham, writes: "She dined at Mrs. Garden's, the famous woman in the hall that sells fine ribands and head-dresses. Thence

she went to the Jew's that sells Indian things ; to Mrs. Ferguson's, De Vet's, Mrs. Harrison's, and other Indian houses, but not to Mrs. Potter's, though in her way ; which caused Mrs. Potter to say that she might as well have hoped for that honour as others, considering that the whole design of bringing in the queen and king was managed at her house, and the consultations held there, so that she might as well have thrown away a little money in raffling there, as well as at other houses." "These things," continues Lord Nottingham, "however innocent in themselves, have passed the censure of the town. And, besides a private reprimand given, the king gave one in public, saying to the queen, he heard she dined at a —— house, and desired the next time she went he might go too. She said she had done nothing but what the late queen had done."

That the Indian houses deserved the coarse name which King William bestowed upon them, there can be little question. Colley Cibber, for instance, makes Lady Townley "taking a flying jaunt to an Indian house," and Prior writes :

" To cheapen tea or buy a screen,
What else could so much virtue mean ? "

They appear to have continued fashionable for many years. Lord Chesterfield writes to Mrs. Howard, in August, 1728 : "If I can be of any use to you here, especially in an Indian house way,

I hope you will command me." Perhaps the best notion that can be conveyed of an Indian house is afforded by the following lines in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's town eclogue of "The Toilette :"

" Strait then I'll dress, and take my wonted range,
Through Indian shops, to Motteux' or the 'Change;
Where the tall jar erects its stately pride,
With antic shapes in China's azure dyed ;
There careless lies a rich brocade unrolled ;
Here shines a cabinet with burnished gold.
But then, alas ! I must be forced to pay,
And bring no penn'worths, not a fan away."

At the back of the Mansion House is the famous and beautiful church of St. Stephen's Walbrook, the work of Sir Christopher Wren. Its external appearance, indeed, is sufficiently mean and insignificant, but, on the other hand, its interior appears to be deserving all the admiration which it has excited. In the words of a writer in the *Critical Review* as quoted by Pennant : "Perhaps Italy itself can produce no modern building that can vie with this in taste and proportion. There is not a beauty which the plan would admit of that is not to be found here in the greatest perfection, and foreigners very justly call our taste in question, for understanding its graces no better, and allowing it no higher degree of fame."

When Richard, Earl of Burlington, — celebrated for his architectural skill and taste, — was in Italy,

he happened, among the many beautiful places of worship, to visit a church which had been built on the model of St. Stephen's Walbrook. On expressing himself very warmly in its praise, his vanity as an architect must have been somewhat piqued when informed that he had left the original behind him in his own country. On his return to England, his first step, on alighting from his carriage at Burlington House, is said to have been a pilgrimage to St. Stephen's Walbrook ; a church of which, previous to his foreign travel, he had probably never even heard the name.

Unquestionably St. Stephen's, with its exquisite harmony and proportion, its rich Corinthian columns, its fine dome, divided into decorated compartments, its elegant lanthorn and noble roof, is the most beautiful of the modern churches of London. In the words of Elmes, Sir Christopher Wren's biographer, "On entering through a vestibule of dubious obscurity, and opening the handsome folding wainscot doors, a halo of dazzling light flashes at once upon the eye, and a lovely band of Corinthian columns, of beauteous proportions, appear in magic mazes before you. The cupola and supporting arches expand their airy shapes like gossamer, and the sweetly proportioned and embellished architrave cornice, of original lightness and application, completes the charm. On a second look, the columns slide into complete order, like a band of young and elegant dancers at

the close of a quadrille." The east window, painted by Willement, represents the martyrdom of St. Stephen; and against the north wall of the church is a picture by West, also representing the death of that saint.

The old church of St. Stephen's Walbrook appears to have stood to the westward of the present edifice. Here there was a parish church at least as early as 1135, when Eudo, steward of the household to King Henry the First, made it over to the monastery of St. John at Colchester. This church would seem to have been destroyed about the commencement of the fifteenth century, inasmuch as, in 1428, we find the executors of Sir William Stoddon, Lord Mayor of London, purchasing from the Grocers' Company a spot of ground, in compliance with the provisions of his will, to the eastward of Walbrook, as a site for the new church. This church, which was completed in 1439, existed till its destruction by the fire of London, when, between the years 1672 and 1679, the present edifice was erected on its site.

In the old church of St. Stephen was interred Sir Thomas Pope, the celebrated statesman in the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Queen Mary, and the founder of Trinity College, Oxford. Stow has preserved the inscription on his tomb: "Hic jacet Thomas Pope, primus Thesaurarius Augmentorum, et Domina Margaretta, uxor ejus, quæ quidem Margaretta obiit, 16 Jan., 1538." In a vault under the

present church lie the remains of the well-known dramatic writer and architect, Sir John Vanbrugh, who was born in this parish in 1666.

Walbrook derives its name from a fair stream of that name, which in ancient times entered the city through the old fortified wall between Bishops-gate and Moor-gate, and, after many meanderings, poured itself into the Thames on the site of the present Dowgate Wharf. The brook was crossed by several bridges, and was sufficiently broad to admit of barges being towed up as far as Bucklersbury, a circumstance still preserved in the name of Barge Yard. More than two centuries have elapsed since this rivulet was vaulted over and built upon, so that its subterranean course is now but little known.

In the wall of a house in Pancras Lane, close by, is a stone bearing the following inscription : “ Before the dreadfull fire, anno 1666, here stood the parish church of St. Bennet Sherehog.” The old burial-ground of the parish is still to be seen in Pancras Lane. Let us not omit to mention that “ in, or near, the parish of St. Mary Woolchurch, where the Stocks Market now is,” was born, according to Anthony Wood, the celebrated dramatic writer, James Shirley.

“ Shirley, the morning-child, the Muses bred,
And sent him born with bays upon his head.”

Walbrook diverges at its southern extremity into Cannon Street. Here, at the southwest angle of St.

Swithin's Lane, stands the parish church, dedicated to St. Swithin. The old church, which existed on this spot at least as early as 1331, was burnt down in the fire of London, shortly after which period the present structure was built by Sir Christopher Wren. In this church Dryden was married, in 1663, to the Lady Elizabeth Howard.

Attached to the exterior of St. Swithin's Church is the famous "London Stone." At least a thousand years are known to have elapsed since it was first placed in this immediate neighbourhood. Some have supposed it to have been a Druidical altar; others, that it was raised to commemorate some extraordinary event; some, that public proclamations were delivered from it to the citizens; while others, from its vicinity to Watling Street, the principal street, or Praetorian way, of the Romans, have imagined it to have been the centre from which that great people computed their distances to their several stations throughout England. These, however, are the mere conjectures of antiquaries, nothing certain being known of the history of this interesting relic, but that it has been consecrated by the veneration of ages, and that it was long regarded as the Palladium of the city. When, in 1450, the rebel, Jack Cade, passed from Southwark into London, it was to "London Stone" that he led his victorious followers. Glancing sternly around at the citizens by whom he was surrounded, among whom were the lord mayor,

Nicias Wyfforde, and the aldermen, he struck the stone with his sword, exclaiming: "Now is Mortimer lord of this city!"¹

In the days of Stow, London Stone stood upright in the ground on the south side of Cannon Street. In December, 1742, it was removed to the north side of the street, and in 1798 it was placed in its present position, in order to preserve it from risk of injury.

In Oxford Court, St. Swithin's Lane, is the hall of the Salters' Company, built in 1827. On the site of this court stood the Inn of the Priors of Tortington, in Sussex. Overlooking the priors' garden, now the garden of the Salters' Company, stood "two fair houses," which were severally the residences of Sir Richard Empson and Sir Edmund Dudley, celebrated as the instruments of Henry the Seventh in carrying out his oppressive exactions on his subjects, for which they both subsequently paid the penalty of death on Tower Hill. They were, according to Stow, allowed access to the priors' garden, "wherein they met and consulted of matters at their pleasures." The Inn of the Priors of Tortington subsequently gave place to the mansion of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, from whom Oxford Court derives its name.

¹ *Cade.* Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here sitting upon this stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer. — *Henry VI. Part II.*

CHAPTER X.

BISHOPSGATE STREET, CROSBY HALL.

Derivation of the Word Bishopsgate — Crosby Place — Its Present Condition — When Built — Character of its Founder — Its Tenants: Richard the Third, Read, Emperor Maximilian, Rest, Sir Thomas More, Bond, Spencer, First Earl of Northampton, Countess of Pembroke, Duc de Sully, Second Earl of Northampton — Sir Stephen Langham — Gresham House — Sir Paul Pindar.

BISHOPSGATE STREET derives its name from one of the ancient city gates, which spanned the street where the thoroughfare called London Wall now divides Bishopsgate Within from Bishopsgate Without the walls. The gate in question is said to have been originally built about the year 680, by Erkenwald, Bishop of London. Shortly after the Conquest it was repaired and beautified by William, one of the successors of Erkenwald in the metropolitan see, and from these circumstances, and from its having been ornamented with the statues of the two bishops, it derived its name of Bishopsgate. It was finally rebuilt in 1479, in the reign of Edward the Fourth.

The ancient houses which not long since ren-

dered the aspect of Bishopsgate Street so interesting to the antiquary, are fast disappearing. Fortunately, however, a few still remain ; enabling us to form a tolerable notion of the appearance of an aristocratic street in London in the days of Henry the Seventh.

Passing down Bishopsgate Street, a small gateway on the right leads us into Crosby Square, the site of that magnificent mansion, Crosby Place, the stately hall of which is still standing. The escape from the noise and bustle of the streets to this quiet spot is of itself a relief ; but how delightful are our sensations on finding ourselves gazing on those time-honoured walls, within which the usurper Richard hatched his crooked counsels ; where Sir Thomas More is said to have composed his great work, the "*Utopia*," and where the great minister, Sully, lodged, when he arrived in England on that well-known embassy, of which his own pen has bequeathed us so interesting a description !

Of the vast size of old Crosby Place, the immense extent of its still existing vaults affords sufficient evidence. All that now remains to us — and rich indeed are we in their possession — are the council-chamber, the throne-room, and the old hall. The throne-room, with its oak ceiling divided into compartments, and its graceful window extending from the ceiling to the floor, has been deservedly admired. But the magnificent hall it is, with its host of historical associations, which

makes us feel that we are standing on classic ground. There it is that we recall the days when it was the scene of the revel and the dance ; when the wise, the witty, and the princely feasted at its festive board ; when its vaulted roof echoed back the merry sounds of music ; when a thousand tapers flashed on the tapestried walls ; when gentle dalliance took place in its oriel window ; and where, not improbably, Richard the Third himself may have led off one of the stately dances of the period with the Lady Anne. Nearly four centuries have passed since its princely founder laid his hand to its foundation-stone ; and yet it still remains, with its glorious roof, its fine proportions, and its beautiful oriel window, as perfect as when the architect gave his finishing touch to it in the days of the Plantagenets.

Crosby Place was built in the reign of Edward the Fourth, on some ground rented from Alice Ashfield, prioress of the adjoining convent of St. Helen's. The founder was the powerful citizen and soldier, Sir John Crosby, whose monument is still a conspicuous object in St. Helen's Church. He was sheriff of London in 1471, an alderman, a warden of the Grocers' Company, and represented the city of London in Parliament from 1461 to 1466. He lived in the days when the wealth and commerce of London were monopolised by the few, and when its merchants were indeed princes. In figuring to our imaginations

a lord mayor or alderman of the time of the Plantagenets, we must carefully avoid confounding him with some pursy and respectable lord mayor or alderman of our own time. We might as well attempt to identify a corpulent peer of the nineteenth century, slumbering on the easy benches of the House of Lords, with the stalwart barons who combated on the field of Tewkesbury, or who bore off the palm on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Sir John Crosby was the prototype of a class introduced at the Norman Conquest, and which expired with the Tudors and Plantagenets ; a class of men who united the citizen with the warrior, and the merchant with the courtier, the diplomatist, and man of letters. Of such a calibre were Sir William Walworth, who dashed Wat Tyler to the earth at Smithfield ; and Sir Thomas Sutton, the princely founder of the Charter House, whom we find at one time accumulating wealth in his quiet counting-house, at another, superintending the firing of the great guns at the siege of Edinburgh, and lastly, crowning a useful existence by founding the noble establishment to which we have just referred. Where are such illustrious citizens to be found in our own days ? Such a man was Sir John Crosby. Vast apparently as was his wealth, and peaceful as were his daily occupations, he was, nevertheless, an active partisan in the struggle between the Houses of York and Lancaster. We find him welcoming Edward the Fourth on his

landing at Ravenspur, and receiving knighthood for his reward; the following year he was sent, with Sir John Scott and others, on a secret mission to the Duke of Burgundy; and not long afterward we find him negotiating at the court of the Duke of Brittany for the surrender of the persons of the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Richmond, afterward Henry the Seventh. Sir John Crosby died in 1475, apparently only a short time after the completion of his stately mansion.

According to Shakespeare, Crosby Place was the residence of the Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard the Third, as early as the time of Henry the Sixth's decease, in 1471. In the famous wooing scene between Richard and the Lady Anne, the former exclaims :

“ That it would please thee, leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place;
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.”¹

¹ “Richard III.,” Act I., Scene 2. Shakespeare again introduces Crosby Place in the scene between Gloucester and the murderers :

Whether Shakespeare is correct in fixing the residence of the Duke of Gloucester at Crosby Place, at this particular period, admits of doubt; but that he was residing here twelve years afterward, when Edward the Fourth breathed his last, there can be no question. Some of his retinue, it seems, were lodged in the neighbouring suburb of Cripplegate. Sir Thomas More mentions, in his "Pitiful Life of King Edward the Fifth," that on the same night that Edward the Fourth died at Westminster, one Mistelbrooke came stealthily to the house of Pottier, a retainer of the Duke of Gloucester, who lived in Red Cross Street, Cripplegate, and, "after hasty rapping, being quickly let in," informed him of the important tidings of the king's death. "By my troth, then," quoth Pottier, "will my master, the Duke of Gloucester, be king, and that I warrant thee." Even at this early period, it would seem, were the ambitious designs of Richard suspected by his friends and retainers. At all events, in the interim between his brother's death and his own usurpation, we have evidence, not only that he held his levees in Crosby Place, but that they were crowded with

"Gloucester. Are you now going to despatch this deed?

1st Murderer. We are, my lord, and come to have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Gloucester. Well thought upon; I have it here about me. When you have done, repair to Crosby Place."

— *Richard III., Act I., Scene 3.*

the noblest and wisest in the land ; the young king in the meantime being left "in a manner desolate."

In 1502, Crosby Place was purchased by Bartholomew Read, Lord Mayor of London, and the same year was set apart as the residence of the ambassador of the Emperor Maximilian, who filled it with a splendid retinue, consisting of a bishop, an earl, and a large train of gentlemen. From the possession of Read, Crosby Place passed into the hands of Sir John Rest, lord mayor in 1516, by whom it was sold to Sir Thomas More.

Were it from no other circumstance than its having been the residence of that great man, Crosby Place would be sufficiently endeared to us. Here he passed that useful and cheerful existence which his pen has so well described, and here he is supposed to have written his "Utopia" and his "Life of Richard the Third." Not improbably the idea of the latter work may have suggested itself to him from his occupying the same apartments where, according to popular belief, the crook-backed Richard hatched his dark projects and successful crimes.

In 1523, Sir Thomas More parted with Crosby Place to his dear friend, Antonio Bonvisi, a merchant of Lucca. When, a few years afterward, More was a prisoner in the Tower,—deprived, by the cruelty of his persecutors, of the means of

communicating with those who were near and dear to him,—it was to Bonvisi that he wrote with a piece of charcoal that well-known and interesting letter which breathes so eloquently of Christian piety and resignation.

From Bonvisi, Crosby Place passed, in 1547, into the hands of William Roper, the son-in-law, and William Rastell, the nephew, of Sir Thomas More. The days of religious persecution followed; the old mansion became forfeited; and shortly afterward was conferred by Edward the Sixth on Sir Thomas d'Arcy, a Knight of the Garter, created Baron d'Arcy of Chiche in 1551. Whether Lord d'Arcy ever resided here is doubtful, for shortly afterward we find it the residence of a wealthy citizen, William Bond, whose history is thus briefly told on his monument in the neighbouring church of St. Helen's. "Here lyeth the body of William Bond, Alderman and some time Sheriff of London; a merchant adventurer, and most famous in his age for his great adventures, both by sea and land. Obiit 30 of May, 1576."

The next possessor of Crosby Place (1590) was Sir John Spencer, whose immense wealth rendered him one of the most conspicuous persons of his age, and obtained for him the title of the "Rich Spencer." Here he kept his mayoralty in 1594. At his death, in 1609, Crosby Place, together with the mass of his vast fortune, came into the posses-

sion of William Compton, the first Earl of Northampton, who had married Elizabeth, the only daughter of the “Rich Spencer.”

The circumstance of finding himself suddenly the possessor of untold wealth had such an effect upon Lord Northampton, that, according to Winwood, it deprived him temporarily of his senses. On the mind of his lady, however,—at least, if we may judge by the following very curious letter addressed by her to her lord,—it produced no other effect than a desire to spend freely, and to the best advantage, the wealth which Providence and her father’s long life of industry had secured to her.

“**MY SWEET LIFE:**—Now I have declared to you my mind for the selling of your estate, I supposed that that were best for me to bethink or consider with myself what allowance were meetest for me. For considering what care I have ever had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those, which both by the laws of God, of nature, and civil polity, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of £1,600 per annum, quarterly to be paid.

“Also I would, besides that allowance for my apparel, have £600 added yearly (quarterly to be paid), for the performance of charitable works,

and these things I would not, neither will be accountable for.

“Also I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you.

“Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick or have some other lett. Also believe that it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate.

“Also when I ride a hunting, or a hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending. So for either of those said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse.

“Also I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet, to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with sweet cloth, one laced with gold, the other with scarlet, and lined with watched lace and silver, with four good horses.

“Also I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women.

“Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed, not only caroches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly, not posturing my things with my women’s, nor theirs with chambermaids, nor theirs with wash-maids.

“Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages to

see all safe ; and the chambermaids I will have go before the grooms, that the chambers may be ready, sweet, and clean.

“Also, for that it is undecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse, to attend me either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me.

“And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones.

“Also I would have to put in my purse, £2,000 and £200 ; and so you to pay my debts.

“Also I would have £6,000 to buy me jewels, and £4,000 to buy me a pearl chain.

“Now, seeing I have been and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you to find my children apparel and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages.

“And I will have all my houses furnished, and all my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit ; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing-chamber in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging.

“Also my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build Ashby House, and purchase lands ; and lend no money, as you love God, to the lord chamberlain,¹ which would have all, perhaps your life, from you. Remember his son, my Lord Walden,² what entertainment he gave me when you were at the Tilt-yard. If you were dead, he said he would be a husband, a father, a brother ; and said he would marry me. I protest I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty to use his friend so vilely. Also he fed me with untruths concerning the Charter House ; but that to the least he wished me much harm ; you know him, God keep you and me from him, and any such as he is.

“So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what that is that I would not have, I pray, when you be an earl, to allow me £1,000 more than now desired, and double attendance.

“Your loving wife,

“ELIZA COMPTON.”

The next tenant of Crosby Place was the celebrated Mary, Countess of Pembroke, wife of Henry, second Earl of Pembroke, and mother of Earl Wil-

¹ Thomas Howard, first Earl of Suffolk, the corrupt and rapacious minister of James the First. He died in Suffolk House, now Northumberland House, in the Strand, 28th of May, 1626.

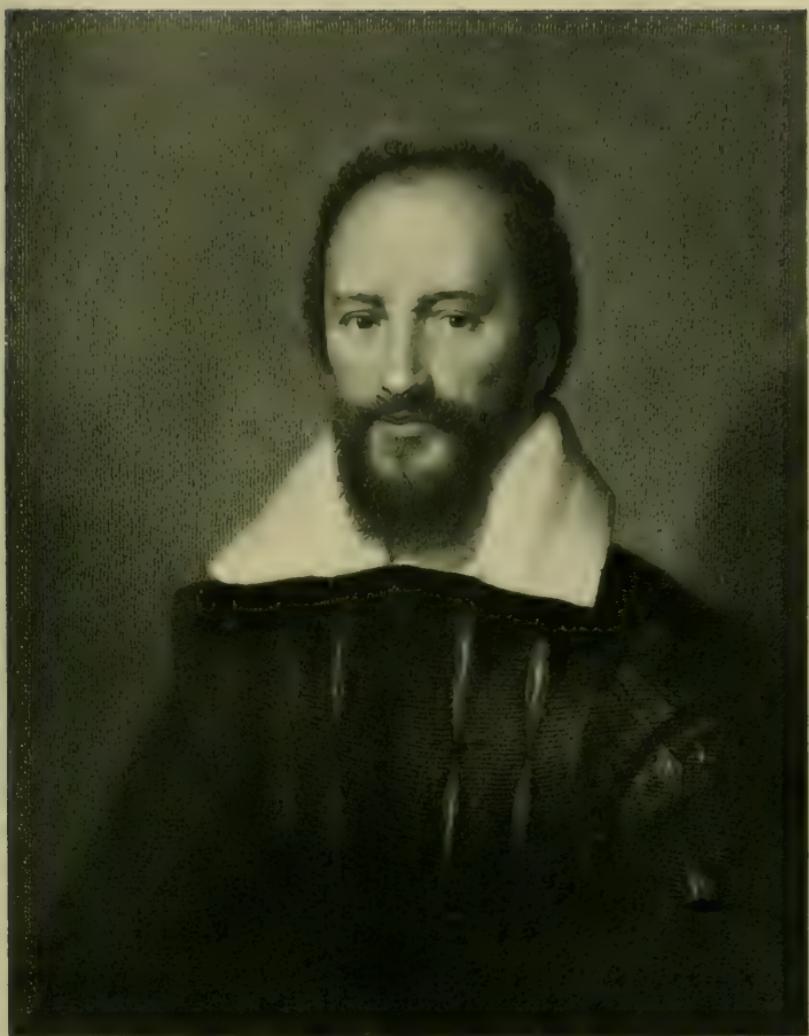
² Theophilus, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Suffolk, died 3d of June, 1640.

liam and Earl Philip. She was the beloved sister of Sir Philip Sidney, and accordingly the probability that he was frequently her guest at Crosby Place lends an additional interest to the spot. The tastes and habits of the brother and sister were congenial. There existed in each the same high sense of honour, the same refinement of mind, the same amiable interest in the sufferings and wants of others. Sir Philip dedicated his "Arcadia" to his sister, the being who best loved the author, and who was the most competent to appreciate his genius. By Doctor Donne it was said of her that "she could converse well on all subjects, from predestination to sleave-silk." Ben Jonson wrote his famous epitaph on her death, and Spenser eulogises her as —

"The gentlest shepherdess that lived that day;
And most resembling, both in shape and spirit,
Her brother dear."

Lady Pembroke lived to a very advanced age, her later years having been unfortunately embittered by the cowardice and misconduct of her second son, Philip, the "memorable simpleton" of Horace Walpole.

When, toward the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Duc de Biron arrived in London with his magnificent ambassadorial train, consisting of nearly four hundred noblemen and gentlemen, it was at Crosby Place that he was lodged.



Another French ambassador who was an occupant of Crosby Place was the celebrated Duc de Sully, who lodged here in great splendour on the occasion of his embassy to England in the reign of James the First. On the night after his arrival an unfortunate accident occurred, which very nearly led to Crosby Place becoming the scene of outrage and bloodshed. "I was accommodated with apartments," says Sully in his memoirs, "in a very handsome house, situated in a great square, near which all my retinue were also provided with the necessary lodgings. Some of them went to entertain themselves with women of the town. At the same place they met with some English, with whom they quarrelled, fought, and one of the English was killed. The populace, who were before prejudiced against us, being excited by the family of the deceased, who was a substantial citizen, assembled, and began loudly to threaten revenge upon all the French, even in their lodgings. The affair soon began to appear of great consequence; for the number of the people assembled upon the occasion was presently increased to upward of three thousand, which obliged the French to fly for an asylum into the house of the ambassador. I did not at first take notice of it; the evening advanced, and I was playing at primero with the Marquis d'Oraison, Saint Luc, and Blerancourt. But observing them come in at different times, by three and four together, and with great emotion,

I at last imagined that something extraordinary had happened, and having questioned Terrail and Gadencourt, they informed me of the particulars. The honour of my nation, my own in particular, and the interest of my negotiation, were the first objects that presented themselves to my mind. I was also most sensibly grieved that my entrance into London should be marked at the beginning by so fatal an accident ; and at that moment I am persuaded my countenance plainly expressed the sentiments with which I was agitated. Guided by my first impulse, I arose, took a flambeau, and ordering all that were in the house (which was about a hundred) to range themselves round the walls, hoped by this means to discover the murderer, which I did without any difficulty, by his agitation and fear. He was for denying it at first, but I soon obliged him to confess the truth."

The culprit, it seems, was a young man of good family, the only son of the Sieur de Combant, and a relative of M. de Beaumont, the resident French ambassador in London. The latter happening to enter at the moment, earnestly advocated the cause of his kinsman, and entreated that his life might be spared. Sully, however, obdurately insisted on the necessity of waiving all private feelings in a matter of such vital importance ; adding, that on no account whatever would he allow the interests of the king, his master, to suffer by the imprudence of a reckless stripling. "I told Beau-

mont," he says, "in plain words that Combant should be beheaded in a few minutes. How, sir, cried Beaumont, behead a kinsman of mine, possessed of 200,000 crowns, an only son? — it is but an ill recompense for the trouble he has given himself, and the expense he has been at to accompany you. I again replied in as positive a tone that I had no occasion for such company, and, to be short, I ordered Beaumont to quit my apartment, for I thought it would be improper to have him present in my council, which I intended to hold immediately, in order to pronounce sentence of death upon Combant." It would seem that Sully, in his heart, had really no intention whatever of putting the young man to death. The crafty diplomatist, indeed, had conceived an idea, which, while it enabled him to save the offender's life, would at the same time have the effect, as he well knew, of rendering himself not a little popular with the citizens of London. Concealing his real intentions from those who surrounded him, and pretending extreme indignation at the conduct of his retainer, he wrote to the Lord Mayor of London, desiring that on the following day he would send the officers of justice to Crosby Place, in order to conduct the criminal to execution. Disarmed by this apparent sincerity on the part of the Duc de Sully, — and, as the latter seems to hint, bribed by the friends of the criminal, — the lord mayor readily listened to the solicitations of M.

de Beaumont on behalf of his kinsman, and in due time Combant was set at liberty. "This favour," says Sully, "no one could impute to me; on the contrary, I perceived that both the French and English seemed to think that if the affair had been determined by me, it would not have ended so well for Combant; and the consequence to me was, with respect to the English and French, that the former began to love me, and the latter to fear me more."

The last inhabitant of Crosby Place, to whose name any particular interest attaches, was the gallant cavalier, Spencer, second Earl of Northampton, who, in 1612, accompanied Charles the First, when Prince of Wales, as his master of the robes, in his romantic journey to Madrid to woo the Infanta of Spain. On the breaking out of the civil wars he attached himself to the cause of his royal master. He was present, at the head of two thousand retainers, at the famous raising of the standard at Nottingham; distinguished himself at the battle of Edgehill; and, in several skirmishes, obtained a victory over the rebels. Like his friend, the great Lord Falkland, he was destined to expiate his loyalty on the battle-field. In the famous fight on Hopton Heath, notwithstanding the vast numerical superiority of the rebel forces, he determined on giving them battle. Dashing forward at the head of his gallant troopers, he completely cleared the field of the enemy's cavalry; captured

their cannon and ammunition, and left between four and five hundred on the ground either dead or disabled. Suddenly, however, he found himself in the midst of the rebel infantry, and his helmet having been struck off by the butt-end of a musket, he was at once recognised. Quarter was offered to him, but it was indignantly rejected. "Think ye," he said, "that I will take quarter from such base rebels and rogues as ye are?" at the same time preparing to sell his life as dearly as possible. In a moment he was assailed on all sides. A blow on his face, and another from a halbert on the back of his head, sent him staggering from his horse, and the hero of Hopton Heath fell to rise no more.

The mingling of the ancient blood of the Comptons with that of the plebeian merchant, the "Rich Spencer," appears in no degree to have contaminated the chivalry of their race. Of the great-grandchildren of the old usurer, whose infancies were probably passed at Crosby Place, there was not one who was not in heart and by profession a soldier. James, who succeeded as third Earl of Northampton, and his brother, Sir Charles Compton, fought side by side with their gallant father at Edgehill and Hopton Heath, and subsequently avenged his death on many a bloody field. Sir William, whatever may have been his faults, was the brave defender of Banbury. Sir Spencer fought in most of the battles of the time; and Sir Francis,

after a long professional career, died in 1716, at the age of eighty-seven, the oldest field-officer in the military service of Great Britain. The youngest brother was Henry, who, though Bishop of London, appears to have had at least as much of the soldier in his composition as the churchman. In his youth he had held a commission in the Guards, nor was it till he had attained the age of thirty that he entered into Holy Orders. When James the Second, in the plenitude of his power, was plotting against the religion and the liberties of his subjects, he happened one day to be conversing with the bishop on the state of public affairs, when the latter boldly and conscientiously expressed himself opposed to the king's measures. "My lord," said James, "you are talking more like a colonel than a bishop." "Your Majesty does me honour," was the calm reply, "in reminding me that I formerly drew my sword in defence of the Constitution; I shall certainly do so again if I live to see the necessity." The necessity indeed was near at hand. When the misgovernment and misconduct of James threw the country into a state of anarchy, it was Bishop Compton whom the Princess Anne selected to be her personal protector. When — without attendants, and without a change of linen — she stole, in the dead of night, down the back staircase at the Cockpit at Whitehall, it was the gallant bishop who was in readiness with a hackney-coach to carry her in safety to

her friends. He it was — when the princess made her public entry into Oxford — who rode before her at the head of a gallant troop of gentlemen, clad “in a purple cloak, martial habit, pistols before him, and his sword drawn;” his cornet carrying a standard before him, on which were inscribed, in golden letters, the words “*Nolumus leges Anglie mutari.*”

The remaining annals of Crosby Place may be related in a few words. The last tenant was Sir Stephen Langham, who was its occupant at the time of the Restoration of Charles the Second, and in whose lifetime the greater part of the fine old mansion was destroyed by fire. Fortunately the magnificent hall escaped, and from 1672 till the middle of the last century was used as a Presbyterian meeting-house. The next purpose to which it was converted was a packer’s warehouse, in which condition it remained for many years, when public attention was called to its dilapidated state, and sufficient funds were raised by subscription to restore it, as we now view it, to its pristine state of beauty and magnificence. The work of restoration commenced on the 27th of June, 1836.

Besides Crosby Place, Bishopsgate Street in the olden time could boast more than one magnificent mansion. On the west side stood Gresham House, the princely palace of Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange and of Gresham College. His vast wealth, his munificent charities,

the pleasure which Queen Elizabeth took in his society, and his having been constantly employed in transacting the commercial affairs of the court, obtained for him the name of the “Royal Merchant.” Not only was he the greatest merchant of his age; not only were his energies employed in extending our trade over the world, and extricating the Crown from its pecuniary trammels, but he has also the merit of having introduced into the kingdom the manufacture of small wares, such as pins, knives, hats, ribands, and other articles. Queen Elizabeth was frequently his guest, not only at his country-seat, Osterly, near Brentford, but also at his palace in Bishopsgate Street; since more than once we read, in the parish annals of the period, of the “ringing of the bells” on the occasion of the Virgin Queen having been entertained under his hospitable roof.

By his will, dated in 1579, the year of his death, Sir Thomas Gresham ordained that his house in Bishopsgate Street should be converted into a college; to comprise habitations and lecture-rooms for seven professors, who were required to lecture on divinity, astronomy, music, geometry, civil law, physic, and rhetoric. Here, in 1658, was founded the Royal Society, of which the great philosopher Robert Boyle, and the great architect Sir Christopher Wren, were among the original members. When Sir Kenelm Digby lost his beautiful wife, Venetia Stanley, it was in Gresham College that

he excluded himself from the world, amusing himself with the study of chemistry, and with the conversation of the professors. Here this extraordinary man was daily to be seen pacing the secluded court of the college ; his dress consisting of a long mourning cloak and a high-crowned hat ; and his beard, which he had allowed to grow in testimony of his grief, flowing at full length on his breast. Let us not omit to mention, that at his apartments in Gresham College the celebrated mathematician and philosopher, Robert Hooke, breathed his last in March, 1702-03.

Another stately mansion which stood in Bishops-gate Street was that of the eminent merchant, Sir Paul Pindar, who, like Sir Thomas Gresham, was distinguished alike by his vast wealth, his splendid charities, and literary taste. He is said at one period of his life to have been worth no less a sum than £236,000, exclusive of bad debts. As an instance of his munificence, it may be mentioned that he gave £19,000 in one gift toward the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral. In the reign of James the First he was appointed ambassador to the Grand Seignior, on which occasion he successfully exerted his talents and sound sense in extending British commerce in Turkey. At his return he brought with him a diamond valued at £30,000. The arrival of this costly bauble in England created an extraordinary sensation ; and King James the First, eager to place it in the regal coronet,

offered to purchase it on credit. This overture, from prudential motives, was rejected by its owner, though he allowed his sovereign the loan of it, and accordingly it was worn by him on more than one occasion of state and ceremony. It was afterward purchased by Charles the First, and likely enough shared the fate of the other crown jewels which Henrietta Maria carried with her to Holland in 1642, for the purpose of purchasing arms and ammunition to enable her husband to carry on the war with his subjects. Probably no individual ever lent such vast sums to his sovereign as Sir Paul Pindar. Charles the First was his debtor to a vast amount, and involved Sir Paul in his own ruin. So great indeed is said to have been the revolution in his fortunes, that for a short time he was a prisoner for debt. When he died, so bewildered was his executor, William Toomes, at the confused state in which he found his friend's affairs, added to the multiplicity of his engagements and responsibilities, that it is said to have been the cause of his putting an end to his existence.

A part of the princely residence of Sir Paul Pindar (No. 169), though strangely metamorphosed by time and paint, may still be seen nearly opposite to Widegate Street. In the immediate neighbourhood is the church of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, in which may be seen the monument of the princely merchant, bearing the following inscription :

"Sir Paul Pindar, Kt.,
His Majesty's Ambassador to the Turkish Emperor,
Anno Domi. 1611, and 9 years resident.
Faithful in negotiation, Foreign and Domestick,
Eminent for piety, charity, loyalty, and prudence.
An inhabitant 26 years, and bountiful Benefactor
to this Parish.

He died the 22d of August, 1650,
Aged 84 years."

CHAPTER XI.

CHURCH OF ST. HELEN'S THE GREAT.

Antiquity of St. Helen's Church — Priory of Benedictine Nuns Founded There — Exterior and Interior of the Church — Its Striking Monuments: Sir Julius Cæsar's, Martin Bond's, Sir John Crosby's, Sir William Pickering's, Sir Thomas Gresham's, Francis Bancroft's — Houndsditch — Hand Alley — Devonshire Court — St. Botolph's Church — Persian's Tomb — Curtain Theatre — Shoreditch — Hoxton — Spitalfields — Bethnal Green — Old Artillery Ground.

NORTH of Crosby Square is an insignificant thoroughfare, leading us at once from the noise and turmoil of Bishopsgate Street into an area of considerable size, in which stands the ancient and interesting church of St. Helen's the Great. Were it from no other circumstance than that it contains the mouldering remains and costly monuments of more than one princely possessor of Crosby Place, St. Helen's would be well worthy of a visit. But it has other and far more interesting associations.

It was probably not long after the time when the conversion of Constantine the Great to Christianity had the effect of bursting the fetters of the primitive Christians, and of drawing them

from their caves and hiding-places to adore their Redeemer in the open face of day, that a place of religious worship was raised on the site of the present St. Helen's Church. Everything around us, indeed, breathes of antiquity. Long before the days of Constantine the ground on which we stand was the site of the princely palace, either of some Roman emperor, or of one of his lordly delegates. In 1712, a tessellated pavement, composed of red, white, and gray *tesserae*, was discovered on the north side of Little St. Helen's gateway, and as late as 1836 a similar pavement was found at the northwest angle of Crosby Square.

From the ruins of the ancient palaces and temples which the Romans erected in England, not unfrequently arose the altars and churches of the early Christians. Among these, not improbably, was St. Helen's Church; although we have no certain information of its having been a place of Christian worship till 1010, in which year Alweyne, Bishop of Helmeham, removed hither from St. Edmondsbury the remains of King Edmund the Martyr, in order to prevent their being desecrated by the Danes. The very name of the saint to whom the church is dedicated carries us into far antiquity. The patron saint was Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, who is said to have been born at Colchester in Essex. Her piety has immortalised her name. The inscriptions, which describe her as *Piissima*, and *Vener-*

abilis Augusta, show in what veneration she was held, not only by her contemporaries, but by succeeding ages. When a pilgrimage over the sandy and hostile plains of Palestine was an undertaking from which even the boldest often shrank, the mother of the emperor, despising alike all danger and privation, journeyed to the Holy City. Persuaded by the enthusiasts and antiquaries of the fourth century that she had discovered, not only the exact site of the crucifixion, but the true cross, she built a church over the presumed site of the Redeemer's interment, and by this, and other acts of piety, obtained for herself not only an extraordinary reputation for sanctity during her lifetime, but canonisation after death.

Putting tradition, however, out of the question, St. Helen's is undoubtedly one of the most interesting churches in London. Here, in 1210, a priory of Benedictine, or Black Nuns, was founded by William Fitz-William, a wealthy and pious goldsmith of London. The establishment appears to have been of considerable size, having its hall, hospital, dormitories, cloisters, and offices. The nuns rest calmly beneath the green and level sward in front of St. Helen's Church, but, with the exception of the pile in which they offered up their devotions, no trace of the ancient nunnery remains. Their refectory was for many years used as the hall of the Leathersellers' Company; nor was it till 1799 that it was pulled down, in order to

make room for the houses known as St. Helen's Place. Together with the hall perished the ancient crypt beneath it, which was of great antiquity, and possessed no inconsiderable architectural merit.

The exterior of St. Helen's presents the singular aspect of a double church, or rather of two naves, running parallel with and united to each other; a circumstance to be accounted for from the fact of one having been the original church, and the other, now forming the northern nave, having been the church attached to the nunnery. In the northern nave were till recently to be seen the long range of carved seats which were occupied by the nuns when at their devotions. These seats have now been placed near the altar, and form stalls for the choristers. At the restoration of the church, commenced in 1866, some steps were discovered against the northern wall. These lead to a door partly below the level of the present flooring, and beyond which is a portion of a flight of stone stairs, which no doubt led up from the Church to the nunnery. But what is still more striking is the beautiful niche, with its row of open arches beneath, known as the "Nun's Grating," through which, when suffering imprisonment for their misdemeanours in the crypt below, the nuns might view the high altar, and witness the performance of mass. The care which the Romish church took of the spiritual welfare of those who offended against her precepts is exhibited, in a

like manner, by a small and gloomy cell which still exists in the Temple Church, through an aperture in which the prisoner could listen to, and join in, the services of the church. Probably in the gloomy crypt of St. Helen's has languished many a fair girl, whom the feelings natural to youth may have tempted to steal from her convent walls, and to transgress the rules of her Order. There is extant a curious lecture read to the nuns of St. Helen's, by Kentwode, Dean of St. Paul's, on the occasion of his visitation to the convent in 1439. His hints to them about keeping within the walls of the convent, lest "evil suspicion or slander might arise" — his injunctions to close the cloister doors, and to entrust the keys to some "sad woman and discreet" — excite suspicions that the nuns were a pleasure-loving, if not a frail sisterhood.

The appearance of the interior of St. Helen's Church is more striking and at the same time far more picturesque, than that of the exterior. At the east end is a transept, and also a small chapel, dedicated to the Holy Ghost, part of which has been converted into a vestry-room. Altogether, notwithstanding the violation of all artistic rules, the air of antiquity which pervades the building, added to the number of altar-tombs which meet the eye, and the general beauty of the architectural details, produce an effect at once solemn and impressive.

There is perhaps no church in London, of the same dimensions, which can boast so many striking

monuments as St. Helen's the Great. In the transept at the east end is a beautiful table-tomb of black and white marble, to the memory of Sir Julius Cæsar, master of the rolls and Privy Counsellor in the reign of James the First, who was interred near the communion-table, on the 18th of April, 1636. This tomb, which was erected by Sir Julius in his lifetime, was the work of the famous sculptor, Nicholas Stone. The most remarkable feature of it is the inscription, which is engraved on a piece of white marble in the form of a parchment deed, with a seal appended to it. It purports to be a bond, or engagement, on the part of the deceased, duly signed and sealed, to deliver up his life to God whenever it may be demanded of him.

Another interesting monument, which formerly stood close by, but which is now removed to the south of the nave near the entrance, is that of Sir John Spencer, the "Rich Spencer" whom we have mentioned as the princely occupant of Crosby Place. The tomb, which is composed of marble, represents Sir John Spencer and his wife, Alicia Bloomfield, lying side by side, and a woman in the attitude of prayer kneeling at their feet. The inscription, in Latin, enumerates the high civic honours held by Sir John; nor does it omit to mention that his only daughter, Elizabeth, became the wife of William, Lord Compton.

Among other remarkable monuments may be mentioned that of Martin Bond, the father of Sir

William Bond, whom we have mentioned as having been one of the proprietors of Crosby House. He was one of Elizabeth's captains at Tilbury at the time when the Spanish Armada was daily expected, and from this circumstance is represented as sitting in his tent, two soldiers standing sentries outside, and an attendant being in the act of bringing up his horse. The inscription is as follows :

“ Memoriæ Sacrum.

“ Near this place resteth the body of the worthy citizen and soldier, Martin Bond, Esq., son of William Bond, Sheriff and Alderman of London. He was Captain in the year 1588, at the camp at Tilbury, and after remained Captain of the Trained Bands of this City until his death. He was a Merchant-Adventurer, and free of the Company of Haberdashers : he lived to the age of eighty-five years, and died in May, 1643. His piety, prudence, courage, and charity have left behind him a never-dying monument.”

But unquestionably the most interesting monument in St. Helen's Church, not only from its connection with Crosby Place, but from its antiquity and costly workmanship, is that of Sir John Crosby, the founder of the old mansion, and the munificent renovator of the church in the days of Edward the Fourth. His monument, on the south side of the altar, consists of an altar-tomb, on which lie side by side the figures of Sir John Crosby, and of Agnes his wife, the former being in full armour.

On the north side of the altar, beneath a canopy enriched with columns and arches, reclines the figure of the graceful and learned Sir William Pickering, represented also in full armour. Not only is he described as having been one of the finest gentlemen of the age in which he lived, as having been accomplished in polite literature, and in all the arts of war and peace; but so great was the influence which he is said to have established over the mind of Queen Elizabeth as to embolden him to aspire to her hand. A long Latin inscription, which is now effaced, stated that Sir William Pickering died on the 4th of January, 1574, at the age of fifty-eight.

Close by is a large but simple altar-tomb, covered with a black marble slab, the monument of Sir Thomas Gresham, whose charities, magnificence, and virtues we have already recorded in our notice of his princely mansion in Bishopsgate Street. The inscription is as simple as the tomb itself :

“Sir Thomas Gresham, Knight, bury^d Decemb^r the 15th, 1579.”

Another prominent feature in the church is a large, unseemly mass of masonry, disfigured rather than ornamented by urns, beneath which lie the remains of one Francis Bancroft, who, as the inscription says, purchased the ground in 1723, and erected the tomb in his lifetime, in 1726. According to tradition, he amassed a large fortune

by discreditable means, but becoming penitent at the close of life, he made atonement for his misdeeds by founding some almshouses at Mile End, and by dispensing his wealth in other acts of charity. His last will was distinguished by a singular provision. Having directed that his body should be embalmed and placed in a coffin without fastenings, he applied a fund for the annual preaching of a sermon in commemoration of his death, on which occasion it was enjoined that his body should be publicly exhibited to the almsmen, who were compelled to attend on the occasion. "He is embalmed," writes Noorthouck, "in a chest made with a lid, having a pair of hinges, without any fastening." The interior of the tomb is still occasionally visited, but the custom of annually exposing the shrivelled remains has been for many years discontinued.

Before closing our notices of St. Helen's Church, let us point out, for the sake of the quaintness of the inscription, a small old marble monument on the north side of the altar, to the memory of Sir Andrew Judd, Kt., elected Lord Mayor of London in 1549 :

"To Russia and Mussova,
To Spayne, Gynny, without fable,
Traveld he by land and sea;
Bothe Mayre of London and Staple.
The commenwelthe he norished
So worthelie in all his daies,

That ech state fullwell him loved,
To his perpetuall prayse.
Three wyves he had; one was Mary;
Fower sunes, one mayde had he by her;
Annys had none by him truly;
By dame Mary had one dawghter.
Thus, in the month of September,
A thowsande fyve hunderd fiftey
And eight, died this worthie staplar,
Worshipynge his posterytē."

In St. Helen's Church lies buried the celebrated mathematician and natural philosopher, Robert Hooke, but without any monument to his memory.

Returning from St. Helen's Place into Bishopsgate Street, on the right-hand side is Hounds-ditch, formerly a filthy ditch, into which dead dogs and cats were usually thrown, but which has long since been converted into a street of considerable importance. Into this ditch, after having been dragged by his heels from Baynard's Castle, were thrown the remains of the traitor, Edric, Duke of Mercia, the murderer of his master, Edmund Ironsides.

Within a short distance of Houndsditch stood Hand Alley, built on the site of another of the principal receptacles for the dead during the raging of the great plague in 1665. "The upper end of Hand Alley, in Bishopsgate Street," writes Defoe, "was then a green field, and was taken in particularly for Bishopsgate parish, though many of the carts out of the city brought their dead

thither also, particularly out of the parish of All-hallows-on-the-Wall. This place I cannot mention without much regret. It was, as I remember, about two or three years after the plague had ceased, that Sir Robert Clayton came to be possessed of the ground; it being reported that all those who had any right to it were carried off by the pestilence. Certain it is, the ground was let out to build upon, or built upon by his order. The first house built upon it was a large, fair house, still standing, which faces the street now called Hand Alley, which, though called an alley, is as wide as a street. The houses, in the same row with that house northward, are built on the very same ground where the poor people were buried, and the bodies, on opening the ground for the foundations, were dug up; some of them remaining so plain to be seen, that the women's skulls were distinguished by their long hair, and of others the flesh was not quite perished, so that the people began to exclaim loudly against it, and some suggested that it might endanger a return of the contagion. After which the bones and bodies, as they came at them, were carried to another part of the same ground, and thrown all together into a deep pit, dug on purpose, at the upper end of Rose Alley, just against the door of a meeting-house. There lie the bones and remains of near two thousand bodies, carried by the dead-carts to their graves in that one year."

On the east side of Bishopsgate Street is Devonshire Court, a small street leading into Devonshire Square, both of which derive their names from being the site of the London residence of the Cavendishes, Earls of Devonshire. Here William, the second earl,—the accomplished courtier of the reign of James the First,—breathed his last on the 20th of June, 1628, and here Elizabeth Cecil, widow of William, the third earl, was residing as late as 1704. The mansion was originally built by one Jasper Fisher, a clerk in Chancery, who lavished such large sums on the adornment of the house and gardens that it ended in his ruin, and obtained for the place the name of “Fisher’s Folly.” Stow speaks of it as “a large and beautiful house, with gardens of pleasure, bowling-alleys, and such like. After passing through a succession of hands, it became the residence of that magnificent courtier, Edward de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, lord high chamberlain to Queen Elizabeth, and preëminently conspicuous in the tournaments and stately pastimes of her reign. “He was of the highest rank,” writes Mr. D’Israeli, “in great favour with the queen, and in the style of the day, when all our fashions and our poetry were moulding themselves on the Italian model, he was the ‘Mirror Tuscanismo;’ and, in a word, this coxcombical peer, after a seven years’ residence in Florence, returned highly ‘Italianated.’ The ludicrous motive of this peregrina-

tion is as follows. Haughty of his descent and alliance, irritable with effeminate delicacy and personal vanity, a little circumstance, almost too minute to be recorded, inflicted such an injury on his pride, that in his mind it required years of absence from the court of England ere it could be forgotten. Once, making a low obeisance to the queen, before the whole court, this stately peer suffered a mischance, which has happened, it is said, on a like occasion. This accident so sensibly hurt his mawkish delicacy, and so humbled his aristocratic dignity, that he could not raise his eyes on his royal mistress. He resolved from that day to be a banished man, and resided for seven years in Italy, living in more grandeur at Florence than the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He spent in three years forty thousand pounds. On his return, he presented the queen with embroidered gloves and perfumes, then for the first time introduced into England, as Stow has noticed. The queen received them graciously, and was even painted wearing those gloves; but my authority states that the masculine sense of Elizabeth could not abstain from congratulating the noble coxcomb; perceiving, she said, that at length my lord had forgot the mentioning the little mischance of seven years ago." When Queen Elizabeth paid visits to the city, she was frequently entertained at Oxford House. From the De Veres it passed directly into the possession of the Cavendishes.

Nearly opposite to Devonshire Court, on the west side of Bishopsgate Street, stands St. Botolph's Church, erected between the years 1725 and 1728. On the north wall is to be seen the tomb of Sir Paul Pindar, to which we have already referred. Many instances of Sir Paul's munificence are to be traced in the parish books of St. Botolph's. Among these is recorded the gift of a gigantic pastry, — probably an annual donation, — of which the mere "flour, butter, pepper, eggs, making, and baking" cost no less than 19*s.* 7*d.*, no insignificant sum in the days of Charles the First. Among other entries in the books of the parish, is one of 11*s.*, in 1578, "paid for frankincense and flowers when the chancellor sat with us."

In the churchyard is a curious tomb, inscribed with Persian characters, to the memory of Hodges Shaughware, who came to England with his son as secretary to the Persian ambassador in the reign of James the First, and who was buried on the 10th of August, 1626. His son presided over the ceremonial of his interment, reading certain prayers and using other ceremonies according to the custom of their country, both morning and evening for a whole month after the burial. The monument was set up at the charge of his son, who caused to be engraved on it certain Persian characters, of which the following is said to be a translation: "This grave is made for Hodges

Shaughswire, the chiefest servant to the King of Persia, for the span of twenty years, who came from the King of Persia, and died in his service. If any Persian cometh out of that country, let him read this, and pray for him. The Lord receive his soul, for here lieth Maghmote Shaughswire, who was born in the town Noroy, in Persia."

The funeral ceremony took place between eight and nine o'clock in the morning ; the body being followed to the grave by the ambassador and the other Persians belonging to the embassy. At the north end of the grave sat the son, cross-legged, who alternately read or sang some plaintive strain, his reading and singing being intermixed with the weeping and lamentations of the other mourners. These ceremonies were continued twice a day, a certain number of the Persians repairing to the grave every morning at six o'clock, and at the same hour in the evening, to offer up prayers for their deceased friend.

Bishopsgate Street leads us into Shoreditch, from the west side of which diverges Holywell Lane, the site of a nunnery of great antiquity, dedicated to St. John the Baptist. In 1539, at the dissolution of the monastic houses, it surrendered to Henry the Eighth, when the "church thereof being pulled down, many houses were built for the lodgings of noblemen, of strangers born, and others." Close by stood the Curtain playhouse, supposed to have been established about the year

1576, and suppressed in the reign of Charles the First. Stow, speaking of the old nunnery, observes: "Near thereunto are builded two publique houses, for the acting and shew of comedies, tragedies, and histories, for recreation. Whereof one is called the Curtain, the other, the Theatre; both standing on the southwest side, toward the field." The site of the Curtain theatre is still pointed out by Curtain Road, to the west of High Street, Shoreditch, formerly called Holywell Street. In the latter street, Richard Burbage, the fellow actor and friend of Shakespeare, lived and died. The theatre, which stood in Holywell Lane, is said to have been the oldest building erected for scenic exhibitions in London.

Norton Folgate leads us into Shoreditch, anciently a retired village situated on the old Roman highway leading into London. It has been supposed to have derived its name from the husband of Jane Shore, the beautiful concubine of Edward the Fourth, but this is not the case. Much more reason there is for believing that it owes its appellation to one of the ancestors of Sir John de Sor-dich, an eminent warrior, lawyer, and statesman in the reign of Edward the Third, whose family appear for centuries to have been in possession of the manor.

The parish church of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, was rebuilt in 1740, by Dance, the architect of the Mansion House, and is interesting as containing

the remains of many eminent actors, who “fretted their hour” in the neighbouring playhouses.¹

As late as the days of Henry the Eighth Shoreditch stood in the open fields, at which time it was famous for the expertness of its archers. Among these was one Barlo, who displayed such extraordinary skill in the presence of Henry the Eighth, during some sports in Windsor Park, that the king jocularly conferred on him the title of Duke of Shoreditch. This title was long afterward assumed by the captain of the archers of London at their festive meetings and trials of skill; his partisans or supporters at the same time adopting such titles as Marquis of Islington, Hoxton, and other ludicrous appellations of honour. It may be mentioned that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth the archers of London numbered no fewer than three thou-

¹ The parish register (within a period of sixty years) records the interment of the following celebrated characters: Will Somers, Henry the Eighth's jester (d. 1560); Richard Tarlton, the famous clown of Queen Elizabeth's time (d. 1588); James Burbage (d. 1596), and his more celebrated son, Richard Burbage (d. 1618-19); Gabriel Spenser, the player, who fell, in 1598, in a duel with Ben Jonson; William Sly and Richard Cowley, two original performers in Shakespeare's plays; the Countess of Rutland, the only child of the famous Sir Philip Sydney; Fortunatus Greene, the unfortunate offspring of Robert Greene, the poet and player (d. 1593). Another original performer in Shakespeare's plays, who lived in Holywell Street, in this parish, was Nicholas Wilkinson, alias Tooley, whose name is recorded in gilt letters on the north side of the altar as a yearly benefactor of £6 10s. still distributed in bread every year to the poor of the parish, to whom it was bequeathed.

sand, of whom one thousand had gold chains. Their guard consisted of four thousand men, besides pages and henchmen; their meetings, which usually took place at Smithfield, being conducted with considerable magnificence.

During the raging of the great plague, in 1665, there were few districts in London which suffered more severely than Shoreditch and its immediate vicinity. "The terror," writes Defoe, "was so great at last, that the courage of the people appointed to carry away the dead began to fail them; nay, several of them died, although they had the distemper before, and were recovered, and some of them dropped down when they have been carrying the bodies, even at the pitside, and just ready to throw them in. One cart, they told us, going up Shoreditch, was forsaken of the drivers, and being left to one man to drive, he died in the street, and the horses going on, overthrew the cart, and left the bodies, some thrown out here, some there, in a dismal manner."

Close to Shoreditch is Hoxton, wherein still stands the mansion of Oliver, third Lord St. John of Bletsoe, who died in 1618. It was in Hoxton Fields that Gabriel Spenser, the actor, was killed in a duel by Ben Jonson. Spenser's residence was in Hog Lane, Norton Folgate.

On the east side of Bishopsgate Street is Spitalfields, which, in the reign of James the First, sprang up on the site of some fair meadows and

lanes, known as the Spital Fields, but which now comprise one of the most crowded districts in the metropolis. It derives its name from the priory of St. Mary Spital, founded in 1197, for canons regular of the order of St. Augustine, by one Walter Brune, citizen of London, and Rosia, his wife. At the dissolution of the monasteries, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the priory of St. Mary Spital shared the fate of the other religious houses. For centuries its holy tenants had administered to the wants of the sick and needy, and accordingly thousands wept over its demolition. At its dissolution, indeed, it was found to contain no fewer than one hundred and eighty beds, which had been set apart for poor travellers and persons in sickness and distress.

The old priory appears to have stood on and near the site of the present White Lion Street. Close by, at the northeast corner of Spital Square, stood the famous Spital pulpit or cross, where for nearly three centuries sermons were preached three times during Easter, to the citizens of London, who assembled there in the open air. On these occasions, the lord mayor and aldermen never failed to attend in their robes of state; indeed, in such repute were the "Spital sermons" held by our ancestors, that we find them frequented in great state both by Queen Elizabeth and by her successor, James the First. On the occasion of the former sovereign visiting Spital

Cross in April, 1559, her guard consisted of a thousand men in complete armour, who marched to the sound of drum and trumpet; her progress being enlivened by the grotesque antics of morris-dancers, while "in a cart were two white bears." The Spital Cross was demolished during the civil troubles in the reign of Charles the First. After the Restoration, the Spital sermons were preached at St. Bride's, Fleet Street, where the custom continued to prevail till within the last sixty years, when it was transferred to Christ's Church, Newgate Street. Here they are still attended by the lord mayor, aldermen, and other dignitaries connected with the principal metropolitan charities.

The old Spital Fields are now formed into a number of streets, lanes, and allies, which are principally inhabited by the artisans employed in those celebrated silk manufactures which have rendered the name of this district so famous. Not a few of the inhabitants are the descendants of the unfortunate Huguenots who fled from France in 1685, to avoid the cruel persecution which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. To that proscription, as impolitic as it was barbarous, we owe the foundation and establishment of silk manufacture in England.

Christchurch, Spitalfields, was built by Nicholas Hawksmore, a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren. Here was the great burial-place of the Romans for persons who died within the walls of the city.

We learn from Granger that in Pelham Street, Spitalfields, Milton's granddaughter, Mrs. Foster, kept a chandler's shop.

The celebrated statesman, Lord Bolingbroke, is said to have resided in a house on the north side of Spital Square. In the immediate neighbourhood, too, was born the great ecclesiastical historian, John Strype.

To the northeast of Spitalfields is Bethnal Green, anciently a retired hamlet, comprising, in Queen Elizabeth's days, a few scattered cottages and farm-houses, which surrounded the episcopal palace of the merciless Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, from whom Bonner's Fields derive their name. The church, dedicated to St. Matthew the Evangelist, was erected in 1740, at the northeast corner of Hare Street, Spitalfields. Three years afterward, this district having been found to contain a population of as many as fifteen thousand inhabitants, an act of Parliament was passed for forming the hamlet of Bethnal Green into a distinct parish.

Pepys writes, on the 26th of June, 1661: "By coach to Bednall-Green, to Sir W. Rider's to dinner. A fine merry walk with the ladies alone after dinner in the garden; the greatest quantity of strawberries I ever saw, and good. This very house was built by the Blind Beggar of Bednall-Green, so much talked of and sung in ballads; but they say it was only some of the outhouses of it."

“ It was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a fair daughter of bewty most bright;
And many a gallant brave suitor had shee,
For none was so comelye as pretty Bessee.

“ And though she was of favour most faire,
Yett seeing shee was but a poor beggar’s heyre,
Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,
Whose sonnes came as suitors to pretty Bessee.

“ My father, shee said, is soone to be seene,
The seely blind beggar of Bednall-greene ;
That daylye sits begging for charitie,
He is the good father of pretty Bessee.

“ His markes and his tokens are known very well ;
He always is led with a dog and a bell ;
A seely old man, God knoweth is hee,
Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessee.”

Before we take leave of this remote neighbourhood, we must not omit a brief mention of the old Artillery Ground, which occupied the site of Duke Street, Steward Street, Sun Street, and other adjacent streets in the neighbourhood of Spital-fields. It was originally known by the designation of Tasell’s Close, from having been anciently a spot of ground where the tassells or teasles, used in the manufacture of cloth, were cultivated. Subsequently, William, the last Prior of St. Mary Spital, granted it for three times ninety-nine years to the fraternity of artillery, or gunners of the Tower. The ground was laid out expressly for

the purpose of proving the artillery, for gunnery practice, and other military purposes, and thus obtained the name of the Artillery Garden. Stow informs us that in his time the gunners of the Tower used to repair hither every Thursday, to exercise their great artillery against a mound of earth, which served as a butt. In 1622, the Artillery Company removed to an area on the west side of Finsbury Square, which thus obtained the name of the new Artillery Ground. It was not, however, till some years afterward that the old Artillery Ground, as we learn from Strype, was entirely neglected. "In the afternoon," writes Pepys, on the 20th of April, 1669, "we walked to the old Artillery Ground, Spitalfields, where I never was before, but now by Captain Deane's invitation did go to see his new gun tried, this being the place where the officers of the ordnance do try all their great guns." Artillery Lane and Fort Street still remain to point out the immediate site of the old Artillery Ground.

CHAPTER XII.

LONDON WALL, AUSTIN FRIARS, ETC.

Original Extent of London Wall — Its Gates — The City Ditch — Broad Street — Austin Friars — Monuments There — Winchester House — Finsbury and Moorfields — Bedlam — Moorgate Street — New Artillery Ground — Milton — Bunhill Row — Bunhill Fields' Burial-ground — Celebrated Persons Buried There — Grub Street — Hoole and Doctor Johnson.

HAVING retraced our steps to Bishopsgate Street Within, let us turn down the long and narrow street called London Wall, which anciently ran parallel with the north wall of the city. When the Romans, in the fifth century, found themselves compelled to abandon their conquests in Britain, they left London encircled by a wall twenty-two feet high, and measuring, in its circuit from the Tower to Blackfriars, two miles and a furlong in length. In addition to two principal fortresses, the wall was defended by thirteen towers, erected at advantageous distances, and supposed to have been about forty feet in height. There were originally but three entrances into the city ; one at Aldgate on the east ; another near Aldersgate Street on the north ; and at Ludgate in the west. At later

periods were added Newgate, Cripplegate, Moorgate, Bishopsgate, and the Postern on Tower Hill. The wall commenced at the Tower, the principal Roman fortress in London. Thence it ran in a straight line to Aldgate, where it commenced a semicircular route by the Minories, Houndsditch, and along London Wall to Cripplegate. Here the north wall terminated nearly in an angle, and, taking a southerly direction, descended by the way of Aldersgate and Newgate to the Thames, where it united itself with another Tower, or *Arx Palatina*, which stood a little to the east of Blackfriars Bridge.

Of the ancient wall erected by the Romans several fragments existed within the last hundred years. Pennant, writing at the close of the last century, observes, "On the back of Bethlehem Hospital is a long street, called London Wall, from being bounded on the north by a long extent of the wall, in which are here and there a few traces of the Roman masonry." The most perfect remains now extant of the old London wall are in an unfrequented and gloomy spot, the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate. A specimen may also be seen at the corner of a narrow passage leading from St. Martin's Court, Ludgate Hill.

Between the period of the erection of the city walls by the Romans and the addition of the city ditch, no fewer than nine hundred years were allowed to elapse. Both were stupendous works.

The one was commenced about the year 306, during the reign of Constantius ; the other in 1211. The ditch had originally been made by the citizens of London at their own expense and labour, apparently to protect themselves against the tyranny and aggressions of King John. That their descendants took a deep interest in the work of their fore-fathers is evident from the money and labour which they expended for nearly three centuries in keeping the ditch cleansed, as well as to render it available for military purposes. As late as the days of Stow it was famous for the quantity of perch and carp with which it provided the tables of the wealthy citizens. The old antiquary, however, lived to bewail the destruction of this interesting relic of the feudal times. The last outlay of money which was expended on the city ditch was in 1595, not many years after which, it was covered with buildings. Not a trace of it, we believe, is now in existence.

Passing along London Wall, on the left is Broad Street, where, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, stood the London mansion of Gilbert, Earl of Salisbury. Here, in the following century, was an establishment for the manufacture of Venetian glass, of which James Howell, the author of the "Familiar Letters," was steward. Here also it was that General Monk quartered himself immediately before he declared in favour of the Restoration. According to Whitelocke, Monk was followed

thither by a multitude of people who “congratulated his coming into the city, making loud shouts and bonfires, and ringing the bells.”

Broad Street leads us into Austin Friars. Here formerly stood a priory of Mendicant, or Begging Friars, founded in 1253 by Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, and dedicated to St. Augustin, Bishop of Hippo in Africa. At its dissolution, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the greater part of the ground on which it stood was granted by that monarch to William, first Marquis of Winchester, his comptroller of the household and lord high treasurer. All that remains of the old priory is the church, which was granted by Edward the Sixth to a congregation of Germans and other foreigners, who had emigrated to England to escape from religious persecution. Succeeding monarchs confirmed it to the Dutch, by whom it is still used as a place of worship, being usually known by the appellation of the Dutch Church.

Beautiful as are the remains of the old priory church, there is no religious edifice in London which has suffered more cruelly from time and neglect. Its magnificent tombs, as well as its exquisite spire, considered the “beautifullest and rarest spectacle” in the metropolis, have entirely disappeared. Nevertheless, the number of the illustrious and ill-fated dead who rest beneath our feet will always render the church of St. Augustin a most interesting spot. Here lies

the pious founder of the priory, Humphrey de Bohun, who stood godfather at the font for Edward the First, and who afterward fought against Henry the Third with the leagued barons at the battle of Evesham. Here were interred the remains of the great Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, the most powerful subject in Europe during the reigns of King John and Henry the Third, and no less celebrated for his chequered and romantic fortunes. Here rests Edmund, son of Joan Plantagenet, "the Fair Maid of Kent," and half-brother to Richard the Second. Here lies the headless trunk of the gallant Richard Fitzalan, tenth Earl of Arundel, who was executed at Cheapside in 1397. Here also rest the mangled remains of the barons who fell at the battle of Barnet in 1471, and who were interred together in the body of the church; of John de Vere, twelfth Earl of Oxford, who was beheaded on Tower Hill with his eldest son, Aubrey, in 1461; and lastly of the gallant and princely Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, — "poor Edward Bohun," — who, having fallen a victim to the vindictive jealousy of Cardinal Wolsey, was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1521.

To the memory of these ill-fated persons, as well as to many others conspicuous in their day for rank, beauty, or genius, St. Augustin's could formerly boast of monuments more numerous and sumptuous than those of any other church in London. To the cupidity, however, of the second

Marquis of Winchester, who converted the old church into a lumber warehouse, and sold the tombs to the highest bidder, we owe this shameful desecration of the dead, as well as the destruction of so much that was beautiful in art.

Behind the Dutch Church, close to London Wall, stood the “Papey,” founded in 1430 for a fraternity of poor infirm priests of the order of St. Charity and St. John the Evangelist. They were skilled in singing funeral dirges; their principal occupation consisting in attending the burials of the rich, from which circumstance they were styled *pleureurs*, weepers, or mourners, and in this capacity are frequently represented on the sides of ancient monuments. The house of the Papeys subsequently became the residence of Sir Francis Walsingham.

In 1621, when the great Earl of Strafford first obtained a seat in Parliament as representative for the county of York, it was in Austin Friars that he took up his residence with his young children and with that fair wife whom he lost by death the following year, and to whom he so touchingly alluded as a “saint in Heaven” at his famous trial scene in Westminster Hall. In Austin Friars also died, in July, 1776, in his seventieth year, James Heywood, who more than sixty years previously had been one of the popular writers in the *Spectator*. He is said to have originally been a wholesale linen-draper on Fish Street

Hill. The late James Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," lived at No. 18 Austin Friars, previously to his removal to Craven Street, Strand, where he died.

Adjoining Austin Friars is Winchester Street, which, with its picturesque gable-ends, and its general appearance of antiquity, afforded, till within a few years, a better notion of the aspect of a London street in the days of Queen Elizabeth than perhaps any other street in the metropolis. Here stood the London residence of the Paulets, Marquises of Winchester. It was built by the first marquis, who was also the founder of Basing House. This remarkable man died in 1572, in his ninety-seventh year, leaving at his death no fewer than one hundred and three persons who were immediately descended from him. He had lived under the reign of nine sovereigns, his birth having taken place in the reign of Henry the Sixth, and his death in that of Queen Elizabeth. Being asked by what means he had contrived to maintain himself in favour and power under so many reigns and during so many political tempests, his significant reply was, "By being a willow, and not an oak."

Winchester House, at the period of its demolition in 1839, was one of the most interesting specimens of the dwelling-houses of the ancient nobility which remained in London. It continued to be in the possession of the Paulets till the reign

of James the First, when William, the fourth marquis, became so impoverished by his magnificent style of living as to be compelled to dispose of it for the payment of his debts. It appears to have then been purchased by John Swinnerton, a rich merchant, afterward Lord Mayor of London. When, shortly before their demolition, we bade farewell to apartments which had entertained Elizabeth and her stately courtiers, we found them the scene of busy trade, and were informed by their owner that the old house had been in the possession of his ancestors for about two centuries. Notwithstanding this long lapse of time, on many of the windows were still to be seen, in stained glass, the motto of the Paulets, "*Aimez Loyaulté.*" This circumstance was rendered the more interesting, from the well-known incident of the gallant Marquis of Winchester, during his glorious defence of Basing House, having engraved this motto of his family with a diamond pencil on every window in the mansion. Probably it was the early recollection of this peculiar feature in the London residence of his forefathers which suggested to the heroic marquis the idea of inscribing the same words on the windows of the besieged mansion.

It was in the apartments of her mother, the Countess of Cumberland, in "*Austin Friars House,*" that Anne Clifford—memorable for her haughty reply to the minister of Charles the Second—was married to her first husband,

Richard, third Earl of Dorset, on the 25th of February, 1608-9.

Nearly at the end of Little Winchester Street is the church of Allhallows-in-the-Wall. It escaped the ravages of the great fire, but, having fallen into a ruinous state, was taken down in 1764, when the present edifice was erected by the younger Dance on its site. In the chancel may be seen a tablet to the memory of the Rev. William Beloe, the translator of Herodotus, who died in 1817, after having held the rectory of the parish for twenty years.

The ground to the north of London Wall—comprising Finsbury Circus, Little Moorfields, Finsbury Square, etc.—consisted, as late as the reign of Charles the Second, of large fenny pastures, known as Moor Fields and Fensbury. The dog-house, in which were kept the hounds of the Lord Mayors of London, stood on the east side. On the west was to be seen the manor-house of Finsbury, while, to the north, three or four scattered windmills were the only objects which diversified the scene.

Not only as far back as the twelfth century were Finsbury and Moorfields favourite places of recreation for the citizens of London, but so late as the days of Charles the Second we find Shadwell and Pepys severally speaking of the cudgel-play and wrestling-matches in Moorfields. Heath, in his "Chronicle," tells us that from "time out of

mind" it had been the scene of wrestling-matches, and throwing the bar, to which sports we may add those of archery, boxing, foot-races, football, and every kind of manly recreation. Skating has generally been supposed to have been first introduced into England by Charles the Second on his return from exile; and yet there is a curious passage in Fitzstephen — the earliest historian of London — which shows that the art, or at least something very nearly approaching to it, was practised by the citizens of London as early as the twelfth century. Speaking of the pastimes on the ice in Moorfields, he writes: "Others there are more expert in these amusements; they place certain bones, the leg bones of animals, under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then, taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried on with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird, or a bolt discharged from a crossbow." The piece of water on which the citizens of London performed their pastimes is spoken of by Fitzstephen as "the Great Fen or Moor which watereth the walls of the city on the north side."

It was in Finsbury Fields, on his return after his exploits in Scotland, that the great Protector, Duke of Somerset, was met and congratulated by the lord mayor, aldermen, and citizens of London. According to the chronicler Holinshed:

“The mayor and aldermen, with certain of the commons, in their liveries and their hoods, hearing of his approach to the city, the 8th of October (1548), met him in Finsbury Fields, where he took each of them by the hand, and thanked them for their good wills. The lord mayor did ride with him till they came to the pond in Smithfield, where his Grace left them and rode to his house of Shene that night, and the next day to the king to Hampton Court.”

Finsbury, notwithstanding the marshy nature of the ground, appears to have contained some sunny and pleasant spots. “Morefield,” on the contrary, is mentioned as a “most noysome and offensive place, being a general laystall, a rotten morish ground, whereof it first took the name.” “This field,” writes Stow, “was for many years environed and crossed with deep stinking ditches, and noysome common sewers, and was of former times ever held impossible to be reformed, especially to be reduced to any part of that fair, sweet, and pleasant condition as now it is.” So wretched, indeed, was the state of Moorfields, in the days of Edward the Second, that travellers could only pass over it on causeways. The draining and improvement of this “noysome and offensive place” was commenced in 1527. In the early part of the reign of James the First we find it converted into “new and pleasant walks,” and as it was in the immediate neighbourhood of the residences of

many of the nobility and most wealthy citizens, it soon became the most fashionable promenade in the northeast of London. As late as the last century, the spot of ground in front of old Bethlehem Hospital—divided by gravel walks, and planted with elm-trees—was so favourite a resort of the fashionable citizens as to obtain for it the distinguishing appellation of the “City Mall.”

In Moorfields was dug another of those frightful plague-pits which received the victims of the giant pestilence in 1665. Defoe, speaking of these numerous receptacles of the dead, observes: “Besides these, there was a piece of ground in Moorfields, by the going into the street which is now called Old Bethlehem, which was enlarged much, though not wholly taken in on the same occasion.”

Another gigantic burial-place in this vicinity was dug nearly on the site of the present Windmill Street; no fewer than one thousand cartloads of human bones having been removed hither when the Duke of Somerset pulled down the charnel-house and other buildings attached to St. Paul’s Cathedral, in order to obtain materials for his new palace in the Strand.

Bedlam, or rather Bethlehem Hospital, dedicated to St. Mary of Bethlehem, and formerly situated in Moorfields, was originally an hospital or priory, founded in 1246 by Simon Fitz-Mary, Sheriff of London, for the reception and cure of lunatics. It stood originally between the east side of Moor-

fields and Bishopsgate Street, and consisted of a prior, canons, brethren, and sisters, who dressed in a black habit, and were distinguished by a star on their breasts. In the churchyard of the hospital was interred Robert Greene, the celebrated wit and dramatic writer of the reign of Elizabeth. According to Anthony Wood, he died after a short life of riot and dissipation, of a surfeit brought on by too free an indulgence in pickled herrings and Rhenish wine. Here also was interred the stern republican, John Lilburne, who died in 1657.

The old building having fallen into a ruinous state, in 1675 the Corporation of London granted a plot of ground on the south side of Moorfields for the erection of a larger and more commodious hospital. Large sums were raised by public subscription, and in 1675 the new hospital was erected, at an expense of £17,000. It was built on the plan of the palace of the Tuilleries at Paris ; a circumstance which so deeply offended Louis the Fourteenth that he is said to have ordered a plan to be taken of St. James's Palace, with the intention of making it the model of a building to be adapted to the vilest purposes.

Bethlehem, in the form in which it stood at the commencement of the present century, presented an imposing appearance, being five hundred feet long and forty broad. Not the least striking objects which distinguished its exterior were the famous statues over the gates, of raving and melancholy madness, the work of Caius Gabriel

Cibber, the father of the comedian and poet laureate, Colley Cibber.

“Where o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand.”¹

— *The Dunciad.*

In 1814 — partly on account of its dilapidated state, and partly from the site being required for some projected improvements in Moorfields — Bethlehem Hospital was taken down and the establishment removed to St. George's Fields, Lambeth.

On the north side of Moorfields, opposite to Bethlehem, stood formerly the hospital of St. Luke. Having been found too small, however, for the purposes for which it was intended, it was taken down and superseded by the present extensive building in Old Street Road, erected in 1784 at an expense of £55,000.

Running out of London Wall, nearly opposite to Little Moorfield, is Moorgate Street, the site of an old postern gate in the city wall, opened in 1415, by Thomas Falconer, Lord Mayor of London, for the convenience of the citizens. “The lord mayor,” says Stow, “caused the wall of the city to be broken

¹ These statues are preserved in the vestibule of the present hospital in St. George's Fields. One of them, it is said, was intended to represent Oliver Cromwell's gigantic porter, who was long confined in Bethlehem. It may be remarked, that they are not brazen, but of Portland stone. They were painted, in order to protect them from the weather, and probably originally of a bronze colour, for which white has since been substituted.

near unto Coleman Street, and built a postern, now called Moorgate, upon the Moor side, where was never gate before. This gate he made for the ease of the citizens, that way to pass upon causeways into the fields for their recreation." Close to Moorgate was born, on the 4th of February, 1693, the well-known dramatic writer, George Lillo, the author of "George Barnwell," and of "The Fatal Curiosity."

Almost adjoining Finsbury Square is the new Artillery Ground, of which mention has already been made. Close by was a most interesting spot, — Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, — containing the house in which Milton completed his "Paradise Lost," and in which he breathed his last in November, 1674. The site is pointed out by the present Artillery Place, Bunhill Row. Milton's nephew and biographer, Phillips, informs us that during the time the great poet lived in Artillery Walk, he used, in fine summer weather, to sit at the door of his house, habited in a coarse gray cloth cloak, and in this manner received the visits of persons of rank and genius, who came either to pay homage to him or to enjoy his conversation. A Doctor Wright, a clergyman of Dorsetshire, informed Phillips that he once paid a visit to the blind poet in Artillery Walk. He found him in a small apartment on the first floor, where he was seated in an elbow-chair, neatly dressed in a black suit. His face was pale, but not cadaverous. He

was suffering much from gout, and especially from chalk-stones, yet he told Doctor Wright that, were it not for the pain he endured, his blindness would be tolerable. It was in this house that he was visited by Dryden. Aubrey tells us : “ John Dryden, Esq., poet laureate, who very much admired him, went to him to have leave to put his ‘Paradise Lost’ into a drama in rhyme. Mr. Milton received him civilly, and told him he would give him leave to *tagge* his verses.”

On the west side of the Artillery Ground is Bunhill Row, forming a part of the site of the old Bunhill Fields. Close by stood one of the principal pest-houses during the raging of the great plague. Here, too, was dug another of those frightful plague-pits of which Defoe has given us so harrowing a description. “ I have heard,” he says, “ that in a great pit in Finsbury, in the parish of Cripplegate,—it lying open to the fields, for it was not then walled about,—many who were infected and near their end, and delirious also, ran, wrapt in blankets or rags, and threw themselves in and expired there, before any earth could be thrown upon them. When they came to bury others, and found them, they were quite dead though not cold.” The spot was shortly afterward walled in, and became the principal burial-place of the dissenters in London. Anthony Wood speaks of it as the “ fanatical burying-place, called by some, Tindals’ burying-place.” It is now known as the “ Bunhill Fields

Burial-ground." Here, in 1688, was interred John Bunyan, author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," whose memory, according to Southey, was held in such high veneration that "many are said to have made it their desire to be interred as near as possible to the spot where his remains are deposited." Here also were interred Dr. Thomas Goodwin, the popular Independent preacher, who attended Oliver Cromwell on his death-bed, and who died in 1679; Charles Fleetwood, the celebrated parliamentary general, and son-in-law to Oliver Cromwell, who died in 1692; Dr. Isaac Watts, the author of the hymns, who died in 1749; Joseph Ritson, the collector of our early national poetry, who died in a madhouse at Hoxton in 1803; and Thomas Stothard, the royal academician, who died in 1834. Lastly, let us not omit to mention that here, close to the plague-pit, the horrors of which his pen has so vividly described, lies buried Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe." The spot was selected by him in his lifetime, being close to the grave of his sister, who had died a few years previously.

In a neighbouring burial-ground belonging to the society of Friends lie the remains of their celebrated founder, George Fox, who died in 1690.

In Old Street, "near London," lived Samuel Daniel, the poet and historian. His residence consisted of a small house and garden, where he lived in comparative retirement, and where he

composed most of his dramatic pieces. In this street also, in 1763, died the celebrated George Psalmanazer.

Within a short distance from Old Street stood Grub Street, now Milton Street, the supposititious residence of needy authors, and so often the subject of ridicule and satire, both in prose and verse, as almost to be rendered classic ground.¹

“A spot near Cripplegate extends;
Grub Street ’tis called, the modern Pindus,
Where (but that bards are never friends)
Bards might shake hands from adverse windows.”

— *James Smith.*

In this street lived John Fox, author of the “Book of Martyrs.” Here also, according to Pennant, lived and died the “very remarkable Henry Welby, Esq., of Lincolnshire, who lived in his house in this street forty-four years, without ever being seen by any human being.” He was a man possessed of large property, but his brother having made an attempt to kill him, it produced such an effect on his mind that he determined to seclude himself entirely from the world. For nearly half a century all that was known of

¹ Grub Street, *n. s.*, originally the name of a street near Moorfields, in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems, whence any mean production is called Grub Street. — *Johnson’s Dictionary.*

Let Budgell charge low Grub Street with his quill. — *Pope.*
I’d sooner ballads write, and Grub Street lays. — *Gay.*

him were his extensive and munificent charities. He died on the 29th of October, 1636.

In Moorfields was born John Hoole, the translator of *Tasso* and *Metastasio*, and in Grub Street he received his education. Happening to mention the latter circumstance when in company with Doctor Johnson, "Sir," said Johnson, "you have been regularly educated." Johnson having inquired who was his instructor, and Hoole having answered, "My uncle, sir, who was a tailor," Johnson, recollecting himself, said, "Sir, I knew him; we called him the metaphysical tailor; he was of a club in Old Street, with me and George Psalmanazer and some others; but pray, sir, was he a good tailor?" Hoole having replied that he believed he was too mathematical, and used to draw squares and triangles on his shop-board, so that he did not excel in the cut of a coat, "I am sorry for it," said Johnson, "for I would have every man to be master of his own business." Boswell informs us that from this period Doctor Johnson used frequently to jest with Hoole on his literary connection with Grub Street. "Sir," he used often to say, "let you and I go together and eat a beef-steak in Grub Street."

CHAPTER XIII.

ST. GILES'S CRIPPLEGATE, BARBERS' HALL, FORTUNE THEATRE.

Antiquity of St. Giles's Cripplegate Church — Celebrated Men Buried There: Speed, John Fox, Robert Glover, Sir Martin Frobisher, William Bulleyn, Milton, Margaret Lucy, Thomas Busby — Monkwell Street — Barber-Surgeons' Hall — Silver Street — Sion College — Wood Street — St. Mary, Aldermanbury — Judge Jeffreys — Thomas Farnaby — Jewin Street — Aldersgate Street — Shaftesbury, Petre, and Lonsdale Houses — Milton — Barbican — Fortune Theatre.

LET us now retrace our steps to London Wall, and stroll into the interesting and venerable church of St. Giles's Cripplegate. There are few religious edifices in London through which the poet, the antiquary, or the historian may wander with greater pleasure or quit with greater regret.

The church of St. Giles "without Cripplegate" was originally founded about the year 1900, by Alfune, Bishop of London, and dedicated by him to St. Egidius, or St. Giles, a wealthy native saint

of Athens, whose tenderness of heart is said to have been so great, that, having expended his whole fortune in acts of charity, he gave the coat on his back to a sick beggar whom he had no other means of relieving. In 1545 the old church was injured by fire, but was shortly afterward repaired and partially rebuilt. The name of Cripplegate was derived from the neighbouring postern, or Cripple-gate, so called, according to Stow, from the number of cripples who were in the daily habit of assembling there for the purpose of begging alms from those who passed into or out of the city.

The great interest possessed by St. Giles's Church is from its historical associations, from the many celebrated men who lie buried beneath its roof, and lastly, from the very interesting remains of the old fortified wall, which can only be seen by a visit to its gloomy churchyard.

In the south aisle is the monument of the celebrated antiquary, John Speed, who, as the Latin inscription on it informs us,¹ died on

¹ "Piæ Memoriæ charissimorum Parentum, Johannis Speed, Civis Londinensis, Mercatorum Scissorum Fratris, Servi fidelissimi Regiarum Majestatum Elisabethæ, Jacobi, et Caroli nunc superstitis. Terrarum nostrarum Geographi accurati, et fidi Antiquitatis, Britannicæ Historiographi, Genealogiæ Sacræ elegantissimi Delineatoris. Qui postquam annos 77 superaverat, non tam morbo confectus, quam mortalitatis tædio lassatus, corpore se levavit Julii 28, 1629, et jucundissimo Redemptoris sui desiderio sursum elatus carnem hic in custodiam posuit, denuo cum Christus venerit, recepturus," etc.

the 28th of July, 1629, and was buried within the church. His monument, of marble, consists of a bust, which was once gilt and painted, representing the old antiquary with his right hand resting upon a book and his left upon a skull.

Another monument in the south aisle is a mural tablet in memory of Robert Glover, the well-known antiquary and herald, who died in 1588. The tablet contains a long Latin inscription, commemorative of his genius and indefatigable diligence, his blameless life and pious end.

At the west end of the north aisle is a simple tablet to the memory of John Fox, the author of the "Book of Martyrs," who died in the neighbourhood in April, 1587, and who is believed to have been buried on the south side of the chancel.¹ The fact is well known that after Fox was reduced in circumstances, he lived for a considerable time in the house of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, in Warwickshire, as tutor to his sons, and consequently it is not a little interesting to find

¹ "Christo, S. S. Johanni Foxo, Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Martyrologo fidelissimo, Antiquitatis Historicæ Indagatori sagacissimo, Evangelicæ Veritatis Propugnatori acerrimo, Thaumaturgo admirabili; qui Martyres Marianos, tanquam Phœnices, *ex cineribus redivivos præstítit*; Patri suo omni pietatis officio imprimis colendo, Samuel Foxus, illius primogenitus, hoc Monumentum posuit, non sine lachrymis. 'Obiit die 18 Mens. April. An. Dom. 1587, jam septuagenarius. Vita vitæ mortalis est, spes vitæ immortalis.'" The inscription is perfect only as far as the word "hoc."

a child and grandchild of Sir Thomas buried beneath the same roof as the venerable tutor of the family, and mingling their dust with his. Not improbably the London residence of the Lucys may have been in this immediate neighbourhood. Sir Thomas Lucy was the same knight whose park was the scene of Shakespeare's deer-stealing frolic, and whom he has immortalised as :

“A Parliament man, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scarecrow, in London an ass.”

Near the centre of the north aisle is a striking-looking monument, representing a female figure in a shroud rising from a coffin. According to tradition, it commemorates the story of a lady, who, after having been buried while in a trance, was not only restored to life, but subsequently became the mother of several children; her resuscitation, it is said, having been brought about by the cupidity of a sexton, which induced him to open the coffin in order to obtain possession of a valuable ring which was on her finger. The story, however, is entirely fabulous. The monument in question is to the memory of Constance Whitney, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Whitney, and granddaughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, who died at the age of seventeen; excelling, as her epitaph informs us, “in all noble qualities becominge a virgin of so sweet proportion of beauty and harmonie of parts.”

In the church also lies, though without any stone to mark his resting-place, that gallant knight, Sir Martin Frobisher, whose name is so intimately connected with the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and the fortunes of Sir Walter Raleigh. It has generally been supposed that after he received his death-wound, near Brest, his body was conveyed to Plymouth and interred at that place. There can be no question, however, as to his having been buried in St. Giles's Church, his name appearing in the register of burials, under the date 14th of January, 1594-5.

Another eminent person buried in this church, but without a monument, is William Bulleyn, physician to Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, and unquestionably one of the most learned men of his time. Doctor Bulleyn, who was the author of several medical works, died on the 7th of January, 1576.

But the most illustrious person who lies buried in St. Giles's Church is the author of "Paradise Lost." "He lies buried," writes Aubrey, "in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, upper end of the chancel, at the right hand: *mem.*, his stone is now removed: about two years since the two steps to the communion-table were raised. Speed and he lie together." In the parish register, among the entry of burials on the 12th of November, 1674, are the words: "John Milton, gentleman, consumption, chancel." In 1790, the grave of the

poet was opened and his remains said to have been desecrated, which provoked some indignant verses from Cowper.

“ Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones
Where Milton’s ashes lay,
That trembled not to grasp his bones,
And steal his dust away !

“ O, ill-requited bard ! neglect
Thy living worth repaid,
And blind idolatrous respect
As much affronts thee dead ! ”

The story is, however, apocryphal. For nearly one hundred and twenty years the grave of the immortal poet remained without a memorial of his resting-place, till, in 1793, Mr. Whitbread erected a bust with an inscription near the spot where he was buried. The bust, now standing at the east end of the south aisle, on a monument erected by subscription in 1862, is by the elder Bacon, and the inscription is as follows :

“ JOHN MILTON,
Author of *Paradise Lost*,
Born Dec. 1608,
Died Nov. 1674.

His father, John Milton, died March, 1646.
They were both interred in this church.

Samuel Whitbread posuit, 1793.”

To two other monuments only in this church does it seem necessary to call attention ; the one for the sake of its touching simplicity, and the other on account of its quaintness. The former, a small tablet of white marble within the rails of the communion-table, bears on it the following simple but touching inscription :

“ Here lies Margarett Lucy, the second daughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcott in the county of Warwicke, Knight (the third by imediate discent of the name of Thomas) by Alice, sole daughter and heire of Thomas Spenser of Clarenden, in the same county, Esq., and Custos Brevium of the Courte of Comon Pleas at Westminster, who departed this life the 18th day of November, 1634, and aboute the 19th year of her age. For discretion and sweetnesse of conversation, not many excelled ; and for pietie and patience in her sicknesse and death, few equalled her ; which is the comforte of her nearest friendes, to every of whom shee was very dear, but especiallie to her old Grandmother the Lady Constânce Lucy, under whose government shee died, who, having long exspected every day to have gone before her, doth now trust, by faith and hope in the precious Bloode of Christ Jesus, shortly to follow after and be partaker, together with her and others, of the unspeakeable and eternall joyes in His blessed Kingdome ; to whom be all honour, laude, and praise, now and ever, Amen.”

The other monument referred to is to the memory of Thomas Busby, “ Citizen and Cooper,” who died on the 11th of July, 1575. The figure of the deceased is represented holding in one hand a skull

and in the other a pair of gloves, while beneath is the following inscription :

“ This Busbie, willing to reeleeve the poore with fire and with breade,

Did give that howse whearein he dyed, then called the Queenes Heade.

“ Foure full loades of the best charcoales he would have bought ech yeare;

And fortie dozen of wheaten bread for poor howsholders heare.

“ To see these thinges distributed, this Busbie put in trust

The Vicar and Churchwardenes, thinking them to be just.

“ God grant that poor howsholders here may thankful be for such ;

So God will move the mindes of moe to doe for them as much.

“ And let this good example move such men as God hath blessed,

To doe the like, before they goe with Busbie to there rest.

“ Within this chappell Busbies bones in dust awhile must stay ;

Till He that made them rayse them up to live with Christ for aye.”

It was at the altar of St. Giles's Church that Oliver Cromwell was married, on the 20th of August, 1620, to Elizabeth Bowchier, who became the mother of his numerous children, and the sharer of his greatness.

The ground which surrounds St. Giles's is scarcely less classical and interesting than the old church itself. Immediately adjoining it is Monkwell Street, deriving its name partly from a well which anciently existed on its site, and partly from the small hermitage or chapel of "St. James in the Wall," inhabited by a hermit and two monks belonging to the Cistercian Abbey of Garadon. In this street stands what is left of Barber-Surgeons' Hall; an institution vividly reminding us of old customs and old times, when the art of surgery and of shaving went hand in hand in England. Over the entrance may be seen the arms of the company, in which three razors form not the least conspicuous objects in the shield.

The united Company of Barbers and Surgeons were first incorporated by Edward the Fourth in 1461-62, at which time, if we may judge from their petitioning to be distinguished by the style and title of the "Mystery of Barbers," the barbers would seem to have had the precedence. The leading barber-surgeons through whose immediate influence the charter was obtained from the king, were Thomas Monestede, Sheriff of London in 1436, and chirurgeon to Kings Henry the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth; Jaques Fries, physician to Edward the Fourth; and William Hobbs, "physician and chirurgeon for the same king's body."

It is not till the fifth year of the reign of Henry the Eighth that we find the barbers and surgeons recognised as separate mysteries or crafts. And even then the separation did not last long. In 1541 the two companies were again incorporated in one company, by the name of "the Masters or Governors of the Mystery or Commonalty of Barbers and Chirurgeons of the City of London," and a few years afterward were again separated. It was not, however, till the year 1745 that the two crafts were formally and finally disjoined by act of Parliament, when the barbers, as the more ancient body of the two, were allowed to retain possession of the old hall in Monkwell Street.

Barber-Surgeons' Hall—or rather such part of it as escaped the great fire of London—was built by Inigo Jones in 1636, on the site of a more ancient building belonging to the company. Formerly, the most beautiful part of Inigo Jones's structure was the Theatre of Anatomy, which Walpole speaks of as one of "his best works," but which was pulled down by the barbers on their separation from the surgeons, and sold for the value of its materials. A small courtyard led at once into the hall of the company, an apartment simple in its style of architecture and well-proportioned, but which was rendered somewhat cheerless from the gloomy-looking pictures on anatomical subjects which were suspended on its walls. The most curious feature in the hall was

the semicircular shape of the upper or west end ; this part, in fact, consisting of the interior of a bastion of the old Roman wall, which the architect had ingeniously contrived to incorporate with the building. The hall, however, has disappeared within a few years, and its site is now occupied by lofty warehouses. Notwithstanding this, there is much that is interesting in the present building.

In the possession of the Barbers' Company are preserved some very curious and ancient articles of plate which have at different periods been presented to them. Among these is a cup, silver-gilt, ornamented with small pendent bells, presented by Henry the Eighth ; also a cup, with acorns pendent from it, given by Charles the Second, who himself was no mean proficient in anatomy ; and a large bowl, the gift of Queen Anne. In the reign of James the First the company, it appears, very nearly lost the whole of their plate through a successful robbery. The thieves were four men, of the names of Jones, Lyne, Sames, and Foster, of whom the former confessed his guilt, when, in consequence of information which he gave, the plate was recovered. In the books of the company, for November, 1616, is the following matter-of-fact entry recording the fate of the culprits : " Thomas Jones was taken, who, being brought to Newgate in December following, Jones and Lyne were both executed for this fact. In January following, Sames was taken and executed. In April,

Foster was taken and executed. Now let's pray God to bless this house from any more of these damages. Amen."

The following extract from the company's papers, under the date of the 13th of July, 1587, is still more curious: "It is agreed that if any-body, which shall at any time hereafter happen to be brought to our hall for the intent to be wrought upon by the anatomists of the company, shall revive or come to life again, as of late hath been seen, the charges about the same body so reviving shall be borne, levied, and sustained by such person, or persons, who shall so happen to bring home the body; and who further shall abide such order or fine as this house shall award." The last instance, it would appear, of resuscitation in a dissecting-room occurred in the latter part of the last century. The case — related by the late celebrated anatomist, John Hunter — was that of a criminal, whose body had been cut down after execution at Newgate. The operators, it is said, having succeeded in restoring him to the full powers of animation, immediately sent a communication to the sheriffs, who caused him to be reconveyed to Newgate, whence he was afterward removed to a foreign country. After his resuscitation, however, he painted a folding screen for the company which is still preserved in the court-room.

Before taking leave of Barbers' Hall, we must on no account omit to mention its most interest-

ing feature, the beautiful little court-room, with its richly decorated ceiling and its graceful octagonal lantern, the work of Inigo Jones. Here, among the portraits of several eminent persons, is to be seen Holbein's famous picture — the greatest work painted by that illustrious artist in England — representing Henry the Eighth granting the charter of 1541 to the incorporated society of Barber-Surgeons. In the centre of this fine picture Henry is represented as seated on his throne, gorgeously arrayed in brocade, ermine, and jewels, while on each side of him are kneeling the members of the company, — eighteen in number, — one of whom, Thomas Vycary, the master, is in the act of receiving the charter from the king's hands. Each figure is a portrait from the life ; the most eminent persons being John Chambre, physician to Henry the Eighth and Dean of the Chapel Royal, Westminster ; Thomas Vycary, the king's sergeant-surgeon ; Doctor Butts, immortalised in Shakespeare's play of "Henry the Eighth," and Sir John Ayliffe, Sheriff of London, whose story is quaintly told in rhyme on his tomb in St. Michael's Church, Basinghall Street :

" In surgery brought up in youth,
A Knight here lieth dead ;
A Knight, and eke a Surgeon, such
As England sold hath bred.

" For which so sovereign gift of God,
Wherein he did excel,

King Henry 8. called him to Court,
Who loved him dearly well.

“ King Edward, for his service sake,
Bade him rise up a Knight;
A man of praise, and ever since
He Sir John Ayliffe hight.”

The estimation in which Holbein's great work was held by our ancestors may be judged of by the following letter addressed by James the First to the corporation of Barber-Surgeons :

“ JAMES R.:— Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well. Whereas we are informed of a table of painting in your hall, wherein is the picture of our predecessor of famous memory, King Henry the Eighth, together with divers of your company, which being very like him, and well done, we are desirous to have copied; whereof our pleasure is that you presently deliver it unto this bearer, our well-beloved servant, Sir Lionel Cranfield, Knight, one of our masters of requests, whom we have commanded to receive it of you, and see it with all expedition copied and redelivered safely; and so we bid you farewell.

“ Given at our Court at Newmarket, the 13th day of January, 1617.”¹

¹ Respecting this picture Pepys has the following curious notice in his “ Diary,” under the date 28th of August, 1668: “ At noon comes by appointment Harris to dine with me: and after dinner he and I to Chyrurgeons' Hall, where they are building it new,— very fine; and there to see their theatre,

Holbein's original study or cartoon, containing sketches of the different portraits made by the great artist from the life, is now in the possession of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Among other portraits preserved in the court-room, the most remarkable are a portrait of Inigo Jones by Vandyke, and another of Frances, Duchess of Richmond, "la belle Stuart" of De Grammont, by Sir Peter Lely. There are also portraits of Charles the Second; of C. Barnard, sergeant-surgeon to Queen Anne, and of the celebrated Sir Charles Scarborough, physician to Charles the Second, who lectured here during nearly seventeen years. He it was who observed to the beautiful Duchess of Portsmouth, when she consulted him after having indulged for some time rather too freely in the luxuries of the table, "Madam, I will deal frankly with you; you must eat less, use more exercise, take physic, or be sick."

At the south end of Monkwell Street is Silver Street. Here, from the days of Richard the Second, extending to those of Henry the Sixth, stood "The Neville's Inn," the residence of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland. In 1603 we find it the residence of Henry, Lord Windsor, from whom it

which stood all the fire, and (which was our business) their great picture of Holbein's, thinking to have bought it, by the help of Mr. Pierce, for a little money. I did think to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1,000; but it is so spoiled that I have no mind to it, and it is not a pleasant, though a good picture."

obtained the denomination of Windsor House. A court in Monkwell Street still retains the name of Windsor Court.

To the northeast of Barbers' Hall is Sion College, originally founded as a hospital in 1329, on the site of a decayed nunnery, by William Elsing, mercer, for the support of a hundred blind men. Elsing subsequently converted it into a priory, consisting of four canons regular to superintend the blind, he himself being the first prior. By the will of Dr. Thomas White, vicar of St. Dunstan's in the West, a purchase of the ground was effected, and in 1623 a college, governed by a president, two deans, and four assistants, was erected on the site. Sion College, which includes a fine library, is appropriated to the use of the London clergy, who have under their charge almshouses for ten poor men and as many poor women.

Running parallel with Monkwell Street is Wood Street, in which the only objects of interest are the two churches dedicated to St. Michael and St. Alban.

St. Michael's, on the west side of Wood Street, must be a foundation of considerable antiquity, inasmuch as we find John de Eppewell mentioned as a rector of it so early as the year 1328. The old church having been destroyed by the great fire of 1666, in 1675 the present edifice was completed after designs by Sir Christopher Wren. In this church is said to have been flung, "among

plebeian skulls," the head of the unfortunate James the Fourth of Scotland, who perished on Flodden Field. "His body," writes Pennant, "for a long time had remained embalmed at the monastery at Shene. After the Dissolution, it was cast among some rubbish, where some workmen wantonly cut off the head, which was taken by Young, glazier to Queen Elizabeth, who was struck with its sweetness, arising from the embalming materials. He kept it for some time at his house in Wood Street, but at last gave it to the sexton to bury among other bones in the charnel-house."

St. Alban's, Wood Street, one of the most ancient religious foundations in London, is said to have been founded by King Athelstan, about the year 924, at which time it was dedicated by him to St. Alban, the first martyr in England, whose bones, according to Weever and Fuller, having been interred at St. Alban's, were the occasion of that town being called by his name. That King Athelstan was the founder of St. Alban's Church is rendered probable from the fact of the Saxon monarch having had a palace in the neighbourhood of Wood Street, from which circumstance it has been conjectured that Adel Street, or King Adel Street, long since corrupted into Addle Street,¹ derived its name. Stow, how-

¹ In Addle Street are the respective halls of the Brewers' and Plasterers' Companies.

ever, admits that he was unable to fix the origin of the name.

In 1632, the old church of St. Alban's, Wood Street, in consequence of its dilapidated state, was taken down and another edifice built on its site, after a design by Inigo Jones. This church having been destroyed by the great fire, the present uninteresting building was shortly afterward commenced by Sir Christopher Wren, and completed in 1685.

St. Alban's Church, as far as we are aware, contains the remains of no very remarkable persons. Stow, indeed, has supplied us with a long list of monuments, the whole of which were probably destroyed by the great fire; but in vain do we search for a name to which any interest is attached. One inscription, however, deserves to be transcribed for its quaintness :

“ Hic jacet Tom Shorthose,
Sine tomb, sine sheets, sine riches;
Qui vixit sine gown,
Sine cloak, sine shirt, sine breeches.”

In glancing around St. Alban's Church may be observed, in a curious brass frame, attached to the pulpit, one of those quaint-looking hour-glasses which were formerly used to remind the preacher “how the hour passeth away,” and the amount of time which he had to spare for the edification of his hearers. The hour-glass in question curiously

illustrates the following entries in an old church-warden's book, belonging to St. Catherine Cree, Leadenhall Street. The date of the first entry is 1564: "Paid for an hour-glass that hangeth by the pulpit, when the preacher doth make a sermon, that he may know how the hour passeth away—one shilling;" and again, among the bequests in 1616, "an hour-glass, with a frame to stand in."

Running parallel with Wood Street is Aldermanbury, so called from the court of aldermen having held here their "berry," or court, of which the ruins were still visible in the time of Stow. Here is the church of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, erected by Wren, in 1677, after the destruction of the old church by the fire of London. The spot awakens many interesting associations. Here, on the 12th of November, 1656, Milton was married to his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, who died the same year; hence the celebrated nonconformist divine, Edmund Calamy, was ejected in 1662, after having held the living for twenty-three years, and here he lies buried; here also were interred Heminge and Condell, the fellow actors of Shakespeare, and the first editors of his immortal plays; and in a vault on the north side of the communion-table rest the remains of the infamous Judge Jeffreys, whose body was removed hither from the chapel in the Tower, in 1698. Lord Campbell informs us that when the church was repaired, in

1810, the coffin was found still fresh, with the once dreaded words, "Lord Chancellor Jeffreys," engraved on the lid.

On the opposite side of London Wall are White-cross Street and Redcross Street, two ancient streets, which derive their names, the one from a white, and the other from a red cross, which severally stood on the site of each. In the latter street was the London residence of the mitred Abbots of Ramsey, which afterward, falling into the hands of Sir Drue Drury, obtained the name of Drury House. In Goldsmith's Rents, behind Redcross Street, "where were large gardens and handsome houses," lived the famous scholar and schoolmaster, Thomas Farnaby. The son of a carpenter in London, he commenced life by connecting his fortunes with those of a Jesuit, whom he accompanied to Spain, but disliking the discipline of the Order of Jesus, he returned to England, shortly after which he sailed with Sir Francis Drake on the last voyage which he made to the West Indies. His next occupation was as a common soldier, in which capacity he served for some time in the Netherlands, but returning to England in great distress, he contrived to establish a school at Martock, in Somersetshire, under the name of Bainrafe, the anagram of Farnabie. From this place he subsequently removed to London, where the reputation of his school increased so rapidly that it speedily numbered three hundred

scholars. He was a staunch royalist, and during the time that the Parliament was in the ascendant, an unguarded speech which he made, that "one king was better than five hundred," led to his committal to prison. It was proposed to transport him to the Plantations, but owing to powerful interest and the exertions of his friends, he escaped with an imprisonment in Ely House, Holborn. He regained his liberty in 1646, but enjoyed it only a short time, his death taking place on the 12th of June in the following year.

Wood Street and Whitecross Street are said to have been the last streets in London in which the houses were distinguished by signs. They were removed about the year 1773.

Redcross Street leads us into Jewin Street, long the site of a burying-place of the Jews, from which circumstance it took the name of Jewyn, or Jews' Garden, — "*Gardinum vocatum. Jewyn Garden.*" The fact is rather a remarkable one that it continued the only place in England in which the Jews were permitted to bury their dead till the year 1177, when, "after a long suit to the king and Parliament at Oxford," special burial-places were assigned them in the different quarters which they inhabited. "This plot of ground," writes Stow, "remained to the said Jews till the time of their final banishment out of England, and is now turned into fair garden-plots and summer-houses for pleasure.

In one of these "summer-houses for pleasure, in Jewin Street, lived at one time John Milton. Here he took up his abode shortly after the Restoration, and here he continued to reside till the breaking out of the great plague, when he retired to Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire. In Jewin Street, he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, and here he is said to have written a great part of his immortal poem, "Paradise Lost." In the Silver Street Sunday schools in Jewin Street is preserved John Bunyan's pulpit.

From Jewin Street let us pass into Aldersgate Street, which derives its name from one of the gates of the city, so called, according to Stow, from its antiquity ; it having been one of the older, or original gates. The old gate was taken down and rebuilt in 1617. The new gate was considerably injured by the great fire, but having been repaired and beautified, remained standing till the year 1761, when it was demolished, and its material sold. At the Restoration of Charles the Second many of the heads of the regicides were exposed on this gate.

Aldersgate Street, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, contained a greater number of the houses of the old nobility than perhaps any other street in the metropolis. Here, on the west side, stood another of the London residences of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, and close by, where Bull-and-Mouth Street now stands, was the mansion of

the Percies, Earls of Northumberland. Westmoreland Buildings still point out the site of the residence of the Nevilles. Here, too, breathed her last, in 1621, "at her house in Aldersgate Street," Mary, Countess of Pembroke :

" Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother."

On the east side of Aldersgate Street, No. 35 to 38, still stands Shaftesbury House, built by Inigo Jones. It was originally the residence of the Tuftons, Earls of Thanet, from whom it passed into the hands of the first Earl of Shaftesbury, the turbulent statesman of the reign of Charles the Second, and the "Achitophel" of Dryden's poem :

" For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power pleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit."

It was at his house in Aldersgate Street, after Lord Shaftesbury's final dismissal from office, that he took up his abode for the purpose of fomenting discontent among the citizens of London, with whom he was at one time so popular that it was

his boast that he could raise a body of ten thousand men by merely holding up his finger. Charles the Second once playfully observed to him : " My lord, I believe you are the wickedest man in my dominions." " For a subject, Sir," was the earl's witty reply, " I believe I am."

Almost opposite to Shaftesbury House stood Petre House, successively the residence of the Petre family in the reign of Queen Elizabeth ; of Henry Pierrepont, Marquis of Dorchester, in the days of the Commonwealth ; and subsequently the episcopal residence of the Bishops of London after the destruction of their palace in St. Paul's Church-yard by the great fire. During the Commonwealth Petre House was for some time used as a prison, one of its inmates at this time having been the eminent engraver, William Faithorne, who was confined here after he had been made a prisoner by the Parliamentary forces at the surrender of Basing House. In 1688, when the Princess Anne, afterward Queen Anne, fled at night from her father's palace at Whitehall, and placed herself under the protection of Bishop Compton, it was to his house in Aldersgate Street that the bishop carried her in a hackney-coach, and here she passed the night.

On the east side, at the north end of Aldersgate Street, stood Lauderdale House, the residence of John, Duke of Lauderdale, who died in 1682. The site is still pointed out by Lauderdale Buildings.

It is almost needless to remark that this nobleman and his unprincipled friend, Lord Shaftesbury, formed two of the famous Cabal in the reign of Charles the Second.

In Aldersgate Street was another of the numerous London residences of the author of "Paradise Lost." Hither it was, to "a handsome garden-house," that he removed from St. Bride's Churchyard in 1643, and it was during his residence here that he was reconciled to his first wife, Mary Powell. As a first step toward their re-habitation, he placed her in the house of one Widow Weber, in St. Clement's Churchyard, whence, after a short interval, he took her back to his heart and hearth. In his beautiful description of Adam's reconciliation with Eve after their fall, Milton had evidently in his mind his own first interview with his repentant wife after her unhappy estrangement :

" She, not repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,
And tresses all disordered, at his feet
Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
His peace."

And again :

" Soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress."

Milton's reconciliation with his wife took place in July, 1645, in which year he removed from Aldersgate Street to a larger house in Barbican.

Here he remained till 1647, when he took a smaller house in High Holborn, overlooking Lincoln's Inn Fields.

In Aldersgate Street was born, in 1633, Thomas Flatman, the lawyer, painter, and poet.

Aldersgate Street leads us into Barbican, a street deriving its name from the Barbican, or burgh-kenning, a watch-tower which was anciently an appendage of every fortified place. The remains of the tower, which stood a little to the north of this thoroughfare, on the site of the old Roman specula, were visible in the latter half of the last century. "Here," writes Bagford, "the Romans kept cohorts of soldiers in continual service to watch in the night, that if any sudden fire should happen, they might be in readiness to extinguish it; as also to give notice if an enemy were gathering or marching toward the city to surprise them. In short, it was a watch-tower by day, and at night they lighted some combustible matter on the top thereof, to give directions to the weary traveller repairing to the city, either with provision, or upon some other occasion."

In the reign of Edward the Third the custody of the Barbican was committed to Robert Ufford, Earl of Suffolk, in whose family it appears to have been made hereditary, in the female line, till the reign of Queen Mary. In this reign it was in the keeping of Katherine, Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby, in her own right, and widow of Charles

Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Adjoining the Barbican was her residence, Willoughby House, of great size and splendour. Here she was residing with her second husband, Richard Bertie, ancestor of the Barons Willoughby d'Eresby and Dukes of Ancaster, when an unlucky act of imprudence drew down upon her the vengeance of the dreaded Bishop Gardiner. In her hatred of the Romish faith, she was induced to call her lapdog by the name of the bishop, and to dress it up in the episcopal rochet and surplice, a circumstance which gave such offence to Gardiner that, in order to avoid his fury, she flew with her husband to the Continent, where they suffered great privations till the King of Poland received them under his protection, and installed them in the earldom of Crozan.

Another noble family who resided in Barbican were the Egertons, Earls of Bridgewater, whose mansion, Bridgewater House, was once famous for the productiveness of its orchards. It was burnt down in April, 1687, during the occupancy of John, third Earl of Bridgewater, when his two infant heirs, Charles, Viscount Brackley, and his second son, Thomas, perished in the flames. The site of the mansion and gardens is now covered by Bridgewater Square.

The learned antiquary, Sir Henry Spelman, author of the "Archæological Glossary," died in Barbican in 1641.

On the south side of Beech Lane, Barbican, stood the residence of Prince Rupert, a portion of which was standing in the present century. In the parish books of St. Giles's Cripplegate is an entry of the payment of a guinea to the church ringers, for complimenting Charles the Second with a peal on the occasion of his visiting his kinsman in Barbican. Prince Rupert subsequently removed to a house in Spring Gardens, where he died. According to Stow, Beech Street derives its name from Nicholas de la Beech, lieutenant of the Tower in the reign of Edward the Third.

In Golden, or Golding Lane, Barbican, stood the Fortune Theatre, one of the earliest places for theatrical entertainment in London. It was first opened in 1599 for Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn. The latter was also proprietor of the Bear Garden in Bankside, Southwark, and founder of Dulwich College. Alleyn's theatre having been burnt down in 1621, it was shortly afterward replaced by another, which was destroyed by a party of fanatical soldiers during the Commonwealth. In the register of burials at St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, may be traced the names of several of the actors of the Fortune Theatre. Playhouse Yard, which connects Golden Lane with Whitecross Street, still points out the site of the old theatre.

In Golden Lane also stood the Nursery, a seminary for educating children for the profession of

the stage, established in the reign of Charles the Second, under the auspices of Col. William Legge, groom of the bedchamber to that monarch, and uncle to the first Lord Dartmouth. Dryden speaks of it in his "Mac Flecknoe:"

"Near these a Nursery erects its head,
Where Queens are formed, and future heroes bred ;
Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy :
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear."

In Pepys's "Diary" are the following notices of the Nursery :

"2 Aug., 1664. To the King's Playhouse, and there I chanced to sit by Tom Killigrew, who tells me that he is setting up a Nursery ; that is, going to build a house in Moorfields, wherein he will have common plays acted."

"24 Feb., 1667-68. To the Nursery, where none of us ever were before ; where the house is better and the music better than we looked for, and the acting not much worse, because I expected as bad as could be ; and I was not much mistaken, for it was so. Their play was a bad one, called 'Jeronimo is mad again,' a tragedy."

CHAPTER XIV.

SMITHFIELD.

Smithfield Cattle-market in Former Times the Place for Tournaments, Trials by Battle, Executions, and *Autos-da-Fé* — Tournaments before Edward the Third and Richard the Second — Trials by Duel between Catour and Davy, and the Bastard of Burgundy and Lord Scales — Remarkable Executions — Persons Who Suffered Martyrdom in the Flames at Smithfield — Interview There between Wat Tyler and Richard the Second — Sir William Walworth.

SMITHFIELD, corrupted from Smoothfield, continued to be used for the purposes of a cattle-market for nearly seven centuries. Fitzstephen, in his account of London written before the twelfth century, describes it as a plain field, where, every Friday, a number of valuable horses were exposed for sale. “Thither,” he says, “come to look, or buy, a great number of earls, barons, knights, and a swarm of citizens. It is a pleasing sight to behold the ambling nags and generous colts proudly prancing.”

Shakespeare has an allusion to the sale of horses in Smithfield :

“*Falstaff.* Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone in to Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Falstaff. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could but get me a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived."

—*King Henry IV., Part II., Act i. Sc. 2.*

With the exception of the Tower and of the old Palace and Abbey of Westminster, there is no spot in London the history of which is so chequered, or which has witnessed scenes of such deep and varied interest as Smithfield. Here, in the days of our Norman sovereigns, the citizens and apprentices contended in their manly exercises. Here were held those gorgeous tournaments, when the vast area was a scene of glittering armour, streaming pennons, and balconies covered with cloth of gold. Here was the Tyburn of London, where the most atrocious criminals expiated their crimes on the gibbet. Here perished the patriot Wallace, and the gentle Mortimer. Here were held the trials by duel so famous in history. Here, at the dawn of the Reformation, took place those terrible *autos-da-fé*, at which our forefathers earned their crowns of martyrdom; and, lastly, from the days of Henry the Second to our own time, here were annually celebrated the orgies and humours of Bartholomew Fair, immortalised by the wit of Ben Jonson and by the pencil of Hogarth.

Many remarkable tournaments are recorded as having taken place at Smithfield, especially during the reign of Edward the Third. Here that war-

like monarch frequently entertained with feasts of arms his illustrious captives, the Kings of France and Scotland ; and here, in 1374, toward the close of his long reign, the doting monarch sought to gratify his beautiful mistress, Alice Pierce, by rendering her the “observed of all observers” at one of the most magnificent tournaments of which we have any record. Gazing with rapture on her transcendent beauty, he conferred on her the title of “Lady of the Sun,” and taking her by the hand in all the blaze of jewels and loveliness, conducted her from the royal apartments in the Tower in a triumphal chariot, in which he took his place by her side. Accompanying them was a procession consisting of the rank and beauty of the land, each lady being mounted on a beautiful palfrey, and having her bridle held by a knight on horseback.

A no less magnificent tournament, to which invitations had been sent to the flower of chivalry at all the courts of Europe, was held at Smithfield in the succeeding reign of Richard the Second. The opening of the festivities, which lasted several days, is graphically painted by Froissart, who was not improbably a witness of the gorgeous scene. “At three o’clock on the Sunday after Michaelmas day the ceremony began. Sixty horses in rich trappings, each mounted by an esquire of honour, were seen advancing in a stately pace from the Tower of London. Sixty ladies of rank, dressed in the richest elegance of the day, followed

on their palfreys one after another, each leading by a silver chain a knight completely armed for tilting. Minstrels and trumpets accompanied them to Smithfield amidst the shouting population. There the queen and her fair train received them. The ladies dismounted, and withdrew to their allotted seats, while the knights mounted their steeds, laced their helmets, and prepared for the encounter. They tilted at each other till dark. They all then adjourned to a sumptuous banquet, and dancing consumed the night till fatigue compelled every one to seek repose. The next day the warlike sport recommenced. Many were unhorsed; many lost their helmets, but they all persevered with eager courage and emulation, till night again summoned them to their supper, dancing, and concluding rest. The festivities were again repeated on the third day." The court subsequently removed to Windsor, where King Richard renewed his splendid hospitalities, and at their conclusion dismissed his foreign guests with many valuable presents.

Appeals to arms in cases of disputed guilt, or, as they were styled, trials by battle, were, as has been already mentioned, anciently accustomed to take place at Smithfield. The amusing combat between Horner and Peter, in the second part of Henry the Sixth, was borrowed by Shakespeare on a real fact related both by Grafton and Holinshed. A master armourer of the name of William Catour,

having been accused of treason by his apprentice, John Davy, and the former strenuously denying his guilt, a day was appointed for them to decide the point at issue by single combat at Smithfield. The armourer, there is no doubt, was an innocent man. Unfortunately, however, for him, on the morning of the duel his friends, to use the words of Grafton, plied him with so much "malmsey and aquavite," that he fell an easy prey to his accuser. The "false servant," however, did not long evade the hands of justice. "Being convicted of felony," says Holinshed, "in a court of assize, he was judged to be hanged, and so he was at Tyburn." Among the Cottonian MSS., in the British Museum, are preserved the original warrants authorising the combat, from which it appears that, previous to the encounter, the combatants were instructed in the use of arms by persons nominated and paid by the Crown. The last single combat which need be mentioned, as having taken place at Smithfield, was the celebrated one fought in 1467 between the Bastard of Burgundy, brother of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, and Anthony, Lord Scales, brother-in-law to King Edward the Fourth. The Bastard, it seems, having challenged Lord Scales "to fight with him both on horseback and foot," King Edward not only gave his consent to the encounter, but expressed his intention of being present. Accordingly, on the appointed day, the ladies of the court, escorted by the principal nobil-

ity of the realm, took their places in the magnificent galleries appropriated for them, shortly after which the rival knights made their appearance in the lists. The duel was continued during three successive days. On the first day they fought on foot with spears, and "parting with equal honour." The next day they encountered each other on horseback. "The Lord Scales's horse," writes Stow, "having on his *chafron* a long spear pike of steel, as the two champions coped together the same horse thrust his pike into the nostrils of the Bastard's horse, so that for very pain he mounted so high that he fell on the one side with his master, and the Lord Scales rode about him with his sword drawn, till the king commanded the marshal to help up the Bastard." The Bastard, having regained his legs, entreated permission to renew the combat, but the king peremptorily refused his consent. The final encounter, however, was merely deferred till the following morning, when, surrounded as before by all the beauty and chivalry of the land, the rival knights again made their appearance in the lists, armed on this occasion with pole-axes, and contending on foot. The fight was continued valiantly on both sides, till Lord Scales, having succeeded in thrusting the point of his pole-axe into an aperture in the Bastard's helmet, and thus nearly forced him on his knees, the king, to prevent fatal consequences, threw down his warder and compelled them to separate. In vain

the Bastard entreated to be allowed to renew the combat. It was the opinion of the two referees — the constable and the earl marshal — that in such case Lord Scales, by the law of arms, was entitled to be placed in the same advantageous position which he had obtained when the king threw down his warder, and accordingly, under these circumstances, the Bastard consented to withdraw his demand, and King Edward declared the combat to be at an end.

Many remarkable executions have taken place in ancient times at the Elms in Smithfield, so called, according to Stow, "that there grew there many elm-trees." Among these we may mention the horrible end of one John Roose, who was boiled to death in a caldron in 1530, for having administered poison to seventeen persons belonging to the household of the Bishop of Rochester, two of whom died. Eleven years afterward, a young woman, of the name of Mary Davie, suffered the same terrible fate for a similar crime.

At Smithfield many holy persons suffered martyrdom in the flames. Here died at the stake the first female martyr in England, Joan Boughton, a lady of some consideration in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and at the time of her death more than eighty years of age. So highly was she esteemed for her many virtues, that after her martyrdom her ashes were carefully collected during the night, and preserved as relics for pious and

affectionate remembrance. She left behind her a daughter, the Lady Young, who suffered with equal constancy the same cruel death for the sake of the religion which she conscientiously believed to be the truth.

A still more interesting person who suffered martyrdom at Smithfield, was the amiable and high-minded Anne Askew. To such frightful tortures had she been previously subjected on the rack, in order to extort from her a recantation of her errors, that when she was led forth from the Tower to perish in the flames, opposite St. Bartholomew's Church, her limbs were so mangled and disjointed that it required the assistance of two sergeants to support her. She remained firm, however, and undaunted, to the last. Strype informs us that one who visited her in the Tower a few hours before her execution was so struck with the sweet serenity of her countenance, that he compared it to the face of St. Stephen, "as it had been that of an angel." At the last moment—immediately before the torch was applied to the fagots—a paper was handed to her, containing the royal pardon on condition of her signing a recantation of her errors. She not only, however, refused to have the document read to her, but even to look at it; "whereupon," writes Ballard, "the lord mayor commanded it to be put in the fire, and cried with a loud voice, '*Fiat justitia*,' and fire being put to the fagots, she surrendered up

her pious soul to God in the midst of the flames." This painful tragedy took place in the presence of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Bedford, the lord chancellor, and others, on the night of the 16th of July, 1546; three other persons—a priest, a tailor, and one of the Lascelles family, a gentleman of the king's household—suffering at the same time and with the same undaunted courage. Having nobly and obstinately refused to purchase life at the expense of their consciences, the reeds were set on fire, and in a moment they were encompassed by the flames. "It was in the month of June," writes Southey, "and at that moment a few drops of rain fell, and a thunderclap was heard, which those in the crowd, who sympathised with the martyrs, felt as if it were God's own voice accepting their sacrifice, and receiving their spirits into his everlasting rest."

The first person who perished in the flames during the succeeding reign of Queen Mary was the Rev. John Rogers, a prebendary of St. Paul's. This eminent person had formerly been chaplain to the English merchants at Antwerp, and while residing in that city had been a fellow labourer with Tindal and Coverdale in the great work of translating the Bible. Having married a German lady, by whom he had a large family, he was enabled, by means of his wife's connections, to reside in peace and safety in Germany. Deeming it his duty, however, to repair to England, and there

publicly profess and advocate his religious principles, even at the hazard of encountering the rack and the flames, he crossed the sea and took his accustomed place in the pulpit at St. Paul's Cross. It was the last sermon which he was destined to preach. In the course of a fearless and animated delivery he reminded the astonished bystanders of the pure and wholesome doctrine which had been preached to them from that pulpit in the days of Edward the Sixth, at the same time solemnly warning them against the pestilent idolatry and superstition of the age in which they lived. His doom was of course fixed; and accordingly, after a tedious imprisonment, frequent examinations, and repeated attempts to convert him to the ancient faith, he was brought to trial. He listened calmly to the frightful sentence which was passed upon him, merely requesting that his poor wife, being a stranger in a foreign land, might be allowed to remain with him to the last, or at all events that he might be allowed to embrace her before he died. "She hath ten children," he said, "that are hers and mine, and somewhat I would counsel her what were best for her to do." Bishops Gardiner and Bonner, however, with inconceivable cruelty refused these requests. Nevertheless, painful as were the circumstances of their last interview, the husband and wife were destined once more to meet. As the martyr passed on his way to Smithfield, his wife met him with her ten

children, one of whom was at the breast. They were not, indeed, permitted to converse with each other; but the last look of her beloved husband — rendered almost sublime by its expression of calmness and resignation — gave her the hope of meeting him again in a better world, where bigotry and persecution would cease any longer to have power over the virtuous and the brave. In regard to the martyr himself, neither the affecting sight of his wife and children, the vast multitude of people which surrounded him, nor the terrible paraphernalia of death, had the least effect upon him in his great extremity. Pardon was offered him at the stake if he would consent to sign his recantation, but, like many others, who had suffered for the sake of the truth, he not only rejected the boon which was offered to him, but died with a constancy and serenity which elicited the admiration even of his persecutors.

It was through Smithfield that Bishop Latimer was led, in 1553, on his way to the Tower. Alluding to the fate of former martyrs, and to his own approaching and terrible death, "Ah," he said, "Smithfield has long groaned for me!" Scarcely could Latimer have failed to remember that it was at this very spot, a few years previously, that he himself had preached fortitude to Friar Forrest, when agonising under the torture of a slow fire for denying the supremacy of Henry the Eighth.

The horrors of which Smithfield was the scene in the reign of Queen Mary were unhappily repeated during the milder rule of her Protestant successors. During the reign of Elizabeth, for instance, two Dutchmen were burned to death at Smithfield for professing the principles of the Anabaptists. Here, too, as late as the reign of James the First, we find one Bartholomew Legatt perishing at the stake for rejecting the Athanasian and Nicene Creeds. He was the last person who suffered in the flames in England on account of his religious principles.

It has been mentioned, to the credit of our English monarchs, that not one of them — not even Philip the Second of Spain, when he became the husband of Queen Mary — was ever known to attend in person those terrible *autos-da-fé* which anciently took place in Smithfield. These remarks, however, scarcely apply to the Princes of Wales, inasmuch as, in 1410, we find unquestionable evidence that, at the burning of one Badby, a Lollard, the Prince of Wales, afterward Henry the Fifth, was a voluntary spectator. "He arrived," says Rapin, "to be present at the execution; and as the poor wretch gave sensible signs of the torture he endured, he ordered the fire to be removed, and promised him a pension for life provided he would recant; but Badby, recovering his spirits, refused to comply with the offer, and suffered death with heroic courage." As late as the year 1652, Evelyn mentions his seeing a woman

who had murdered her husband being burned to death in Smithfield.¹

One of the most remarkable events which have taken place in Smithfield was the interview, on the 15th of June, 1381, between Richard the Second, then in his fifteenth year, and the rebel leader, Wat Tyler. The young king was attended only by a small band of devoted men, while the other appeared as the leader of thirty thousand lawless and infuriated followers. The metropolis had for many days been at the mercy of the rebels, during which neither life nor property were safe. The Temple, the Duke of Lancaster's palace in the Savoy, the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Hospital of the Knights of St. John at Clerkenwell, as well as the houses of the judges and of the more powerful and obnoxious citizens, had recently been attacked and levelled with the ground. It was, in fact, a fearful struggle between poverty and wealth, — between order and misrule.

¹ In March, 1849, during excavations necessary for a new sewer, and at a depth of three feet below the surface, immediately opposite the entrance to the church of St. Bartholomew the Great, the workmen laid open a mass of unhewn stones, blackened as if by fire, and covered with ashes, and human bones charred and partially consumed. This I believe to have been the spot generally used for the Smithfield burnings, the face of the sufferer being turned to the east, and to the great gate of St. Bartholomew, the prior of which was generally present on such occasions. Many bones were carried away as relics. The spot should be marked by an appropriate monument.

Consternation was depicted on every countenance, and terror reigned in every heart. The last daring acts of the rebels had been to force the gates of the Tower, to cut off the heads of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chancellor, and the lord treasurer, and even to pillage the royal apartments.

It was at this formidable crisis that the young king consented to an interview with the rebel chief at Smithfield. Tyler, having ordered his companions to keep in the background till he should give a preconcerted signal, presented himself fearlessly on horseback among the royal retinue, and entered familiarly into conversation with the king and his advisers. Among other privileges which he demanded for the lower orders, he insisted that all the warrens, streams, parks, and woods should be common to every one, and that the right of pursuing game should be equally free. More than once during the interview, he drew his dagger in a threatening attitude, insolently throwing it into the air, and then catching it in its descent. At length he went so far as to seize hold of the bridle of the king's horse, when Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, unable any longer to repress his indignation, felled the rebel to the ground with his sword, on which he was immediately despatched by the king's attendants. At that moment, but for the extraordinary presence of mind which Richard displayed on the occasion, the king and his attendants must in-

evitably have perished by the hands of the infuriated commons. Advancing alone toward the rebels, "What means this clamour, my liege men?" he said, "what are ye doing? Will ye kill your king! Be not angry that ye have lost your leader. I, your king, will be your captain. Follow me to the fields, and I will grant you all you ask." The populace, overawed by the presence of majesty, and by the gallant bearing of the young king, followed him implicitly to St. George's Fields, where he was still holding a parley with them when a body of men, which had been collected by the wealthier and more influential citizens, and who were joined by Sir Robert Knolles with a force of well-armed veterans, suddenly made their appearance. At the sight of this unexpected force a panic seized on the rebels, who, throwing down their arms, fled in all directions.

Stow has pointed out the exact spot in Smithfield on which Richard stood. "The king," he writes, "stood toward the east, near St. Bartholomew's Priory, and the commons toward the west, in front of battle."

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